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THE NEW YORKER

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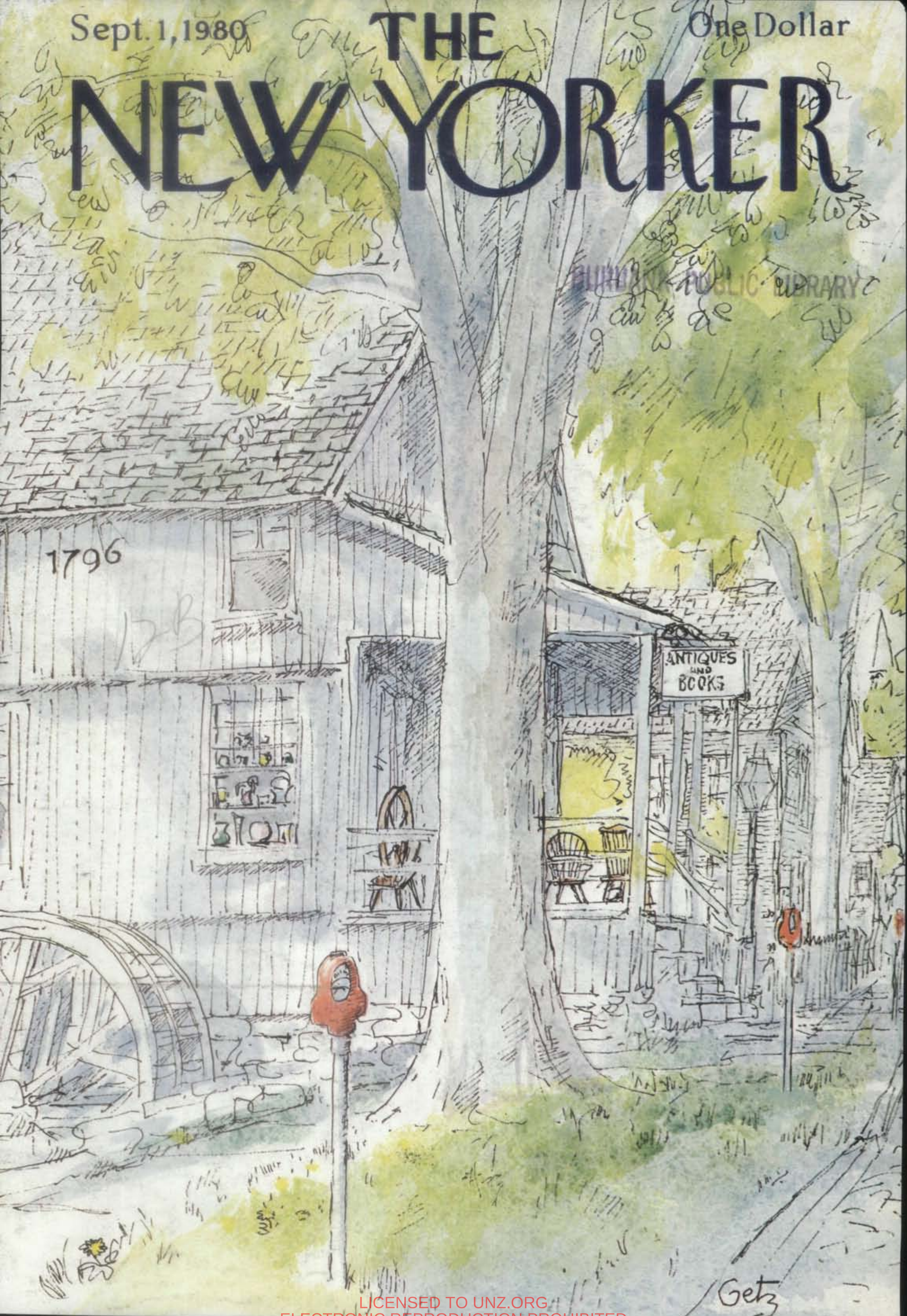
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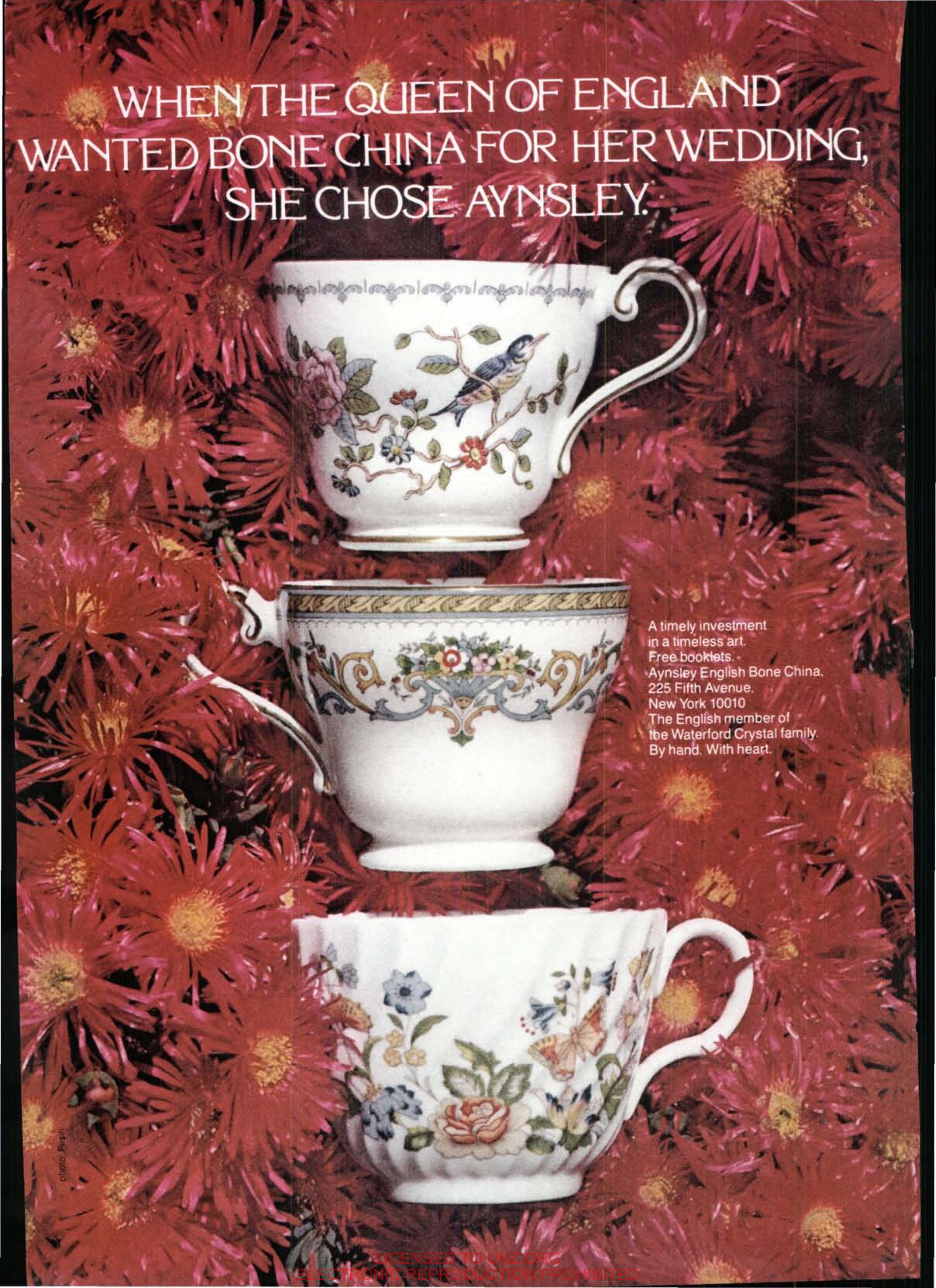
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 1. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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31	1	2	3	4	5	6

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory. **the woolgatherer:** A funny, touching first play by William Mastrosimone about a sharp-witted young truck driver and a dreamy young saleswoman who meet and spend a night together in her shabby room. Patricia Wettig does well as the saleswoman, and Peter Weller gives a remarkable performance in the more substantial and subtler role of her date. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10:15, and Sundays at 3. . . . **macready!:** The life and times of William Charles Macready (1793-1873), actor and innovator, who dominated the English stage for forty years, as written and performed with humor and style by Frank Barrie, of Britain's National Theatre. Much of the text is based on Macready's own diaries. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, Fridays at 10:15, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

42nd Street—A musical starring Tammy Grimes and Jerry Orbach. Harry Warren and Al Dubin are credited with the songs, and Gower Champion is the director and choreographer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: **iolanthe.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 3-7: **h.m.s. pinafore.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster, modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (7/7/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 7.)

Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31.)

Talley's Folly—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through

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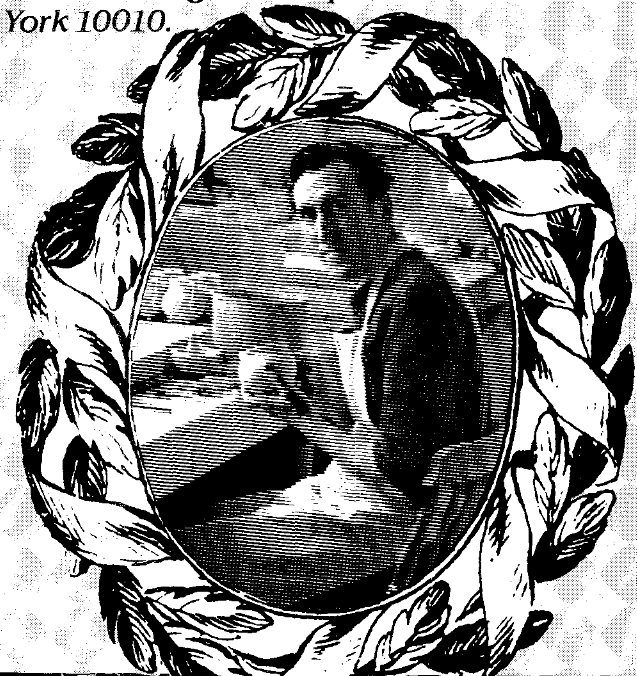

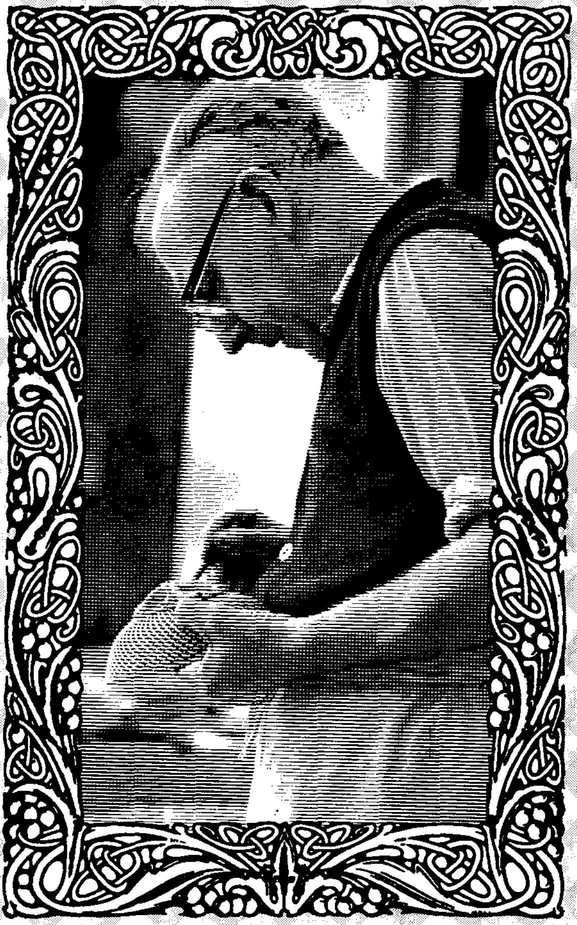

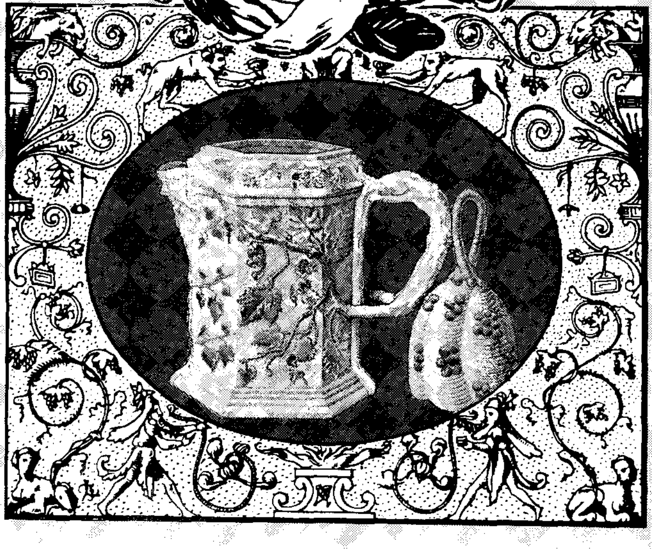

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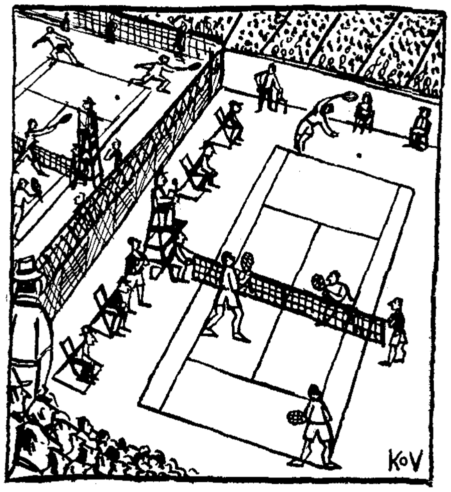
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has translated the Gospel According to St. Matthew into contemporary black street language, not altogether to its advantage. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—ain't misbehavin': A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Mondays, except Labor Day, through Wednesdays, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)... **annie:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)... **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **dancin':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **deathtrap:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 2, Robert Reed will replace Mr. Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **the elephant man:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jeff Hayenga is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **evita:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the fantasticks:** 8,456 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Sept. 2, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)... **i'm getting my act together and taking it on the road:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, at 2.)... **one mo' time:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance is now playing trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **peter pan:** Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)... **romantic comedy:** A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **scrambled feet:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **sugar babies:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **they're playing our song:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Fujian Hand Puppets—An eleven-member troupe from the Fujian province of the People's Republic of China, appearing here for the first time. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 4-5, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, at 2. For information about tickets, call 873-1327, Mondays through Fridays.)

Wushu—Another group from the People's Republic of China, in a program of traditional Chinese martial arts. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 3-5, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 1 and 7.)

DANCE

Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille—A five-week engagement—Performances of a full-length ballet, "The Bat," will be presented through Sunday, Sept. 7. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Sept. 21.)

La Rocque Bey Dance Company—In a program of works adapted from African and Caribbean dances. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2. No charge beyond the museum's ordinary entrance contribution.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred and fifty seats—rock palace. Rock singer Benny Mardones performs Wednesday, Aug. 27; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 29-31, intense, vertiginous pianist **mccoy tyner** will lead his sextet; and on Thursday, Sept. 4, rock-and-roll humorists Flo & Eddie—Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman to their mothers—will move in for a five-night visit. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: Pianist Kirk Lightsey and his bassist, who are on hand through Saturday, Aug. 30; guitarist **joe beck** and *his* bassist, who hold down the Sunday spot; and pianist **fred hersch** and bassist **george mraz,** who will move in on Monday, Sept. 1. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**marian mcpartland** has taken over the keyboard, and she's playing with a trio at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. The Café will be closed Friday through Monday, Aug. 29-Sept. 1.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**bucky pizzarelli** plays hot chord solos on his beautiful-sounding seven-string guitar, accompanied by his guitar-playing son John, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty; through Saturday, Aug. 30. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—

ADAM MAKOWICZ is playing solo piano through Saturday, Aug. 30, in this bar and restaurant, which is located behind Carnegie Hall and which is decorated in chic dark browns. Then, on Tuesday, Sept. 2, **ELLIS LARKINS,** the quiet master, will reclaim the keyboard. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—With its exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and general ramshackle feel, this downtown rock-and-roll club looks like exactly what it is: the ultimate garage—i.e., the place to which garage bands everywhere aspire. The musicians: Nitecaps, Tiger Beats, and True Romance Friday, Aug. 29; Shrapnel and Splits Saturday, Aug. 30. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An acceptable place to break in a new pair of cowboy boots. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancing.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MARION WILLIAMS,** a truly uplifting gospel singer, is performing here nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven. On Sundays, **DARDANELLE,** a delight of a singer-pianist, goes on at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, Aug. 31, bluesy, hard-bopping cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY** will pay a visit with a quintet. They'll begin playing about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and positively first-rate jazz. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his class of '80 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** perform through Sunday, Aug. 31; on Tuesday, Sept. 2, saxophonist **SONNY STITT** will be supported by one of the world's greatest rhythm sections—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY.** The first set begins at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last fall—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Soul singer **MAXINE BROWN** will be present Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 3-6. Mondays are the property of pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM.** Live pop, pop-jazz, and jazz music nightly after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **BEN ARONOV,** guitarist **AL GAFA,** and bassist Todd Coolman, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.**

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a juke box.) Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** has settled in the dining room, where he plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Lou Forestieri's trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Spanky Davis will fill in for Eldridge beginning Friday, Aug. 29. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but crowded with good listeners. The musicians they'll be listening to are pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Aug. 30, and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** Sunday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 6. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—One is apt to run across a lot of T-shirts, Bermuda shorts, and sockless loafers in here in the summer. The musical standouts: Rhythm-and-blues singer **ETTA JAMES** performs Wednesday, Aug. 27; on Tuesday, Sept. 2, **LARRY CORYELL** will play solo guitar; and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4, have been set aside for the sublime rhythm-and-blues sextet **STUFF**—guitarists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **ERIC GALE,** bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and drummers **CHRIS PARKER** and **STEVE GADD**—which will make a rare appearance away from the upper West Side. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**MEL TORMÉ** in a New York club. There are two catches: it's difficult to get in to see him, and he'll be here only through Saturday, Aug. 30. Shows Wednesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; Saturday, Aug. 30, at nine, eleven, and twelve-thirty; and Saturday, Sept. 6, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Ronnie & the Jitters, the Most, and Reverse Wednesday, Aug. 27; Rattlers and Cells Thursday, Aug. 28; the Fast and John King & the Cats Friday, Aug. 29; Terrorists and Nitecaps Saturday, Aug. 30; Johnny Thunders and Ruby & the Rednecks Sunday, Aug. 31; Alter Ego, Right to Lifers, and Pigeons Monday, Sept. 1; and Method, Vores, and Essentials Tuesday, Sept. 2. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**AARON BELL,** who played bass with the Duke Ellington band for a few years in the sixties, leads a quartet, and Dianne Little sings in a tribute to Ellington and Strayhorn. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club. Soul pianist and singer **LES MC CANN** trades sets with jazz pianist **HAROLD DANKO** Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 28-30; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, comedian **HENNY YOUNGMAN** will share the stage with folkie Christine Lavin. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine.

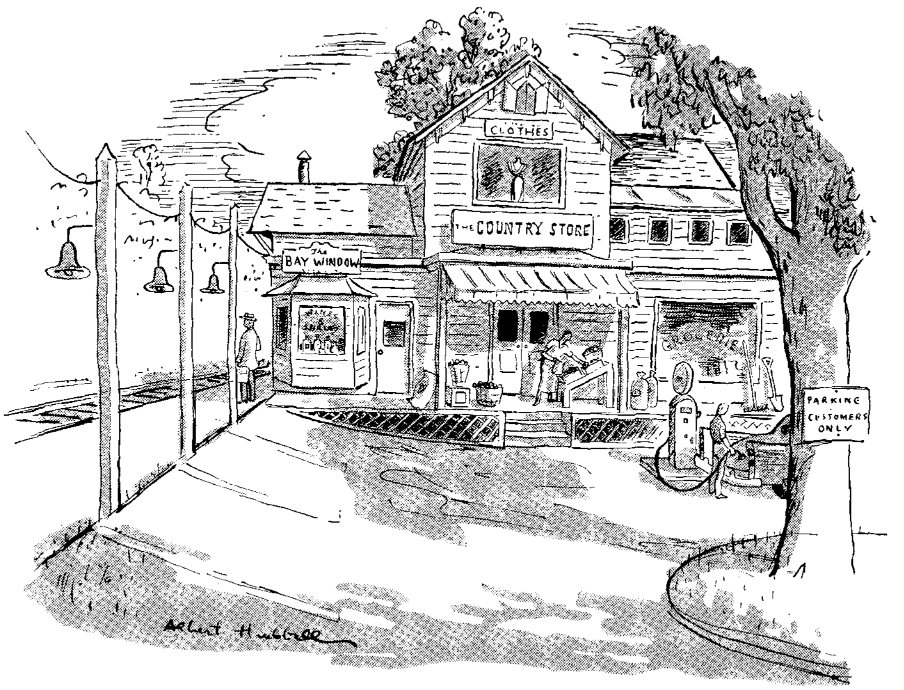
Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible for one not to want to dance Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in Art Deco. A very large ballroom—the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet—remodelled in 1935 to accommodate neighborhood ethnic social-club affairs, and then used for nearly twenty-five years as an RCA recording studio. Now it belongs to the post-Pepsi generation. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 27, Rudies and Full Hand; Thursday, Aug. 28, the Rockats, the Others, Gang War, Lenny Kaye Connection, and the Heros; Friday, Aug. 29, BBC and Candy Apple; Saturday, Aug. 30, the Members and the Basics; Monday, Sept. 1, Method and Scance Brothers; and Thursday, Sept. 4, **DAVE MASON** and his band. Music after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—The King Cole Room offers brass bannisters, Maxfield Parrish paintings, and a trio led by singer and pianist **HAZEL SCOTT.** Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to eleven; Fridays from eight to midnight; and Saturdays from eight to one. Dining and dancing.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Below Canal Street and way out west, one will find trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** and his hard-bop quintet, which features saxophonist and flutist **FRANK STROZIER** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN.** They'll be on hand through Saturday, Aug. 30. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, pi-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

anist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** will bring in his trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to four. Dining.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A room where one can just wander in, take a seat, and listen to some simultaneously bluesy and rhapsodic jazz furnished by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands, and the place keeps on being crowded. **NAT ADDERLEY,** an earthy cornettist and raconteur, fronts a fine R. & B.-flavored outfit—pianist **LARRY WILLIS,** tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB**—through Saturday, Aug. 30; Sunday, Aug. 31, will be claimed by the flashy but wonderful guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and his colleagues, drummer **BILLY HART** and bassist **RON MC CLURE;** and on Monday, Sept. 1, jazzy R. & B. music will continue with the quintet of organist **SHIRLEY SCOTT** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** and his trio occupy the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Drummer Joe Dukes' trio alternates with the Lewis group through Saturday, Aug. 30, and Sundays belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio (that's drums, piano, and bass); they start at nine-thirty, too.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock, jazz, ska, and blues lineup. On Wednesday, Aug. 27, the Austin-based Fabulous Thunderbirds will perform some raucous blues and rock; Thursday, Aug. 28, will belong to Roomful of Blues; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, **RUFUS THOMAS,** an ex-DJ from Memphis and a sixties soul singer (his big hit was "Walking the Dog"), will drop by; and Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 3-7, there will be a rare appearance by veteran soul singer Lowell Fulson. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dancing. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, Aug. 27, Joey Balin & the Mirrors; Thursday, Aug. 28, Allies. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Friday through Tuesday, Aug. 29-Sept. 2.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs outsized quarters: Soul and disco vocalist Candi Staton is here with her backing crew through Sunday, Aug. 31; and on Tuesday, Sept. 2, solo guitarist **JOE PASS** will play for large numbers of people (this isn't exactly an intimate guitar-soloist's room), who after hearing him, will undoubtedly wear stunned smiles and shake their heads a lot. On Monday nights, the room is given over to salsa bands. Music from nine on Mondays, from ten Tuesdays through Fridays and on Sundays, and from midnight on Saturdays. Meanwhile out on the sidewalk lounge, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays after ten, and **JAZZ À CORDES,** a quintet, will play hot numbers from the Reinhardt-Grappelli era, on Thursdays after ten.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY** teams up with tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** and pianist **JOHN HICKS** and a bassist and a drummer through Sunday, Aug. 31; on Tuesday, Sept. 2, tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** will arrive with a quartet that will feature pianist **JIMMY ROWLES.** The **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of today's meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are John Weiss on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Harris Simon Thursday through Sunday. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Bebop pianist Joe Albany and his quartet, the New Yorkers, perform through Sunday, Aug. 31; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, will be the territory of blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** and his saxophone-heavy quintet, Two Tenor Boogie. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SALSA FESTIVAL—A two-day event. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8: Celia Cruz El Gran Combo, Hector La Voe, Cheo Feliciano, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 8: Miss Cruz, Eddie Palmieri and Charlie Palmieri, Sonora Poncena, Ismael Rivera, Ismael Miranda, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

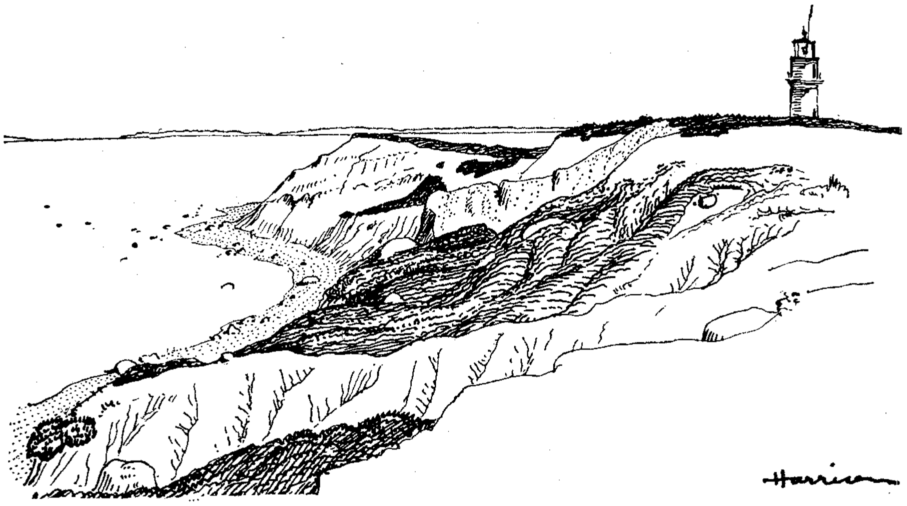
SHIRLEY BASSEY and **MICHEL LEGRAND**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 3-5, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 6, at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 8.

GEORGE BENSON—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Sept. 4, at 7:30.

YES—Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 4-6, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, Aug. 27: Larry Willis. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30: The Jimmy Cobb trio with Mr. Willis. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6: Pepper Adams quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Aug. 29: The Members and Pylon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30: Plastics. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 6: Mo-dettes. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows start around 11.)



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

MAUREEN CONNOR—Constructions of starched white organdy, in shapes derived from the art of napkin-folding. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

BATTERY PARK CITY—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

ARCHITECTURE—The Municipal Art Society has opened its new headquarters in the north wing of the recently restored Villard mansion—or the Urban Center, as it is now called—and there are two exhibitions (mostly photographs and architectural models) to celebrate the occasion; the first focusses on the buildings the society has been influential in preserving (Grand Central Station, for example) and on some that were lost (Pennsylvania Station), and the second on the various planning and construction stages of six new big buildings. Through Sept. 23. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open daily, including Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AARON BERMAN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Boulderlike floor sculptures by Grace Knowlton and colored-pencil drawings of fruits and vegetables by Po Kim are among works by nine artists. Through Sept. 19. . . . **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St.: Major paintings and sculpture by more than two dozen twentieth-century artists. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ In another room, Douglas Abdell's most recent welded-steel sculptures, accompanied by working drawings, are being shown. Through Sept. 30. (Open 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **HAMMER,** 33 W. 57th St.: Fifty works (paintings, mostly) by American and European artists—Cassatt, Marsh, Renoir, and Henri among them—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **WASHBURN,** 42 E. 57th St.: "Time and Space," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, collages, and reliefs by Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoyne Diller, Fritz Glarner, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Leon Polk Smith. Through Friday, Aug. 29.

PHOTOGRAPHY

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Sixty mid-nineteenth-century photographs made on the grand tour of the Continent. Examples by Bisson Frères, Charles Marville, Robert MacPherson, and others. . . . ¶ Thirty-five black-and-white street photographs by Lou Lanzano. Both shows through Sept. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A group show of photographic works meant to shake up conventional ideas of what a camera is for. The artists include Ray Metzker; Barbara Crane; Andrea Kovács; and Hass Murphy and Jerry Jones, who are known collectively as the Vision Stations. Through Sept. 18. (Open noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Highlights include ancient Nok terra-cotta heads;

copper and bronze ceremonial vessels from Igbo-Ukwu; and bronze sculptures from the royal court of Benin. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About forty works on paper by the Belgian symbolist Leon Spilliaert (1881-1946). The exhibition has been organized by the Phillips Collection. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 30—but all tickets have been sold, and no more will be available. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Nineteen works by Stuart Davis, the majority of them paintings and prints. Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Indian Botanical Paintings," an exhibition of seventy-two watercolors from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which were commissioned by the East India Company. Through Monday, Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Monday, Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Acrylic-and-metallic-powder paintings by Tadaaki Kuwayama, and animated sculptures by Rikuro Okamoto. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily, except Labor Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Starts Thursday, Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Labor Day, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show by artists-in-residence: paintings by Louis Delsarte; sculptures, paintings, and photographs by Candace Hill-Montgomery; graphics and handmade books by Jacqui Holmes. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of a week-long engagement of Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince," the company's newest production. There will be alternating casts: Leigh Munro, Kathryn Bouleyn, Jacque Trussel, Dominic Cossa, and James Billings, or Elizabeth Hynes, Miss Bouleyn, Henry Price, Charles Roe, and Jack Harrold. The conductor for both casts will be Andrew Meltzer. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Friday, Aug. 29, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Aug. 31, at 1 and 7; Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 2-5, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 1 and 7. Starting Thursday, Sept. 11, the company will move into its regular season; through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival—Final performances of a series of concerts. The participants include James Buswell, Franco Gulli, Ani Kavafian, Ida Kavafian, and Daniel Phillips, violin; Heiichiro Ohyama and Walter Trampler, viola; Timothy Eddy and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Edward Auer, Enrica Cavallo, and Alicia Schachter, piano; and Dale Clevenger, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Old Maid and the Thief" and Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Suzanna," two one-act comic operas (both in English), conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—**ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE.** Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 8:15: "Later That Day," "Love Songs," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville.". . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:15: "Memoria," "Facets," "Masekela Language," and "Revelations.". . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS.** Friday, Aug. 29, at 8:15: Al Hirt. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 7: The Charlie Daniels Band. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 7: Jackson Browne. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 1, at 8:15: Glen Campbell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 4, at 7: The Cars. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

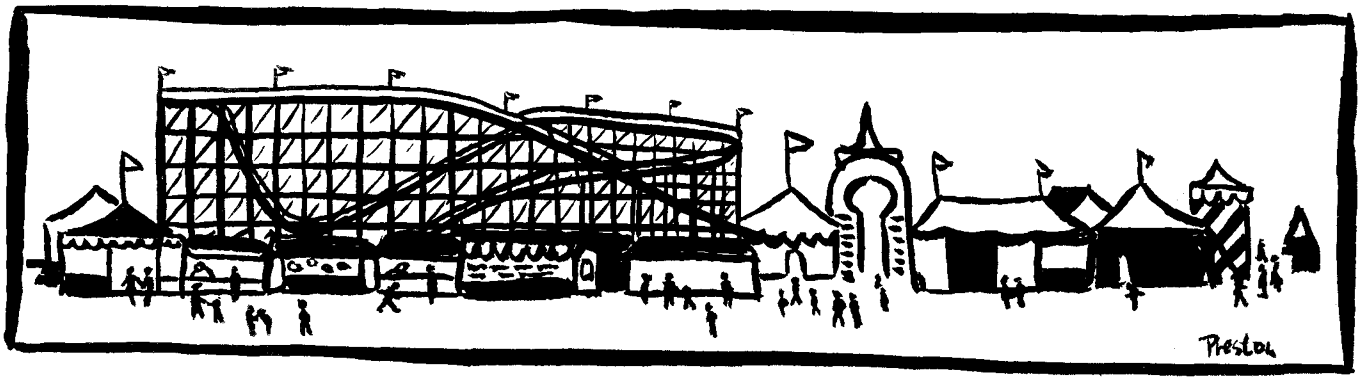
Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 28-30, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Oakland, Monday, Sept. 1, at 2, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 2-3, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 4-6, at 8.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Jets, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Aug. 27, through Monday, Oct. 13. The Forego Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 27; the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 30; the Gazelle Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 31; the Flower Bowl Handicap, Monday, Sept. 1; and the Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day between 10:45 and noon.). . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Choice Handicap, Monday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturday and Labor Day at 11:15.). . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and Labor Day at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8, from Tuesday, Sept. 2, through Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Long Look, Tuesday, Sept. 2.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tulsa, in the second game in the North American Soccer League's quarterfinal playoff series. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Aug. 31, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday, Aug. 27, through Thursday, Sept. 4, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at



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TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Labor Day, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22.

YACHTING—America's Cup at Newport: Defenders' final trials, through Friday, Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Challengers' final trials, Friday, Aug. 29, through Thursday, Sept. 11.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—The Festival has put Shakespeare aside this year in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. Arthur Sullivan's music is well served in the beautiful singing of Linda Ronstadt (Mabel) and of Kevin Kline and Rex Smith (Pirate King and Frederic) and in the spirited playing of the orchestra, but aside from the performance of George Rose—surely a better Major-General ne'er trod the boards—the wit and humor of W. S. Gilbert are often undermined by blurred diction and campy fooling. Wilford Leach directed. Patricia McGourty's costumes are delightful. Free performances are being presented through Sunday, Aug. 31. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—The final free concerts on Pier 16. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 8: The Battery Dance Company. (East River at Fulton St.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The final performances in this summer's series of concerts. Wednesday, Aug. 27: The Talking Heads. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29: Stephen Stills and Randy Van Warmer. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30: The Pretenders. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—Final performances of a three-week festival that includes jazz (as well as country and bluegrass music), dance, musical comedy, children's theatre, cabaret, Hispanic specials, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA**: Jay Clayton & Voices, Thursday, Aug. 28, at noon. . . . ¶ After Dinner Opera Company, Sunday, Aug. 31, at 6. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK**: The musical "Damn Yankees," Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 27-30, at 8:15. . . . ¶ 1000 Years of Jazz, Sunday, Aug. 31, at 8:15. (For daily detailed information, call 877-5224.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, from noon until sundown.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The Park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Sept. 7 (day). Toronto, Sept. 16-18 (night). Boston, Sept. 19 (n) and Sept. 20-21 (d). Cleveland, Sept. 22-25 (n). Detroit, Oct. 2-3 (n) and Oct. 4-5 (d). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Sept. 10-11 (night). Chicago, Sept. 12 (n) and Sept. 13-14 (day). Montreal, Sept. 16-17 (n). St. Louis, Sept. 26 (n) and Sept. 27-28 (d). Pittsburgh, Sept. 29-Oct. 1 (d). . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS** and **NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS**: Start Oct. 7. . . . **WORLD SERIES**: Starts Oct. 14, in the home park of the National League champion.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Boston vs. Milwaukee and Knicks vs. Nets, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Washington vs. Atlanta and Knicks vs. Boston, Sept. 27. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Philadelphia, Sept. 23.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 13**: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, and Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 20**: Army vs. California, at West Point; Brown vs. Yale, at Providence; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; and Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 21**: Rutgers vs. Cincinnati, at Piscataway. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 27**: Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton; Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; Rutgers vs. Princeton, at Piscataway; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 28**: Manhattan vs. Maritime, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 4**: Army vs. Harvard, at West Point; Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester; Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton; Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown; and Yale vs. Air Force, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—**SUNDAY, SEPT. 7**: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 14**: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 21**: Jets vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at Shea Stadium. . . . **MONDAY, SEPT. 22**: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 28**: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 5**: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

HOCKEY—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Oct. 6. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Sept. 30.

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Sept. 8-Oct. 18.

YACHTING—America's Cup Races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 16.)

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (580-9830): The season will open on Sept. 22, with Puccini's "Turandot," and will run through April 18. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): Opening performance of the New York Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta conducting, Sept. 25. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Tonkuenstler Orchestra of Vienna, Oct. 5. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Abbey Simon, piano, Sept. 13. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Y Chamber Symphony, Sept. 27-28. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Anthony Newman and the Brandenburg Collegium, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Beaux Arts Trio, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. Oct. 10.

DANCE—Murray Louis Dance Company, at the City Center, Oct. 6-13. . . . ¶ Natalia Makarova and Company, at the Uris Theatre, Oct. 7-Nov. 2.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Irene Papas will have the lead in Euripides' "The Bacchae." . . . ¶ "Charlie and Algernon," a musical based on Daniel Keyes' novel "Flowers for Algernon." David Rogers is responsible for the book and lyrics and Charles Strouse for the music. P. J. Benjamin will have the role of Charlie. . . . ¶ A play by Steve Tesich, "Division Street," with a cast headed by John Lithgow. . . . ¶ Jerry Stiller, Angela Paton, and Dick Latessa will appear in Albert Innaurato's comedy "Passione." The show had a brief Off Broadway run last spring. . . . ¶ A comedy by Nikolai Erdman, "The Suicide," with Derek Jacobi, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, John Heffernan, Angela Pietropinto, and Laura Esterman.

OTHER DATES—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 22. . . . ¶ The New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 26 at Avery Fisher Hall and Alice Tully Hall, and then continues at Alice Tully Hall: Sept. 27-Oct. 11. Winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 4 elections, Oct. 9 and 11.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 31: "Scandal."
Sept. 1: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 2: "Sao Bernardo" and "Music and People of the Northeast," two films from Brazil, showing nightly at 8. At 7:30, slide shows and short films, also from Brazil. Call the theatre about titles and dates.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Scum."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 28: "Caddyshack" and "The In-Laws."
Aug. 29-Sept. 4: "Fame" and "Saturday Night Fever."
From Sept. 5: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Aug. 28: "Prom Night."
From Aug. 29: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airplane!"

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Smokey and the Bandit II."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 28: "Battle Beyond the Stars."
From Aug. 29: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Xanadu."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"My Bodyguard."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"No Nukes."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Willie & Phil."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Getting of Wisdom."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"My Brilliant Career."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Adventures of Picasso . . . And a Thousand Loving Lies."

CINEMA II. 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Tin Drum."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Aug. 28: "The Kidnapping of the President."
From Aug. 29: "Fame."

GEMINI 2. 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dressed to Kill."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Airplane!"

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 28: "The Big Red One."
Aug. 29-Sept. 4: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
From Sept. 5: "Nijinsky."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Aug. 28: "Xanadu."
From Aug. 29: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Smokey and the Bandit II."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hunter."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Prom Night."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Octagon."
Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 11. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 28: "Xanadu."
From Aug. 29: To be announced.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Tin Drum."
Theatre 2: "My Brilliant Career."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: "Dressed to Kill."

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 27: "The T.A.M.I. Show."
Aug. 28: "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."
Aug. 29-30: "The Kids Are Alright" and "Gimme Shelter."
Aug. 31: "The Last Waltz."
From Sept. 1: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Raise the Titanic."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!"

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dressed to Kill."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Willie & Phil."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Make Room for Tomorrow."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Arabian Nights."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 28: "Battle Beyond the Stars."
From Aug. 29: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 2: "Jun."
From Sept. 3: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Sept. 4: "Come Have Coffee with Us."
From Sept. 5: "The Blue Lagoon."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."
Theatre 2: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard."
Theatre 4: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Tin Drum."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 28: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" and "Which Way Is Up?"
From Aug. 29: "The Octagon."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Aug 28: "Xanadu." (†) From Aug. 29: "No Nukes." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 28: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane." (†) From Aug. 29: "Xanadu." (†)
Theatre 5: "Fame." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Kidnapping of the President." (†)
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard." (†)
Theatre 4: "Used Cars."

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Dressed to Kill." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Hunter." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Prom Night." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Smokey and the Bandit II." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Final Countdown."

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Octagon." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Aug. 28: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Aug. 29: "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "Laura" (1944), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, and Dana Andrews.
Aug. 30: "Luna" (1979), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Sept. 2: "Fight, Zatoichi, Fight" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi; and "Samurai from Nowhere" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Seiichiro Uchikawa, with Isamu Nagato.
Sept. 3: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer; and "Easy Rider" (1969), directed by Dennis Hopper, with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson.
Sept. 4: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
Sept. 5: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "Steppenwolf" (1974),

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Sept. 6: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 27: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
Aug. 28: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Dracula" (1979), directed by John Badham, with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, and Donald Pleasence.
Aug. 29: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.
Aug. 30: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Aug. 31: "The Magic Flute." (†)
Sept. 1: "Once Upon a Time in the West." (†)
Sept. 2: "Network" (1976), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall.
Sept. 3: "High Anxiety" (†) and "A New Leaf." (†)
Sept. 4: "Day for Night." (†)
Sept. 5: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.
Sept. 6: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 28: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with Polanski, Jack MacGowran, and Sharon Tate; and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
Aug. 29-30: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Tom Horn" (†); and "The Missouri Breaks" (1976), directed by Arthur Penn, with Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson.
Sept. 2: "Gizmo!" (†) and "The Hellstrom Chronicle." (†)
Sept. 3-4: "A Little Night Music" (†) and "Smiles of a Summer Night." (†)
Sept. 5-6: "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)
Aug. 27: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958), directed by Richard Brooks, with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.
Aug. 28-29: "Prisoner of War" (1954), directed by Andrew Marton, with Ronald Reagan and Dewey Martin; and "Battle Circus" (1953), directed by Richard Brooks, with Humphrey Bogart and June Allyson.
Aug. 30-Sept. 2: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Village of the Damned" (1960), directed by Wolf Rilla, with George Sanders, Barbara Shelley, and Michael Gwynne.
Sept. 3-5: "The Asphalt Jungle" (†) and "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
From Sept. 6: "The Women" (†) and "Dinner at Eight." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 27: "My Dream Is Yours" (1949), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Jack Carson, Doris Day, and Lee Bowman; and "Thank Your Lucky Stars" (1943), directed by David Butler, with Eddie Cantor, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and many others.
Aug. 28-30: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "I Confess" (†); and "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll.
Sept. 2-3: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond; and "Rio Bravo." (†)
Sept. 4-6: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, and Dennis Hopper.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Aug. 27: "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada.
Aug. 28: "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai, Part III" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 29-30: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "All Screwed Up" (1974), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Nino Bignamini, Lina Polito, and Isa Danieli.
Aug. 31: "Waltz of the Toreadors" (1962), directed by John Guillermin, with Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton, and Dany Robin; and "I'm All Right, Jack." (†)
Sept. 1: A program of Max Fleischer singalongs; and "Gay Purr-ee" (1962), a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others.
Sept. 2: "The Soft Skin" (1964), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean Desailly and Françoise Dorléac; and "Donkey Skin" (1975), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Catherine Deneuve.
Sept. 3: "The Lusty Men" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Tulsa" (1949), directed by Stuart Heisler, with Susan Hayward, Robert Preston, and Pedro Armendariz.
Sept. 4: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.
Sept. 5-6: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (†) and "Tom, Dick, and Harry." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Aug. 27: "The Glass Key" (1942), directed by Stuart Heisler, with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd; and "The Blue Dahlia" (1946), directed by George Marshall, with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Howard Da Silva, and William Bendix.
Aug. 28: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.
Aug. 29-30: "The Meeting at Midnight" (1944), directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938), directed by William Nigh, with Boris Karloff.
Aug. 31: "Bringing Up Baby" (†) and "My Favorite Wife." (†)
Sept. 1: "Hail the Conquering Hero" (†); and "The Great Moment" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Joel McCrea, Betty Field, and Harry Carey.
Sept. 2: "Down Argentine Way" (1940), directed by Irving Cummings, with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda, and Charlotte Greenwood; and "That Night in Rio." (†)

Sept. 3: "Rain" (†) and "Of Human Bondage." (†)

Sept. 4: "The Power and the Glory" (†); and "Dante's Inferno" (1935), directed by Harry Lachman, with Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor.

Sept. 5-6: "The Women" (†) and "Dinner at Eight." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 27 at 6: "The Guru" (1969), directed by James Ivory, with Rita Tushingham and Michael York. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 8:30: "John and Mary" (1969), directed by Peter Yates, with Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 6: "Rat Life and Diet in North America" (1969), directed by Joyce Wieland; "Eleven Different Horses" (1969) and "Necrology" (1969), both directed by Stan Lawder; "Moon 69" (1969), directed by Scott Bartlett; and "The Tempest" (1969), directed by Frank Olvey and Robert Brown. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 8:30: "Le Gai Savoir" (1969), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: "The Rain People" (1969), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Shirley Knight, James Caan, and Robert Duvall. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 8:30: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Berger, and Ingrid Thulin. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6: "The Stalking Moon" (1969), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Gregory Peck and Eva Marie Saint. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 8:30: "The Arrangement" (1969), directed by Elia Kazan, with Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, Deborah Kerr, and Richard Boone. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 6: A program of Dave Fleischer "Popeye" cartoons, 1933-37. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 8:30: "The Learning Tree" (1969), directed by Gordon Parks, with Kyle Johnson, Alex Clarke, and Estelle Evans. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 6: A program of Dave Fleischer "Popeye" cartoons. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 8:30: "Caravan" (1934), directed by Erik Charell, with Charles Boyer and Loretta Young. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 6: "Play Dirty" (1969), directed by Andre De Toth, with Michael Caine, Nigel Davenport, and Harry Andrews. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 8:30: "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Robert Ryan, and Ernest Borgnine. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 6: A program of two films by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 7:30: "Diaries, Notes and Sketches: Walden" (1969), directed by Jonas Mekas. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: "Downhill Racer" (1969), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Robert Redford, Gene Hackman, and Camilla Sparv. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 8:30: "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Picasso . . . and a Thousand Loving Lies—With Gösta Ekman, directed by Tage Danielsson. (Cinema I.)

Airplane!—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, Festival, and Forum.)

The Arabian Nights (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller by John Huston about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. The rogues' gallery includes Sterling Hayden, Sam Jaffe, James Whitmore, and Louis Calhern; Jean Hagen and Marilyn Monroe are among the ladies. From the W. R. Burnett novel. (Mini Cinema; Sept. 3-5.)

Battle Beyond the Stars—With Richard Thomas and Robert Vaughn, directed by Jimmy T. Murakami. (Sutton, and Paramount; through Aug. 28.)

The Big Red One—With Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill, directed by Sam Fuller. (72nd Street East; through Aug. 28.)

The Blue Lagoon—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/21/80.) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 5.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Feld as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 31.)

Caddyshack—With Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, and Michael O'Keefe; directed by Harold Ramis. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 28.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—An Australian film, with Tommy Lewis, directed by Fred Schepisi. (Cinema Studio 1; starting Sept. 3.)

Cheech and Chong's Next Movie—Directed by Thomas Chong. (R.K.O. 86th St., and National. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Aug. 28.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's try-it-on spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" it has been cut, altered, and added to. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Aug. 29-Sept. 4.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 4.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. Among the people who toned up the dialogue were Herman J. Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 5-6. . . . ¶ Mini Cinema; starting Sept. 6.)

Dressed to Kill—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy was written and directed by Brian De Palma. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. With Angie Dickinson as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde, Michael Caine as her analyst, the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen as a pretty investment-minded hooker, and Dennis Franz as a brash police detective. (8/4/80) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 1, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 29-Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; starting Aug. 29.)

The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu—With Peter Sellers, directed by Piers Haggard. (Loews Tower East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

The Getting of Wisdom—An Australian film, with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Coronet.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, with special attention to the disaster at Altamont. Directed by David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 29-30.)

Gizmo!—A cheerful retrospective documentary about old-time amateur inventors and wacko performers (Americans, for the most part) and their feats, as recorded in many dozens of old newsreel clips and publicity films dating back forty or fifty years or more. The glimpses of motorized roller skates, rocket-powered sleds, dog-powered washing machines, tree-climbing bikes, human xylophones, spaghetti-winders, cellar-built robots, airborne bicycles, and paddle-wing ornithopters are by turns hilarious, tacky, and remorselessly boring, but there is also an underlying sadness to it all, which arises from the inevitable cruelty of our laughter and from a sense of lost American innocence. Take the children. Compiled and produced by Howard Smith. (1/28/80) (Cinema Village; Sept. 2.)

The Great Santini—With Robert Duvall and Blythe Danner, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Guild.)

Hail the Conquering Hero (1944)—If you've never seen one of Preston Sturges's classic comedies, you may not quite know what hit you. He uses verbal slapstick as well as visual slapstick, and his comic timing is so quirkily effective that the dialogue keeps popping off

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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like a string of firecrackers. In this satire on hero worship, patriotism, and mother love, Eddie Bracken, son of his town's biggest First World War hero, joins the Marines in the Second World War and is discharged for hay fever. Ashamed, he writes his mother that he's been sent overseas, and thinking he can never return home, tells his girl (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her anymore. But one night he's out drinking with six Marines, and one of them, known as Bugsy, for good reason, tells him he should go home and see his beautiful mother; the upshot is that the Marines drag him home, claiming that he's a war hero. The town goes mad. With Freddie Steele, once middleweight boxing champion of the world, as Bugsy, William Demarest as a Marine sergeant, and Raymond Walburn, Esther Howard, Elizabeth Patterson, Jimmy Conlin, Franklin Pangborn, Chester Conklin, Paul Porcasi, Dewey Robinson, and Arthur Hoyt. Sturges wrote and directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 1.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks around talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But a lot of bilge as well. (Cinema Village; Sept. 2.)

High Anxiety (1977)—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. Brooks plays Dr. Thorndyke, a Nobel Prize-winning psychiatrist who is the new director of a Los Angeles asylum—the previous one having died suddenly. He leaves the "Spellbound" situation and goes up to San Francisco for a psychiatrists' convention and into locations that recall "Vertigo." There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 3.)

The Hunter—With Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Kathryn Harrold, and LeVar Burton; directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1.)

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift) caught in a trap: either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. (Regency; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

I'm All Right, Jack (1960)—This isn't one of those gentle English comedies with glancing bits of social spoofery; it's a cynical and raucous slapstick farce—the one really funny film satire of labor-management conflicts. Its view of the philosophy of the citizens of the welfare state is summed up in the title, derived from the English armed-forces catch phrase: "- - - - you—I'm all right, Jack." The big businessmen are the villains in the plot, but the film also shows the trade unionists as smug and self-centered, and though the satire of union practices is much more affectionate, it is so accurately aimed—and we are so unused to it—that it comes off much the better. As the shop steward, Peter Sellers is avid to protect the workers' rights—he's earnest, he's monstrously self-serious. He wears a little Hitler mustache—that mustache was always an oddly lower-middle-class adornment on Hitler—and while this shop steward is certainly lower middle class in his habits, he's a fanatical proletarian in theory, and he speaks in a jargon that derives from political pamphlets. The movie parodies this beady-eyed little stuffed shirt and the featherbedding practices of his union. The cast includes Terry-Thomas as an Army officer turned personnel manager; Ian Carmichael as an innocent from Oxford who wants to become a business executive; Dennis Price and Richard Attenborough as capitalist tricksters; and Margaret Rutherford, Miles Malleson, Irene Handl, Marne Maitland, Liz Fraser, Raymond Huntley, and Malcolm Muggeridge—as himself, of course. Produced and directed by Roy and John Boulting; from the novel by Alan Hackney, adapted by John Boulting, Frank Harvey, and Hackney. (Thalia; Sept. 31.)

The In-Laws (1979)—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Plots are discussed over the heads of helpless dental patients, dinner-table talk concerns tsetse flies the size of eagles, and a wild cab ride through Herald Square ultimately leads to a Latin-American country where the dictator pours coffee into a mouth painted on his hand. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 28.)

Jun—With Jun Eto and Mayumi Asaka, directed by Hiroto Yokoyama. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio 1; through Sept. 2.)

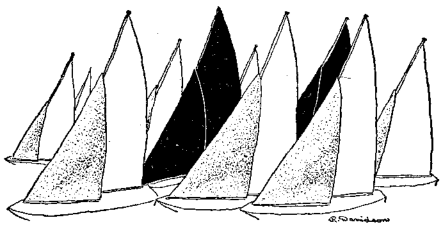
The Kidnapping of the President—With William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson, and Ava Gardner; directed by George Mendeluk. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Aug. 28.)

The Kids Are Alright (1979)—With The Who, directed by Jeff Stein. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 29-30.)

The Last Waltz (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as passé—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 31.)

A Little Night Music (1978)—You know what you're in for near the beginning, when the hero (Len Cariou) is greeted with "Good afternoon, Lawyer Egerman." This film is a cut above "Song of Norway" and "The Blue Bird," but it's in that general sylvan-settings category. It's an adaptation of the Broadway show, which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. This picture has been made as if the director (Harold Prince) had never *seen* a movie. With Diana Rigg and Lesley-Anne Down, who manage to get a performance rhythm going in some of their scenes, and with Elizabeth Taylor. (Cinema Village; Sept. 3-4.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixilated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. It's blissful. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)



Make Room for Tomorrow—With Victor Lanoux and Jane Birkin, directed by Peter Kossovitz. In French. (Paris.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

The Miracle of Morgan's Creek (1944)—It's wartime, and Betty Hutton is the overenthusiastic girl who dates a soldier and produces sextuplets. This is one of Preston Sturges's surreal-slapstick-satire-conniption-fit comedies, and part of our great crude heritage. The picture was held up a year because of censorship problems, and you'll know why. With Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, William Demarest, Porter Hall, Esther Howard, and Freddie Steele. (Thalia; Sept. 5-6.)

Music and People of the Northeast (1977)—A documentary about Brazilian street fairs, directed by Tania Quaresma. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre, at 8 only; starting Sept. 2.)

My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden" in 1864, and the movies have been making versions of it ever since D. W. Griffith did it in 1908 (and again in 1911). This one is the most famous and the funniest. On the day Cary Grant (as Nick Arden) marries Gail Patrick, his wife, Irene Dunne, shipwrecked seven years before, comes home. She follows the newlyweds on their honeymoon, prevents the consummation of the marriage, and purrs herself to an ultimate victory. Garson Kanin was twenty-seven (and at his liveliest) when he wrote and directed this screwball-classic hit. Randolph Scott plays the vegetarian scientist who was Dunne's companion on the island. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 31.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 3.)

Nijinsky—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13), when he made a celebrated début in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own unexpected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (72nd Street East; starting Sept. 5.)

No Nukes—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concerts in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Manhattan 2. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 29.)

The Octagon—With Chuck Norris, Karen Carlson, and Lee Van Cleef; directed by Eric Karson. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 29.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3.)

Once Upon a Time in the West (1969)—A horribly dubbed and peculiarly constructed Italian Western that can be understood best by seeing the second half first. With Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards, directed by Sergio Leone. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 1.)

Pat Garrett and Billy The Kid (1973)—Ambitious, erotic, peculiarly unrealized account of how Garrett (James Coburn) hunts down his best friend Billy (Kris Kristofferson), with Bob Dylan (who sings the score, written by him) appearing as a buddy of Billy's. Sam Peckinpah directed, from a screenplay by Rudolf Wurlitzer. With Jason Robards, Katy Jurado, Rita Coolidge, Emilio Fernandez, Slim Pickens, Chill Wills, and Elisha Cook. Probably nobody involved was very happy about the results; Dylan doesn't come off at all. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 28.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining trash, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew enough tricks to sustain this glossily bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain tabloid novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doom-ridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, premoral way—is dressed in impeccable white, as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses; John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames have a show-offy courtroom clash. With Audrey Totter. (Mini Cinema; Sept. 3-5.)

The Power and the Glory (1933)—Preston Sturges wrote the script (which is sentimental and heavy-handed but is nevertheless almost a warmup for "Citizen Kane"), and the producer, Jessie Lasky, who considered it "the most perfect script" he'd ever seen, insisted that the director, William K. Howard, shoot it word for word. Spencer Tracy is the railroad tycoon who has killed himself, and the story is told from his funeral by Ralph Morgan. With Colleen Moore and slinky Helen Vinson. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 4.)

Prom Night—With Leslie Nielsen, and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by Paul Lynch. (86th St. East, and Loews State 2. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Aug. 28.)

Rain (1932)—Joan Crawford is the innocent-at-heart tramp Sadie Thompson in this version of the Somerset Maugham wheezer, adapted by Maxwell Anderson and directed by Lewis Milestone. Crawford is the most unnuanced

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actress imaginable, and her interpretation of Sadie has absolutely no delicacy. Yet this time her desperate earnestness is fixating. With all the emotion she pours on, and her flashing eyes and twisted-scar mouth and strained voice, she's so totally affected that the affectation begins to seem natural. Her vitality is undeniable. As the sanctimonious Reverend Davidson (Hollywood's archetypal lustful hypocrite), Walter Huston has some startlingly shrewd moments, but the production is stilted and claustrophobic—obviously, the dated stage version of the Maugham story dominated the moviemakers' thinking. With William Gargan, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, and Matt Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3.)

Raise the Titanic—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld.)

Rio Bravo (1959)—Howard Hawks directed this semi-satiric Western pastiche (mainly of old Hawks movies), with John Wayne as John T. Chance, Dean Martin as a drunk called Dude, Ricky Nelson as Colorado, Walter Brennan as Stumpy, and Angie Dickinson as Feathers. Jules Furthman and Leigh Brackett provided the script, Dimitri Tiomkin the score. Silly, but with zest; there are some fine action sequences, and the performers seem to be enjoying their roles. (Regency; Sept. 2-3.)

Sao Bernardo (1972)—A Brazilian film, based on the novel by Graciliano Ramos. Directed by Leon Hirszman. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre, at 8 only; starting Sept. 2.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in Norman Wexler's script. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. Young moviegoers saw themselves expressed in this film, as earlier generations had seen themselves in "The Wild One," "Rebel Without a Cause," "The Graduate," Easy Rider;" Travolta became a national cult hero, almost overnight. John Badham directed. With Donna Pescow, Fran Drescher, Barry Miller, Joseph Cali, Paul Pape, Bruce Ornstein, Martin Shakar, Julie Bovasso, Val Bisoglio, and Monti Rock III. Songs by the Bee Gees and other groups, with additional music by David Shire; choreography by Lester Wilson; cinematography by Ralf D. Bode. (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 29-Sept. 4.)

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Scandal (1950)—With Toshiro Mifune, Yoshiko Yamaguchi, and Takashi Shimura; directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 31.)

Scum—With Ray Winstone, directed by Alan Clarke. (Art.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes theme in an intricate plot structure, and in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful, and his epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck (in one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens"). Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent love-loving maid; Margit Carlquist is the proud, unhappy countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjelvenstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. (Used as the basis of the American stage and screen musical "A Little Night Music.") In Swedish. (Cinema Village; Sept. 3-4.)

Smokey and the Bandit II—The further adventures of Smokey, Bandit, and all the others. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, Sally Field, Pat McCormick, and Paul Williams. Hal Needham is again the director. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Rivoli.)

The T.A.M.I. Show (1971)—With James Brown, the Supremes, Jan & Dean, the Miracles, and others. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 27.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance, and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses," in "On the Avenue"), but in this low-camp musical her co-star is Don Ameche, the cipher that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. As the wife of a Brazilian baron (Ameche), she is weighed down by huge, glassy necklaces and by the other characters' references to her great beauty; she keeps staring, in misery and embarrassment. The mistaken-identity plot, with the neglected wife falling in love with the night-club entertainer (also Ameche) hired to impersonate her husband, is just a farce variation on the "Prisoner of Zenda." The film, directed by Irving Cummings, for Twentieth Century-Fox, features the studio's Brazilian Bombshell, Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile. She plays the entertainer's girlfriend, wears fruit on her head, and sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. With Maria Montez as Inez, and S. Z. Sakall, J. Carrol Naish, Curt Bois, Leonid Kinskey, Fortunio Bonanova, and Frank Puglia. From a play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler; at least five writers worked on the script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 2.)

Those Lips, Those Eyes—With Frank Langella, Glynnis O'Connor, and Thomas Hulce; directed by Michael Pressman. (Bay Cinema, Sutton, and Paramount; starting Aug. 29.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers, a telephone operator, has three suitors: Alan Marshal is the millionaire of her dreams, George Murphy is a car salesman sure to get on in the world, and Burgess Meredith is a happy-go-lucky mechanic somewhat loose in the head. The movie is a series of sketches, as the heroine, trying to choose among them, dreams of her future life with each. (Her final choice leaves the viewer skeptical.) A nice detail: when she imagines marrying the millionaire, she sees newspaper headlines announcing her marriage; just under the large type there is a small heading, in quite insignificant type, reading, "Adolf Hitler Assassinated." Garson Kanin directed this Cinderella comedy from a script by Paul Jarrico. It's a little too jaunty and much too comfy in its stereotypical assumptions, but a lot of people enjoyed it, and it was remade in 1958 as "The Girl Most Likely." Phil Silvers turns up in a bit. (Thalia; Sept. 5-6.)

Tom Horn—A handsome, vapid Western starring Steve McQueen as a worn-down gunslinger hired by some Wyoming cattlemen to solve their "rustler problem," who does his work with such gory efficiency that he himself becomes the problem. The title role is roughly based on the life and later times of a famous government scout, but the script (by Thomas McGuane and Bud Shrake) offers little more than some pseudohistorical ironies and moral tableaux that form a backdrop to McQueen's effortless, entertaining portrayal of another hero-mechanic who is too laconic and pure of heart to survive. Directed by William Wiard, with Slim Pickens, Richard Farnsworth, and Linda Evans. (6/2/80) (Cinema Village; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane—With Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, and Ed Flanders; directed by William Peter Blatty. Based on a novel by Blatty entitled "The Ninth Configuration." (Gemini 2. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Aug. 28.)

Which Way Is Up? (1977)—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Olympia; through Aug. 28.)

Willie & Phil—With Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder, and Ray Sharkey; directed by Paul Mazursky. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version. With Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 5-6. . . . ¶ Mini Cinema; starting Sept. 6.)

Xanadu—A musical, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck, directed by Robert Greenwald. (Plaza, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich Playhouse 2; through Aug. 28.)

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JONES NEW YORK

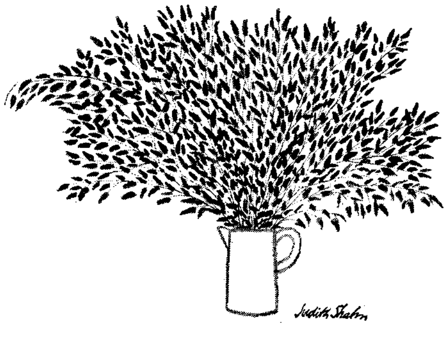
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR some time now, politicians who favor a more aggressive American military policy have been saying that the United States has been suffering from a "Vietnam syndrome," whose main symptom is an irrational reluctance to employ force in international affairs; but few have gone as far as to defend the wisdom of the Vietnam War itself—or, for that matter, to say much about the war at all. Now Governor Reagan, breaking that conspicuous silence, has said, in a speech to the Veterans of Foreign Wars, "It is time we recognized that ours was, in truth, a noble cause. A small country, newly free from colonial rule, sought our help in establishing self-rule and the means of self-defense against a totalitarian neighbor bent on conquest." He added, "There is a lesson for all of us in Vietnam: If we are forced to fight, we must have the means and the determination to prevail. . . . And while we are at it, let us tell those who fought in that war that we will never again ask young men to fight and possibly die in a war our government is afraid to let them win." In some quarters, the Governor's retrospective call for steadfastness in Vietnam was greeted with a sort of relief, as though he had dared to speak aloud what many had been thinking. The *Wall Street Journal*, for example, stated editorially, "In going back to America's biggest defeat and drawing what for too long has been the minority conclusion, Governor Reagan has introduced the great overriding issue—were we right or wrong?" Of course, the three Presidents who waged the Vietnam War—Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon—all believed deeply in the nobility of the cause. And the last two made immense efforts to achieve their goal. Not only did they send in a force of more than a half-million troops to Vietnam and order a bombing campaign of historically unprecedented magnitude but they also, it can be argued, wound up sacrificing their Presidencies to the war cause—Johnson by forfeiting the support of his party and then paying the political price by withdrawing from the race for a second term, and Nixon by waging an extraconstitutional battle both at home and abroad which culminated in the Watergate crisis and his removal from office. But, for all the three Presidents' exertions, each acknowledged severe restraints on his military freedom of action. These were legal, political, and—the most important—strategic. The legal restraints were the constitutional limits on Presidential power—limits that, after being bent badly out of shape, were at least partly restored after the departure of Nixon. The political ones, for Johnson and Nixon, took the form both of immense demonstrations against the war and of electoral rebellion. The public, it turned out, had a sharply limited tolerance for stepped-up military actions—something that President Johnson discovered in the Democratic primaries of 1968 and President Nixon discovered immediately after his invasion of Cambodia in 1970. But standing behind these political limits, and to a certain extent explaining them, were the strategic limits inherent in the military situation. They were the limits referred to in the doctrine of limited war (formulated by military thinkers in the nineteen-fifties), which was designed to hold the world back from total war. In a sense, Reagan was right in saying that the government was "afraid to let" the military "win" in Vietnam—except that what the government feared was not victory but annihilation. These fundamental historical conditions have grown dim in the mind of Governor Reagan, but they shaped the conduct of the Vietnam War and will inevitably shape the conduct of any future wars that the United States might engage in.

It is one of the ironies of being a superpower that, in a phenomenon known in the jargon of strategic weaponry as self-deterrence, the very hugeness of one's own destructive power causes one to hesitate to use it, while small, non-nuclear powers remain at liberty to wage unrestrained war. If the word "victory," in reference to warfare, has largely disappeared from the vocabularies of working Presidents, it is because the modern battlefield offers no such possibility. Even Governor Reagan's remarks, filled though they are with phrases of martial bravado, reveal themselves, on close examination, to be strangely evasive. For although it is hard to imagine that he would oppose going to the aid of "a small country" seeking our help against "a totalitarian neighbor bent on conquest," the fact is that he stops short of an unequivocal endorsement of the American entry into Vietnam, asserting only that the United States should never get into any wars that it cannot win. Whether Vietnam was a war that we should have won or one that we should never have got into is a question that the Governor leaves unanswered; his comments remain suspended between these two radically different positions. Also, it seems significant that in his call for victorious wars Reagan has forgone any recommendations about present conflicts, of which the world offers an abundant supply, including the ones in Cambodia and in Afghanistan, and has concentrated his fervor on a war that is safely locked away in the past. In these indirect ways, he seems



to pay a certain respect to the realities he so notably ignores in his actual text.

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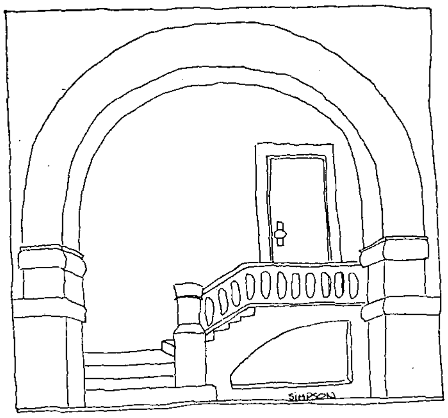
Coördinated

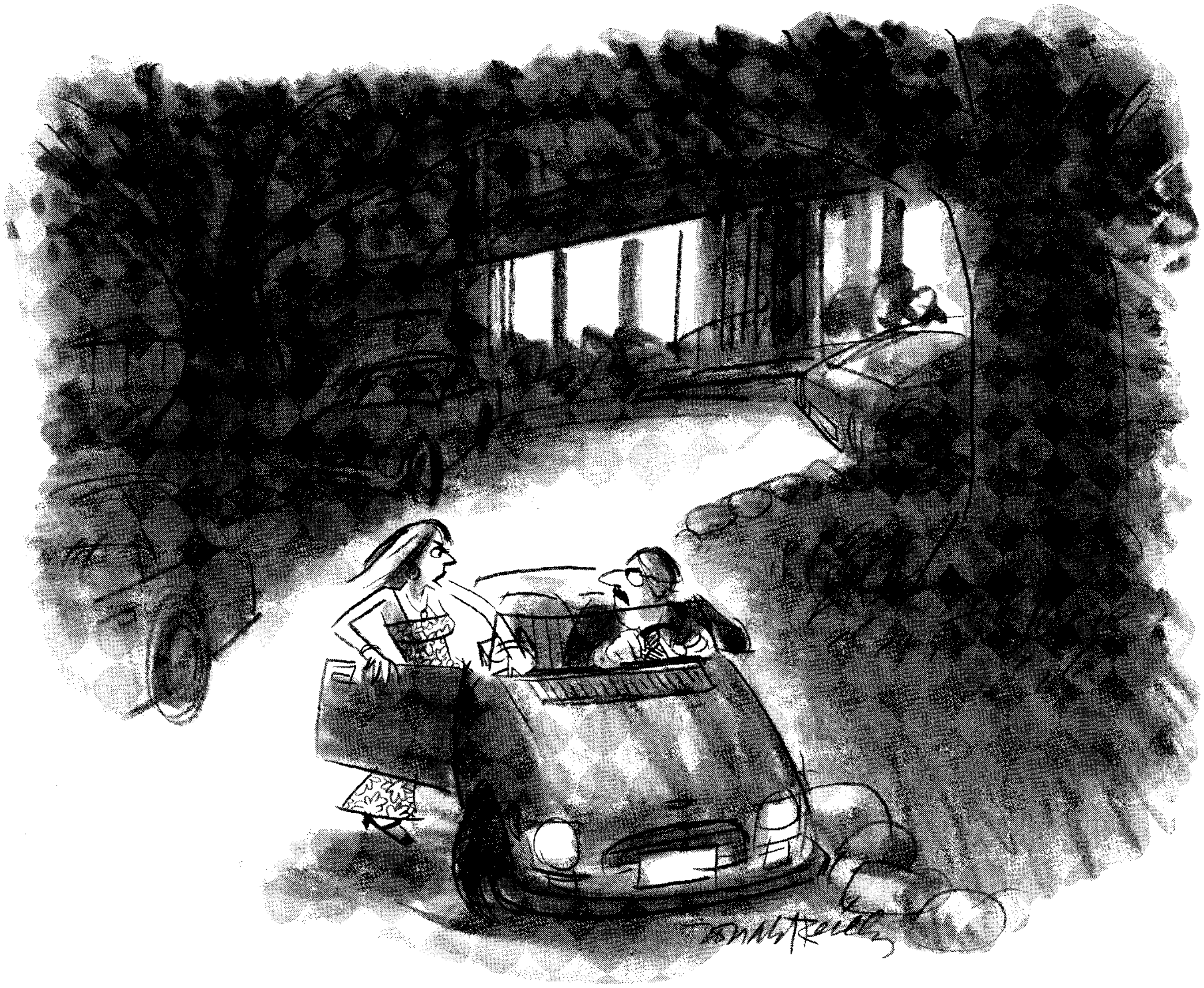
BEVERLY HILLS, despite its multiple virtues, cannot contain the talents of Gail Richards, so she has done the natural thing: she has branched out. She has expanded her territory to include New York City. Mrs. Richards coördinates parties. One day not long ago, she sat in a lounge at the Carlyle and explained what this involves. Mrs. Richards is thirty-five years old and slender and has red hair and likes bottled water on the rocks with a wedge of lime. She is an agreeable woman; you tell her how much of your party you want coördinated, and that's how much she will coördinate. Suppose you're interested in total coördination—say, a totally coördinated wedding. Well, not only does Gail Richards do the theme, the invitations, the table decorations, the flowers, the catering, the videotaping, the still photography, and the parking-lot attendants but she even goes with the bride to have her gown fitted. Or, if you want her to do just the entertainment, nothing more, she'll focus all her energy on that. Handling just the entertainment is no small task, though, because music is the single most important element of a party, no question about it. (It's true that some people think that *people* make a party—in other words, you cannot just invite over, say, eighty grandmothers in blue dresses and expect the place to vibrate for hours—but really your music is your most important element.) Now, these days you cannot hope to have a successful wedding if you deprive your guests of disco. So if you know that some of your more traditionalist guests are going to want a little Lester Lanin for part of the evening, you have to hire *two* bands. Or else you have to hire a versatile band. You have to plan ahead. You need a coördinator. Mrs. Richards learned a lot of these things from her late husband, Bernie Richards, who was a popular bandleader out on the Coast. Bernie was very smart the way he operated. Bernie understood that when musical tastes changed, it didn't hurt business if he went with the flow. Mrs. Richards now has access to five party bands that will play up to ten different kinds of music. She can also get violinists, Dixieland bands, a rock band with a girl singer—you name it. Of course, for three hundred guests you can't go with a violin trio—no way. That's something that Gail Richards' clients don't always understand, although, God knows, she warns them.

At one time or another, Mrs. Richards has created ten fabulous fantasies. She can't remember and recite all ten at once, but there are definitely ten. There is the winter-wonderland theme, Hawaiian, disco, Western, dressy Western, and—let's see—oh, yes, Atlantis-by-the-sea. Atlantis-by-the-sea works very well out on the Coast, because of all the swimming pools and hot tubs. The total-theme party is definitely a Los Angeles concept. Another Los Angeles concept is the wrap party. It makes sense there, because that's where the motion-picture business is concentrated. When motion-picture people finish filming a movie, that's called a wrap, and they celebrate with the sort of party that Gail Richards coördinates. Recently, she did a wrap party for Irwin Yablans, who produces low-budget films and usually gets high-budget returns. Irwin's new movie is "Fade to Black." It's about a movie buff. Gail Richards made up little place cards that rested upon miniature cameras that had moving parts. She did this because she knows that a lot of guests like to play with toys at dinner. It was a great wrap party.

The party-coördinating challenge that brought Mrs. Richards to New York was a science-fiction-theme bar mitzvah at the Plaza. This was a real test of her imagination and resourcefulness, and it turned out to be a big success. First, the guests arrived in limousines at the Plaza, and that's when the videotaping began. Then everyone went into a room for cocktails. The cocktail hour ran slightly longer than had been originally planned—there had been a wedding reception at the hotel earlier in the day which held things up a bit—but, fortunately, Gail Richards had arranged to have a Dixieland combo and fifteen pinball machines on hand in the cocktail room. The guests won silver dollars and other prizes at pinball, so no one seemed to mind the wait. Then they went in to the real party. To enter the room, they had to pass through a silver cone—a real space-age thing—and wade through billowing fog. So now they've made it through the silver cone and suddenly they're in outer space and there's "Star Wars" music playing and all the crazy things with the lights and the planets hanging from the ceiling and lots of clouds made of Mylar and fabric hanging from the walls made up to look like stars. A real robot served drinks. It was very technical. Lester Lanin's orchestra played, but, of course, they don't do orthodox disco, so there was also a disco group. The younger guests wore masks with built-in 3-D eyeglasses and carried around fluorescent wands, and the bar-mitzvah cake was shaped like Saturn, with the rings and everything. At midnight, the balloons that had been suspended in nets near the ceiling were released, and at two o'clock in the morning, even though the guests hadn't necessarily finished having a good time, Gail Richards told them, in effect, "Hey, go home. It's over."



Even though Mrs. Richards has returned to Beverly Hills, she'll definitely be back this way. She can feel the momentum building. For instance, on the airplane the other day, flying to New York, she met a guy from Westchester and they started talking and it seems that he wants her to coördinate his divorce party. The divorce is final. He's not rejoicing—he enjoyed his marriage very much while it lasted. He just feels like doing some entertaining. This gentleman wants a party for men only. If there were women present, some people might not come, because they'd think it was an act of disloyalty to the ex-wife, or whatever. That's O.K., though; Gail Richards has discovered that in the party-coördinating business there are no rules about what's proper. For the divorce party, she might arrange a fun thing with belly dancers or do a whole Greek thing—provided, of course, that it's within the client's budget. Mrs. Richards likes to give her clients a budget. Lately, she's discovered that people don't necessarily opt for the unusual, the bizarre—which is not to say that they aren't willing to go big-budget. It's just that they're not doing that much stuff on ski slopes—the mountaintop weddings—or having that many marriage ceremonies on the beach. For some reason, they want to go back to elegant, they want to go back to tasteful.



"You think it's easy keeping the spotlight aimed at you all evening?"

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Right now, tasteful seems to be the trend, and if Gail Richards tells a potential customer that she can put him in touch with a new trend, the customer will usually say go ahead, coördinate it for me.

See in New Ways

NOT us; a friend of ours:

I took Tom, a blocked novelist I know, to an exhibit in the Union Carbide Building called "Creativity: The Human Resource." "Tom, buddy," I said, "we gonna get right to the root of your problem here and now. Look at all this stuff about creativity. It's gonna help us find out where your underground springs have shifted to."

"I don't feel so hot," said Tom.

"Now, this here, it's what they call a scroller—we just turn this wheel and all these precepts on creativity pass before us. Here's one—'Creative People Make Connections.' Is that something you've let slide? Or how about this one—'Creative People Take Risks'? Have you been neglecting that? Have you been falling behind on your risk-taking?"

"Don't know."

"How about this—'Creative People Construct Networks'? I don't recall seeing you constructing any networks over the last several months. Now, I'm with you but a small portion of the time. Maybe you jury-rig a few networks when I'm not there. But I don't think you do, somehow."

"I want a beer."

"Ain't talkin' about beer, Tom. We talkin' about creativity. Now, study on this precept—'Creative People See in New Ways.' I think that's vital, Tom. Have you seen anything in a new way in the last day or so? Think back."

"I want a twenty-six-ounce can of Australian Foster's Lager."

"Do you see anything about Foster's Lager in this exhibit, Tom? Do you see a well-lettered sign laid out by a highly paid art director saying, 'Creative People Swill Twenty-six-Ounce Cans of Foster's Lager and Then Lie Face Down in Puddles of Their Own Drool'? No, you don't. Try and focus, Tom. 'Seeing in new ways means seeing the commonplace with new perceptions, transforming the familiar into the strange and the strange into the—' "

"What is this thing, anyway?"

"What is what?"

"What is this exhibit? What's it doing here? Why does it say way down near the corner of the poster, 'A Gift of the Chevron Family of Companies'?"

"Chevron, or at least their parent company, Standard Oil of California, are celebrating their anniversary—they've been around for a hundred years; they're the sixth-largest company in the country—but they can't talk about it, because people don't like oil companies, so instead they're talking about creativity. Stop foolin' with that."

"It says, 'Push to start video.' "

"It also says, 'There will be a delay as videotape rewinds.' See, now, that is symptomatic of your whole problem. You gotta be patient while your videotape rewinds. Look at this display about the people who discovered plate tectonics: 'Two hundred million years ago, South America and Africa were part of the same giant supercontinent.' "

"Hey, that reminds me of something. That reminds me of something I actually saw on 'Hollywood Squares.' Paul Lynde had to answer the question 'The continent of Africa is very slowly moving north—true or false?' and he said, 'That's good news for Switzerland's Cadillac dealers.' "

"Tom, buddy! You just made a connection! You're on your way!"

Hot Colors

AT another exhibit, the Picasso retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, the crowd one hot afternoon resembled a tropical garden of extravagant blooms and gay colors. It was as though in deciding how to dress for the heat everyone had been seized by Picasso's reckless willingness to try anything. We overheard someone say, "Form was to Picasso what color was to Matisse." Matisse, too, must have been involved in this scene, we thought—especially when it came to pink: neon pink, Day-Glo pink, hot pink, Shocking pink. We saw pink-flowered pants suits; pink trousers of velours; a glowing pink Picasso-signature T-shirt; pink plaid slacks; a very tiny woman in bright-pink pants and baby-size pink spike heels; a young man in jeans with a pink belt and red patent-leather shoes; a woman in pink plastic open-toed, backless heels; a trio of women in pants suits of the same flesh tones as "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon;" a girl in loud-pink basketball shoes with red laces; a man in rainbow-striped pants, a red shirt, and flamingo-pink shoes. One young woman was wearing an unobtrusive brooch in the form of a tube of paint, with plastic paint oozing out. The tube was labelled "Orange," but the color was more like that of a pinkish Elberta peach.

And green, a Cézanne-ish sort of green, was just about as popular as pink. It was Picasso's favorite green, the green of his "Still-Life with Hat (Cézanne's Hat)" and "Green Still-Life," from Avignon. A woman was wearing a tank top of this hue, and it was peeking out from her yellow seersucker jump suit, which had a dashing design of large jelly beans on it. Another woman's green sun dress exactly matched the green earplug of the museum tape-cassette tour she was carrying. But our favorite was a dress patterned with green frogs and pink strawberries.

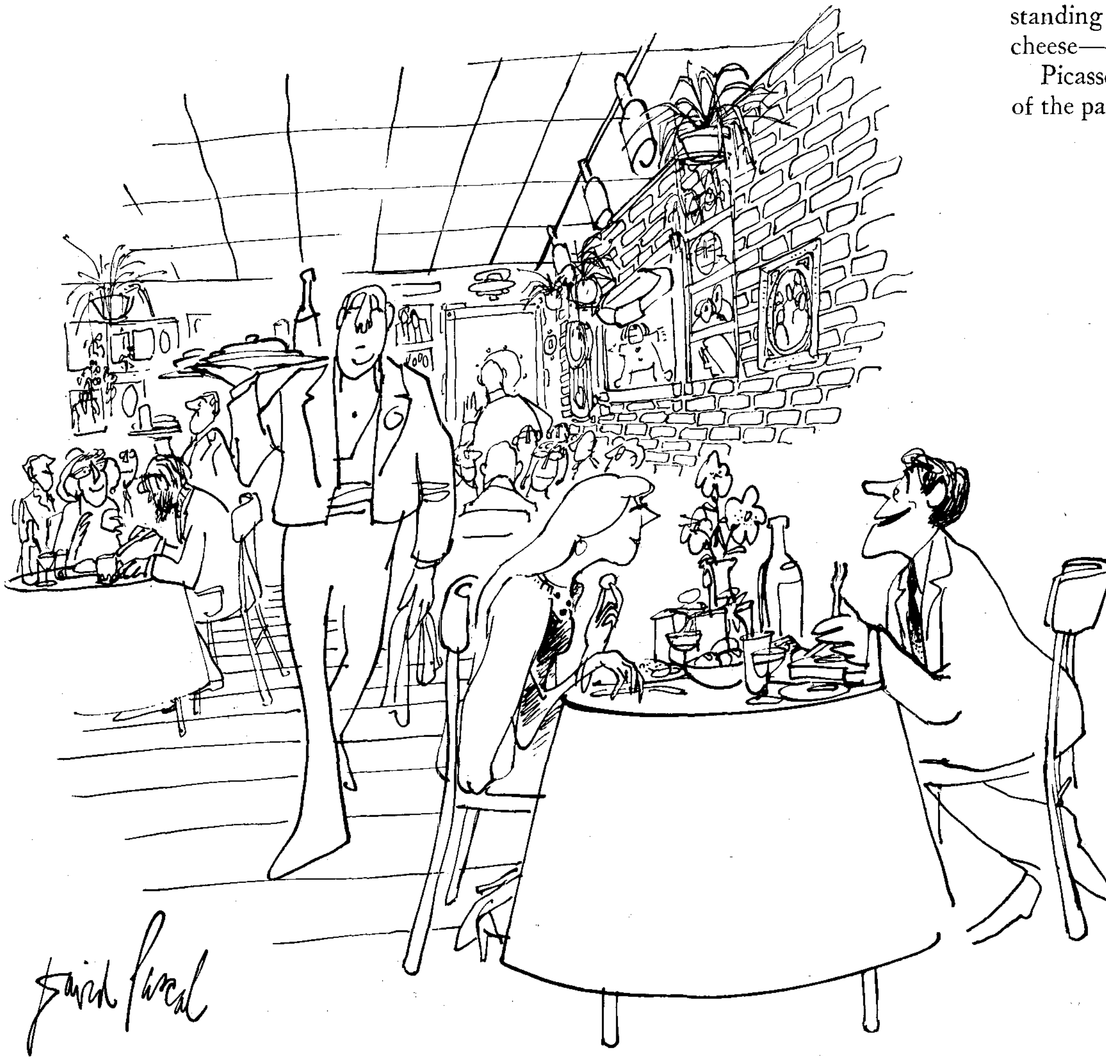
Picasso's Blue Period was strangely sombre—this group was wilder than that. And in the gray Cubist rooms the colors were dancing: Hawaiian shirts, splendid purples, a black sun dress with palm trees on it, and a white skirt with purple birds flying across it. In the Garden Café, a woman in a red-and-white hibiscus-flowered muumuu and white gloves and marble-size beads was smoking a cigarette while standing in line to buy grapes and cheese—a Saran-wrapped still-life.

Picasso's harlequins had leaped out of the paintings. Most of the sun dresses that did not have flowers or birds on them had harlequin designs in flashy colors. One notable shirt had large pink and green diamonds. Even the plaid shirts were cut on the bias, making diamonds instead of squares, and one man's shirt, made from a patchwork-quilt top, imitated the wallpaper collage in "Women at Their Toilette."

For relief, the museum guards wore black and white, and one stationed in the Sculpture Garden sported reflecting sunglasses just like those of the prison guard in "Cool Hand Luke."

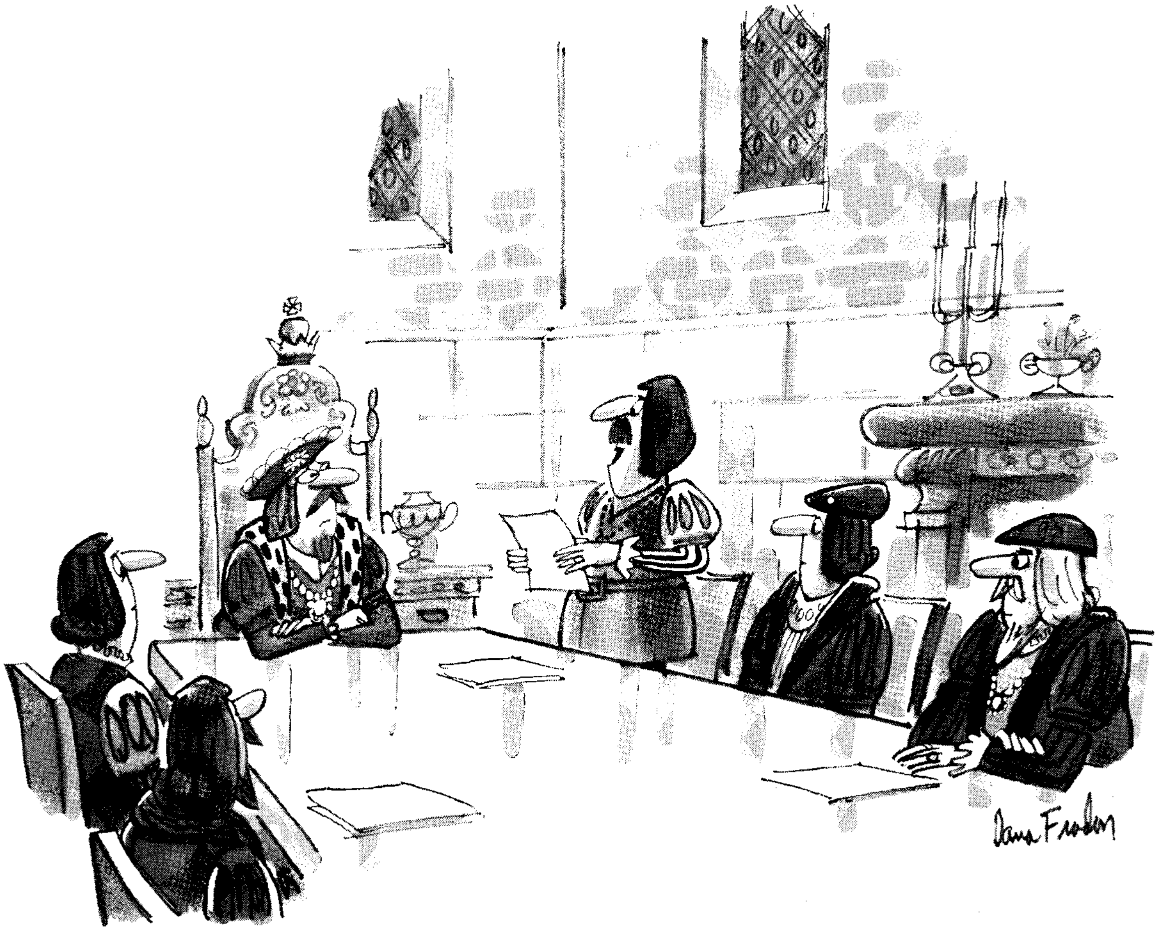
It was only a simple red, white, and blue, but our favorite blouse pictured twenties-style flappers standing on stair steps, and lists of names zigzagging beside them: Julie, Jeanne, Marcelle, Georgette, Germaine, Suzanne, Rose, Paulette, Camille, Blanche, Marthe, Thérèse, Agnès, Juliette, Claire.

Finally, before the gray



"*This is what we do best together.*"

agonies of the "Guernica," a startling sight: a woman in pumps of a linen fabric with a design like a Jan Brueghel still-life—one of those botanically impossible combinations of flowers. As she moved on, we tried to catch up with her, for it seemed as though she were the leader of all these mad expressions of the heat of summer, but she flitted away, her feet like birds of paradise.



"Your Majesty, according to our study the shoe was lost for want of a nail, the horse was lost for want of a shoe, and the rider was lost for want of a horse, but the kingdom *was lost because of overregulation."*

Proclaimed

IT was the first stroke of Women's Equality Week. Edward I. Koch, the local mayor, was going to make an announcement to that effect. More than that, he was going to make *a proclamation:* August 20-26 — Women's Equality Week. Hereby proclaimed. A reporter was going to enter the Blue Room at City Hall and take a seat in a folding chair. A gray-haired woman was going to sit down in the next chair and unburden herself: "I moved here because it was too cold over there by the air-conditioner. Do you mind? Please don't. Good. Hi. I'm Barbara Ann Clark. I'm a member of the City Commission on the Status of Women, I'm manager of community relations for WPIX, and I scrub my own floor. I'm very friendly. I got my Ph.D. in pusillanimity in 1957, but I've had two lobotomies in the past year and now I'm very straightforward and happy. Here's my card. My husband designed the Commission's logo. He didn't charge me a bit. Oh, look at all these ladies in this room! And a *priest.* Why do we have a priest? Why am I carrying this fan? The subways. It's very humid in there. Just in case I ride one, I need the fan. It's made of plastic corn from Texas. It doesn't work that well anymore. I've sat on it a few times."

Ed Koch, in his blue shirt and yellow necktie and his touching mayorness, was going to do the usual—a correct measure of sincerity, a couple of jokes, maybe an ad-lib or two. Bella Abzug was going to receive the official copy of the proclamation from the Mayor. Whereupon she was going to make a scrappy speech, declaiming as if she were back in Congress, among skeptics, rather than in the Blue Room at City Hall, among allies. She was going to speak about plans for a Women's Equality Week march down Fifth Avenue, saying, "And we march to encourage Edward I. Koch to do much more to insure economic and social and political equality for the women of this city." And Koch was going to interject, "I am *no* magician." And Abzug was going to respond, "This is well known." And Koch was going to let her have the last word.

All this was going to happen around ten o'clock in the morning, and we did not want to miss it. So we got into a taxi on Broadway—Cab No. 9N55, Ernest Allen, veteran of the 82nd Airborne, in command—and we paid attention: "City Hall, huh? Good for you. What I want to know is, Who is it down at City Hall wants to narrow Fifth Avenue? *That's what I heard.* The newspaper says they want to make the sidewalks on Fifth Avenue bohemian. That's stupid. I spent thirty-eight dollars on gasoline yesterday, and I was stuck in traffic the whole time. Closing Central Park to traffic during the day—*that's* stupid. Before all this jogging fad, I used to be the only jogger in Central Park. That's right. The only one. I'd do some laps around the reservoir and then I'd go buy coffee for the cops in the Central Park precinct. That's the kind of jogger I was. Now, bus lanes, that's a good idea. *If* they stick to their lanes. These out-of-town express buses, they're always weaving in and out. Stupid. Double-parked trucks—I'd do what Mayor Daley wanted to do in Chicago. *No* deliveries allowed during the daytime—only at night. What do you mean, what about sleepers? Forget the sleepers. What are you doing at City Hall? Limited Quality Week? That's the stupidest thing I ever heard of. *Women's* Equality Week? Oh. Never mind. That's three dollars and twenty cents. Hey, give the Mayor my regards. And the Traffic Commissioner."

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REALCAMP

DRIVING home from the pictures, Carole sees a canoe on top of a car and wants to be my partner on a lake. “New England,” she says. “We’ll go up this summer. Look into forgotten corners. Find a lost Indian name.”

But all tribes have been honored, all shores taken. “Lake?” I say, knowing what she means. Body of water with camp at each end. One a boys’, one a girls’. Saturday night is the square dance. So once again I tell her I remember Jeannie at Powateena, Lake Crystal. How she’d stand at the end of her dock and extend her hands like a clock’s signalling the hour of rendezvous.

And Carole tells me again about Carl, who had the stables at Rideawhile. How he said he’d take her on the overnight pack if she’d muck stalls Saturdays. But who wanted horse on your jeans the night of the square dance?

As Carole’s husband, I know the sort of thing that will bring her out of a camping mood—the mention of chiggers or the smell of citronella. “But you did the Savage, the Cheat Canyon, the North Branch of the Potomac, the Gauley,” she says, as if my river travels obliged me to float with her in tandem.

Hoping she’ll believe water is mysterious, I begin to explain something I have read: “On a lake the wave form moves and the water is stationary. On a river the water moves and the wave form is stationary.”

Her mother, Carole says, liked specialty summers. Mrs. Rice’s Samantha had done so well at Calometer. Offed twenty-five pounds in eight weeks, and they asked her to be before-and-after model for the promo. Carole’s own brother could do three scales on the dulcimer after a short session at Tanglevale. And Carole herself learned forward seat at Rideawhile.

“Give me wilderness camps,” I say, “loose scheduling.” I tell how with winter letters I’d coaxed Jeannie out of C.I.T.s at Powateena. She’d be happier, I’d written, as a senior at Beyond. Coed swimming. Afternoons released on your own recognizance.

Carole stops me to ask if I really want to go on with this. “Carl was kind,” she reminds me. “He still let me use the snaffle on Juniper after I told him it was over. Parents’ Day, he gave me a first in dressage.”

“Your mother was suspicious,” I say. “Brought you home in the fifth week.”

Then I hear again how a first-period jockey ruined the horse’s mouth. “The fun was gone,” Carole says. “And didn’t Marcie at Greenmountain come before Jeannie at Powateena?”

My “Yes” is not enough. Carole is waiting for details. So I sketch the scene for her of Marcie and me dancing to a single fiddle under the glowing gauze of Coleman lanterns.

“Their light is kind,” Carole says. “No makeup,” she supposes.

I tell her that by the summer at Farbound none of the ladies felt the need. They had shed all dependencies.

“Just a minute,” Carole interrupts. “Now you’re making this up. You never went to any Farbound.” But she’s poking me in the side, encouraging my invention. I think she wants to know how far I’ll go with Jeannie, so I explain that we were one of the original couples in the Farbound Paired Survival Program. And Carole obliges with the leading question: “Double harness in the wilderness?”

“Dropped out of a night sky,” I say. “Our chutes opened somewhere between Millinocket and the Allagash.”

“Your first jump?”

“With no incompetence there’s no adventure. We shared the survival experience. I was hunter-gatherer, Jeannie ran the reflector oven.”

“There were role arguments?”

“None. Our friends Roger and Bonnie fell in the same quadrant. We pioneered open camping.”

“The summer of herpes?”

“Some nonspecific urethritis was inevitable.”

“Tell me,” Carole says. “You landed by a highway and fled into the woods?”

“We were soon lost. Survival was again possible.”

When I come to the mishaps, Carole wants particulars about two boys who fell off Mt. Katahdin—she brings up the matter of accountability.

“Wait,” I say, “Mr. Greenstock can’t be responsible for the placement of every piton.”

“The Lodge Master?”

“Conglomerateur from Bangor. At twenty-nine, he owned the KampInc archipelago. Five states, thirty-three base camps.”

“That raises the whole question of absentee directors,” Carole says. From there she goes on to insist on the individual’s freedom to choose a nature hike, to be chaperoned. When she hears how whiners were transferred to a flat lake (rope around the swimming area), she trots out the separate-but-equal thing. Coming off a petulant silence, she wants to know if Jeannie and I were comfortable at Farbound.

I tell her our experience made a mockery of resourcefulness—that the next summer we were transferred to Leading Edge, where there was federal money for Quadrathlon Pairs. Which Carole says sounds like an Olympic sport, even after I tell her it requires summer and winter conditions, the use of two hemispheres. There are practical applications in event of all-out enemy attack.

“Prerequisites?” Carole wants to know.

“None,” I say. “Any preparation was sufficient cause for disqualification. ‘You wrote the Quadrathlon proposal,’ Greenstock told us. ‘Now write the manual.’ We used Jeannie’s formula: Roman numerals for section titles, capital letters for chapter heads. Filled in the Arabics and lower cases with our diary.”

Still indulging my fancy, Carole says she’s seen the diary and thinks the South American section drags.

“Hang-gliding through the Andes?” I say. “Climb and glide, climb and glide.”

“No mention of accidents?”

“How can you call them accidents? There was no money for silk.”

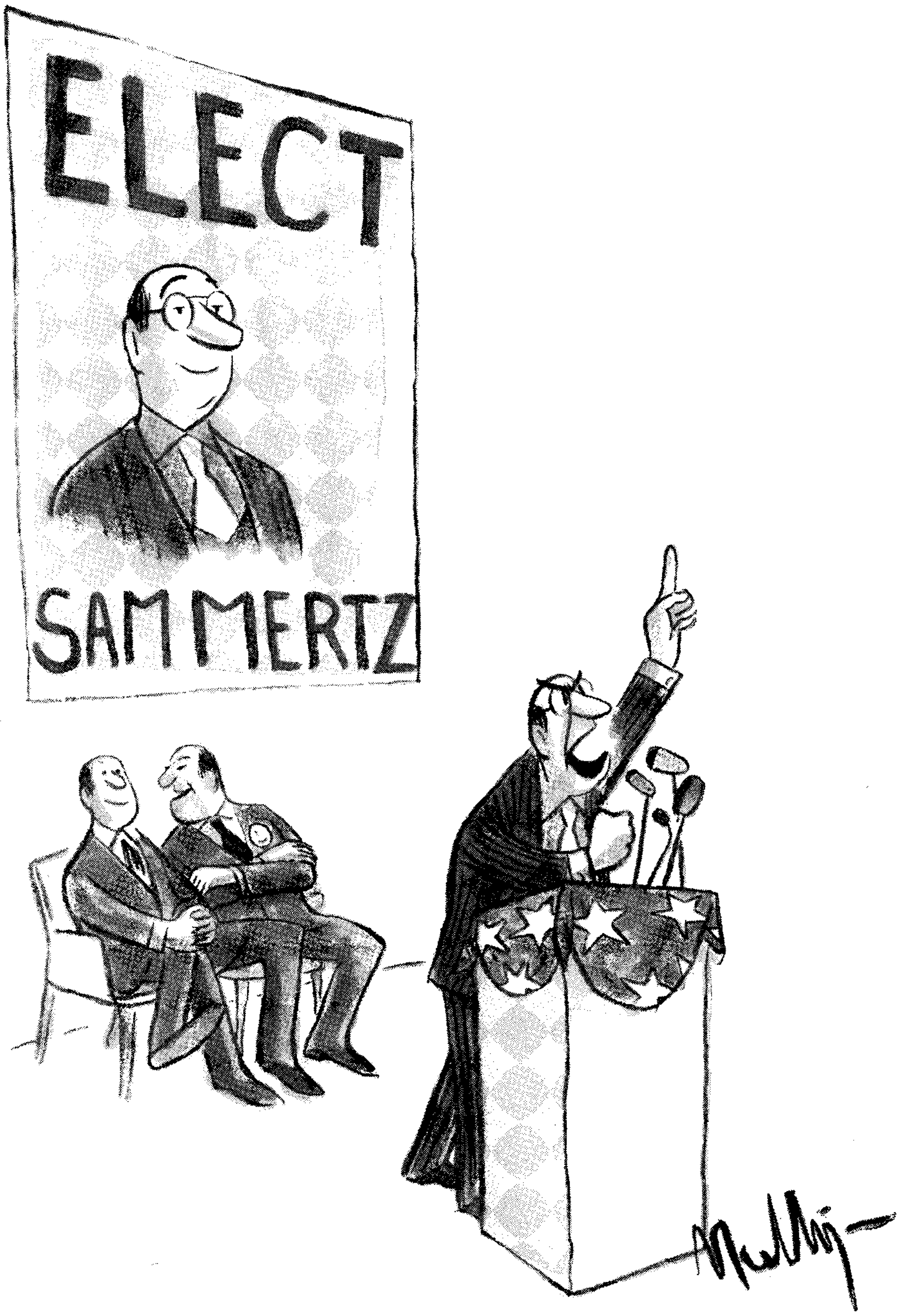
Carole, who thinks any camp can be run responsibly, says, “I don’t want to hear that.”

“Ripstop nylon was available to those who asked,” I tell her. “Frog suits were issued at Maracaibo.”

“Wouldn’t like the feeling of a second skin,” she says, “but so begins the long swim to the Keys?”

I recount how we were pulled aboard a tender in the evenings.

Carole self-induces shudders by repeating “dorsal fins” as if scraping her fingernail across a blackboard.



"This is not, thank God, Sam's usual 'soft-shoe' routine."

I allow that our only Great Whites were marshmallows in the engine room.

With passing years, Carole and I have come to require more books, less exercise; more movies, less fresh air. Stories like "The Virginian" or "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" that might tempt our romance toward the out-of-doors are too dated to be taken seriously. Still, they inform a belief that the purest love begins and ends in the wild forest. And Carole is anxious for me to get on with my Quadrathlon confessions.

I describe the restiveness and the arguing in the Camp Council, which was simply bickering at the ease of the ocean leg. Then there was the flap when several pairs defected in Miami, wanting their money back.

WE come to the trek, Carole's favorite. She has always entertained a vision of the two of us at the outfitters' being shod with Vibram (padded uppers), and one day setting off on a "reasonable" piece of the Appalachian Trail. An unaccustomed silence suggests that maybe she's drifting over such a prospect while I'm explaining that Quadrathlon Pairs required Jeannie and me to be lost at least five weeks between Florida and the Rockies.

But she snaps to attention. "The interstate-highway system alone," she says, "flies in the face of your regulations." Carole's not convinced we could have changed compass headings at all highway sightings. Quickly I move on to the canoes that were issued west of Pikes Peak. The rules: Portage or float till you reach the Pacific. Choose your own river system.

Again she nails the inconsistency: "But you and Jeannie had previous white-water experience at Silverthwart."

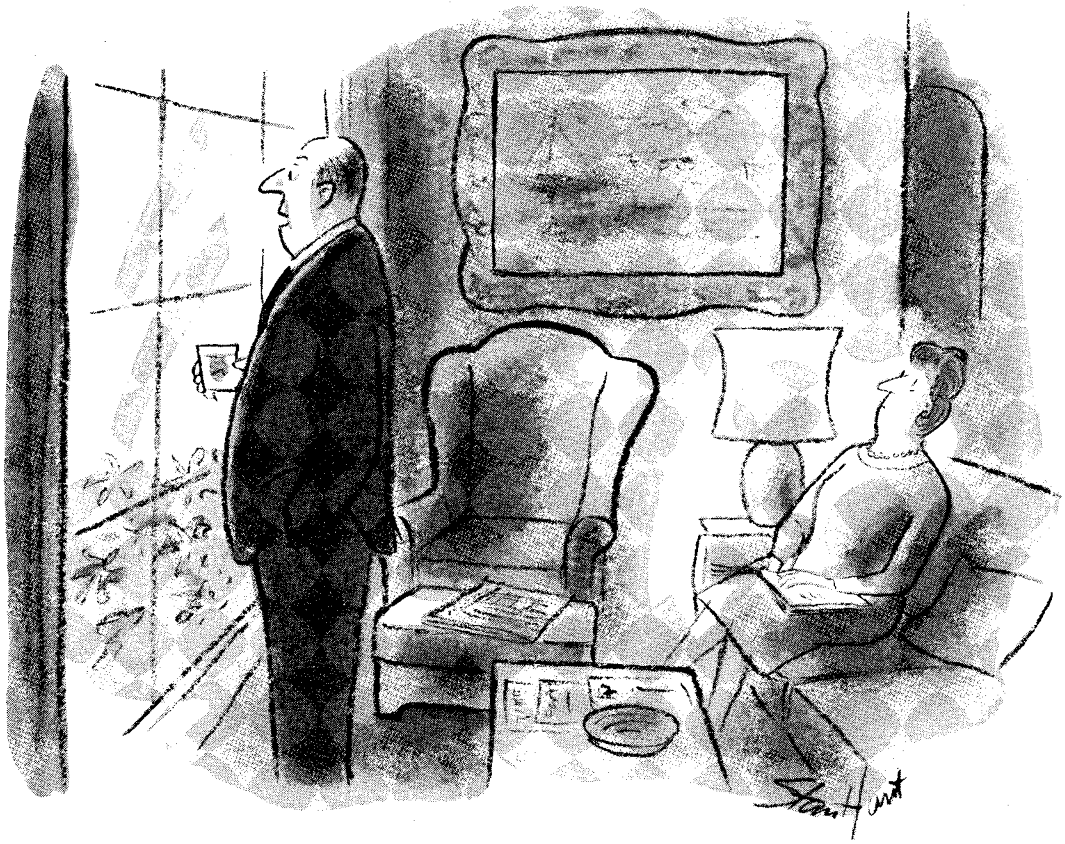
I have to tell her Jeannie and I and our canoe were dropped off in Denver, permitted only to bum by rail. Which Carole says was a clear advantage over the other pairs, until I explain that we were limited to Chesapeake & Ohio cars. We might have waited by railside indefinitely, I say, if Jeannie hadn't been good with stencils and supergraphics—right away she turned a Santa Fe gondola into Chessie System stock.

Carole, who spent her early summers swimming on the buddy system—the same Carole who at fifteen was spoiled by cabin plumbing—suggests we cheated in the Denver yards. So many years is she removed from newcamp, where deceit abetting deliverance may be applauded.

There *are* complaints on my side. New case law surrounds us. "Under the doctrine of invented risk," I say, "at least some of the canoes should have been faulty. Maps could have been faked, trail signs altered. Those who reached the Coast with no inconvenience had a right to bitch."

"You've made so much of this up," Carole says, "I wonder if you can separate your realcamp from camp." She goes on to remember the night she and I slept out together in the back yard of a house we shared with two other couples who believed, as we did at the time, that commitments were too special to be braced by marriage. To the pup tent that protected us from suburban dew we carried only the skimpy paraphernalia of love; she a vial of scent, and I the protection that earned me the commendation "good Scout."

By now Carole is anticipating the end, hoping I'll drop Jeannie at a hobo siding and come home. When she says, "You faltered on the last leg," I tell her that degree-of-difficulty was the number to watch, that Jeannie and I made round trips to Saskatchewan and



"An inadvertently overheard remark today, Ethel, would seem to suggest that I am not quite as beloved at the office as I had heretofore assumed."

• •

Phoenix in the gondola, then met the other pairs on the high desert. It was just before the triumphal hike into L.A. There was a two-week campfire. All diaries were read aloud.

Carole maintains that *all* the diaries had to be whole-cloth inventions. "Pure prejudice," I say. "The Paired Against the Elements program was designed to reward vicarious confrontations ahead of unnecessary ones." However, I admit that the strain on Jeannie had been showing. Our purity as an untrained pair had been under attack. The Central Lodge had obtained records of our sensitivity training. But Jeannie's real decline began with an innocent joke: "Let's put some Off! on."

Perhaps a little sorry for my failing lady, Carole tells me, "Hold on. You can save her from that. There were no mosquitoes on the high desert."

"Exactly," I say. "The others could have just as well laughed at her little wordplay. Instead, the comment was despised as a plea for another amenity." I explain how Jeannie's behavior became strange after that—the silent treatment bestowed on camper peers, the ugly gestures for the Drill Instructor. She'd boast how we'd completed the float segment without touching our Grumman and then interrupt the ghost stories at night to offer paddling techniques.

Carole stops me to say she knows the J-stroke from a summer in Vermont. Says she'll demonstrate for me *this* summer and prove she's riverwise.

"Jeannie," I tell her, "gave the lie to that old instructors' saw: to maneuver in rapids the canoe must move faster than the current. She knew it wasn't true, but she was shouted down."

That's it. Carole refuses to take any more lessons from Jeannie, the paddler philosopher. Seeing her drift, I relent. Between us, working with more questions and answers, we put Jeannie to sleep forever in California.

"By Anaheim she had no river to prove her point?" Carole asks.

"Pushing toward the Pacific, we had wandered into a multi-theme preserve. It was there that the group became hopelessly split. While the D.I. inquired if this was the place one could see that young lady tenting with her dwarfs, some of the pairs were setting off through the underbrush in a land called Adventure. Others set up ropes beneath the Matterhorn, for *direttissima* ascent. Not Jeannie. In the distance, beyond the parking lot, she could see the Great Pacific Water Slide."

"You wouldn't send her up that," Carole says.

"Not me. It was the D.I. Approaching, we heard a thousand daredevil children giving tongue to their glee. No parents in sight. 'There,' the Drill Instructor told Jeannie, 'show us your stuff.' "

"Jeannie took her canoe on the Great Pacific Water Slide?" Carole can't believe it.

"Carried it on her own shoulders," I say. "All the way to the top without complaint. Launched it herself. Halfway down she was going beautifully."

"Then the horrid spill?"

"I yelled for her to backpaddle. Instead, she did a cross-bow-rudder. Separated from her canoe, she flew her last hundred feet."

"The loss seems so pointless," Carole says. "You joined her parents' suit as a friend of Jeannie?"

"Of the court."

Carole can't see how I could hold KampInc and the Lodge Master responsible. I explain it's the degree-of-difficulty thing. Jeannie asked for a nine. They gave her a ten.

"In your grief," Carole says, "I suppose earlier summers sustain you."

No need to tell of the miles of gimp on the spools in the craft shack at Wanatathicket. Or the ribbon I took for my first lanyard—an amber strip woven into the square section just above the whistle.

—JOHN ROLFE GARDINER

•

This collection of poetry, the first by the author, has the stamp of approval of none other than Sammy Davis Jr., who says, "Miss Banks has written poetry that anyone with a soul can appreciate. That's to say if you appreciate love, understanding, and the human heart, you will adore this special book."

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He's overstating it a bit, but . . .

—Phoenix (Ariz.) Arizona Republic.

Well, you know Sammy. Naturally ebullient.

BY THE BEDSIDE

SHE was in bed, the double bed in her room where, thirty years before, her daughter was born, where her father-in-law had died, and where she herself would die in a matter of months. Thin, pale, her eyes clear and lucid in contrast to her pallor, her hair tied back by ribbons, baring a neck still young and supple, she was sitting propped against two feather pillows. Beside her was her granddaughter Rita, six years old, just back from school. The child's mother, her own daughter, watched from a red velvet sofa at the foot of the bed, her arms resting on the sofa's back, her chin on her arms, her legs drawn up under her. An old family friend—a chubby, rubicund man—was sitting on a chair by the wall and was looking at the sick woman with bright, keen, compassionate eyes. He had admired her, loved her, for twenty-five years, and now he knew she wasn't going to live very much longer. Her eldest son, Guido, was sitting beside her, holding her hand. Another son, Bruno, was sitting in an armchair by the window.

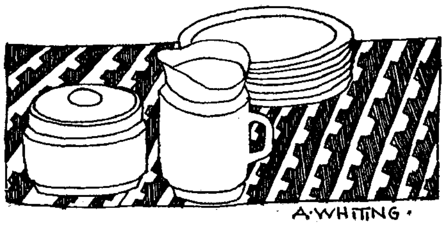
Bruno was, or had been, a doctor. Four years before, he had given up medicine to devote himself to painting, only to become a doctor again, this year, for his mother, her own private doctor, one of three doctors who took care of her—there were two others in town, a surgeon and the family physician. Bruno followed their orders and consulted with them. Indeed, it seemed to him that now he was more a doctor than ever before, continually looking into textbooks, trying to devise ways to alleviate his mother's symptoms. Yes, now he was back in medicine with a vengeance. When he'd had an office, painting, sketching had claimed most of his energy—which seemed hardly fair to his patients. So often and so willingly, eagerly, and with relief, when a patient left he would clear his desk of his medical equipment and take up his sketches. Off the dreary instruments would go to make space for sharp pencils, soft brushes, bright colors. And how reluctantly he would replace them when patients came. No, it didn't seem fair not to devote more time to them. This and the unexpected sale of three paintings had induced him to abandon his medical practice.

He had painted since he was eleven but had decided to study medicine because he believed he could never make a living by painting. The public's, the gallery owners', and the critics' attitudes discouraged him. And medicine at one point—when he was nineteen or twenty—had seemed more humane than the humanities, more artful than art. And, besides, his parents—perhaps because his mother was herself a painter, his father a philosopher, and they knew from personal experience the hardships that artists were apt to meet—had always wanted him to be a doctor. Since his early boyhood, his mother, especially, had seen him as a physician. "Look at those hands," she would say. "Aren't those the hands of a doctor!" But had there been yet another reason, he wondered, now that he was devoting so much time to her, for his mother's wanting him to study medicine? Had she, subconsciously or unconsciously, known even then, years ago, in his youth, that someday she would fall sick, and had she hoped that he might be able to cure her? Had the future determined the past? Had some future illness, hardly surmised or suspected (except by some intuition), prompted her encouraging him to become a doctor? He wondered and he mused at the irony of it. For he was quite unable to effectively treat her or cure her. The problem was too large, much too large. Cancer. Nothing less. He felt inadequate, unequal to it, and his degree and medical training were no reward for her wish of long ago. And he fretted and worried there in his armchair. And he knew that she knew that he fretted, saw his preoccupied look, felt his pessimism, his lack of hope—just what he didn't want her to feel. "Bruno worries so," he had heard her say to others; "worries so about me."

A NEIGHBOR, a young woman from a nearby farm, plump, with a kerchief on her head and a smile that showed her gums and massive set of teeth, had come into the room for a moment.

"And how are things at home?" the sick woman asked her.

"Oh, everyone's well, thank you, Signora. We must be content—when there's health there's everything. Isn't it so?" The neighbor looked around her as if she had uttered something very profound. Then she said goodbye and left.



"Certain people have a real gift for *gaffes*," the woman in the bed said. "Imagine saying to me 'When there's health there's everything.' "

The way she spoke the others couldn't help laughing, and her old friend exclaimed, "What a mentality!"

A maid who had been with the family for a generation, and who had brought the woman a cup of tea which lay untouched on a bedside table, lingered by the door. The sick woman's husband came in and asked her how she was feeling. With a slight tilt of her head, she brushed aside the question that was put to her much too often, and he left as softly as he had come in.

"Won't you have some tea, Signora?" the maid asked.

"No, I'd rather have this," she replied, and, letting go of her son's hand, she reached to grasp from her bedside table a little glass with a brown mixture of water and laudanum. She took it and sipped from it the way one might sip a very potent liqueur. "I like it," she said. "It has a bitter taste, but I like it. No, it isn't altogether unpleasant. An opiate. I'm getting to like it."

"It's good?" the child Rita said with a smile.

"Yes, yes."

"Will you let me taste it?"

"It isn't for little girls."

"If I get sick, can I have some?"

"You wouldn't like it."

She took another, longer sip, commanded by the gnawing abdominal pain. Again and again she sipped of it, as if answering a call. And little by little she lapsed more and more into a keen critical mood that had something euphoric about it, induced by the opiate. "How can he come and ask me how I am all the time?" she said. "Heavens, can't he see how I am? Can't he gather the plain, simple fact? Ah, these solicitous people. They do so want some good news. What am I expected to say? That I'm feeling better? But what pleasure is there in lying?"

"He meant well," the maid said, "the poor signorino."

"But that's exactly what irks me. This hopeful attitude. As if I were supposed to produce some surprise every minute."

The cook, a widow, pleasantly round and serene, came in, and, seeing that she was sitting in bed, alert and fondling the glass in her hands, said, "You see, the signora looks better. See what good color she has? Eh, you are looking better, Signora."

"I just finished saying—but what's the use?"

"You are not feeling better, Signora?"

"A little better, perhaps."

"God be thanked. You'll see how if you continue like this you'll get better in no time. Isn't it true she looks better?" The cook turned to the others, and when they didn't reply she said, "To me she looks a lot better." In the continuing silence, she looked at the teacup. She touched its side and said, "The tea's getting cold. Shall I get you another, Signora?"

"No, thank you. I'd rather drink this," she replied, looking at the glass in her hands.

"Then I'll take it out." She took the cup and left the room.

"God bless her," she said. "There's another. Such kindness, but kindness can smother. She's a dear woman, but she does not understand. While you, Rita"—turning to the little girl—"you understand how Nonna is feeling."

"Yes," the child said.

"You don't ask silly questions."

The little girl looked at her without a word.

"Silly questions are those that people ask when they know the answers to them all too well. Then why do they ask them? Because they want a different answer. But you are not like that."

"Rita, tell Nonna how you won't let me come fetch you at school tomorrow," the child's mother interrupted from the sofa.

The little girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Isn't it so? You don't want me to, do you?"

The child shrugged her shoulders again.

"Children," the sick woman said, "are often embarrassed by parents showing up at their schools."

"You are not embarrassed by me, Rita, are you?" Rita's mother said. She was a tall, exotic-looking young woman, and was wearing an African shawl over her shoulders.

"A little."

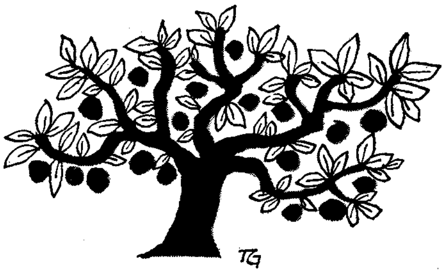
The others all laughed.

"I told you," Rita's grandmother said. "I remember when I went to see Bruno at his school in England. I thought my visit would please him, but it didn't, did it?"

"Yes, it did," Bruno said from his chair by the window.

"You don't remember, perhaps."

He did remember. With pain he remembered her coming to see him at his boarding school in England, where they had all gone from Italy as refugees, just before the Second World War. She had travelled by train from London to the Midlands town, and suddenly there she was at his school—in her best dress, slender, vigorous, striking, effusive, cheerful, and absolutely unself-conscious—hugging him, while he felt all sorts of constraints. Under the monitors' gaze, which of course didn't daunt her, he showed her around the common room, the dining room, the dormitories. He introduced her to the housemaster and the matron, forbidding characters to him but to her not in the least. Then they walked around the school grounds. He took her to the tennis and squash courts, where—he didn't tell her—the monitors had beaten him up for having appealed to the housemaster to be spared the six strokes of the cane that they had wanted to give him. As he and his mother walked, boys nodded to him and smiled, whereas had he been alone they would have ignored him.



On their way, they met a few teachers. The teachers, too, he had to introduce. They, too, oddly, seemed very friendly. And little by little, as they walked, she saw his discomfort and that she was a burden to him—she, his mother, whom he loved more than all people—and she said with a laugh, "You are not ashamed of me, are you?" "No, no," he implored and clung close to her and hugged her, and, even as he did, he felt embarrassed to be seen hugging his mother. She took him to lunch in a restaurant on the main street of town—or High Street, as they called it—and there, too, he was quiet and subdued, and wished she didn't speak quite so loudly. As he accompanied her to the station, he could see she was sorry that she had not made him happy with her visit. He hated himself for not being made happy. He wanted to shrug off his stupid timidity, his awkwardness, as though it were a tight-fitting collar, but it clung to him; he could not shrug it off. He kissed her goodbye. Some of his sadness had worn off on her. "Cheer up," she said as she left. "Try to be happy." Smiling sadly, she waved to him from the train.

"Is it true, Bruno?" his sister asked, pointedly, accusingly.

He sighed and smiled wanly. "I don't know."

"They should be left alone," his mother continued. "Oh, those terrible schools. And not only in England. Here, too."

MENTIONING THESE THINGS

Mentioning these things: a clavichord cover
Closed, its gray-green plank fastened tight
By the scrolled Spanish clasps of two gold hinges,
Its chain a tether on the charms of the baroque;
Across the room a star-struck sprig
Of magnolia stuck in a jar of water—
A crystal shape of light, marred at the top
By pieces of bark that the cut branch sheds,
Scumming the surface with spent bits of life
(Husklike cups, enclosing the blossom,
Dry out as it blooms, like those of cotton);
On the terrace two deck chairs seem to invite
The arrival of a painter who is strangely drawn
To another scene entirely—Chinese mountains, say,
Or a desert whose small wild flowers are in bloom;
Since there is nothing here but waiting,
The sun is drawing trembling spider patterns
Of light on the rough yellow stucco of a wall,
In the room a fireplace swept of ashes,
Its hearth scoured clean by a stiff whisk broom,
And, at right angles to a rosewood chest,
A desk is waiting for its poems to light,
The glass door at a slant, the sky aswim
With the clouds and touches of the known unseen.

—HOWARD MOSS

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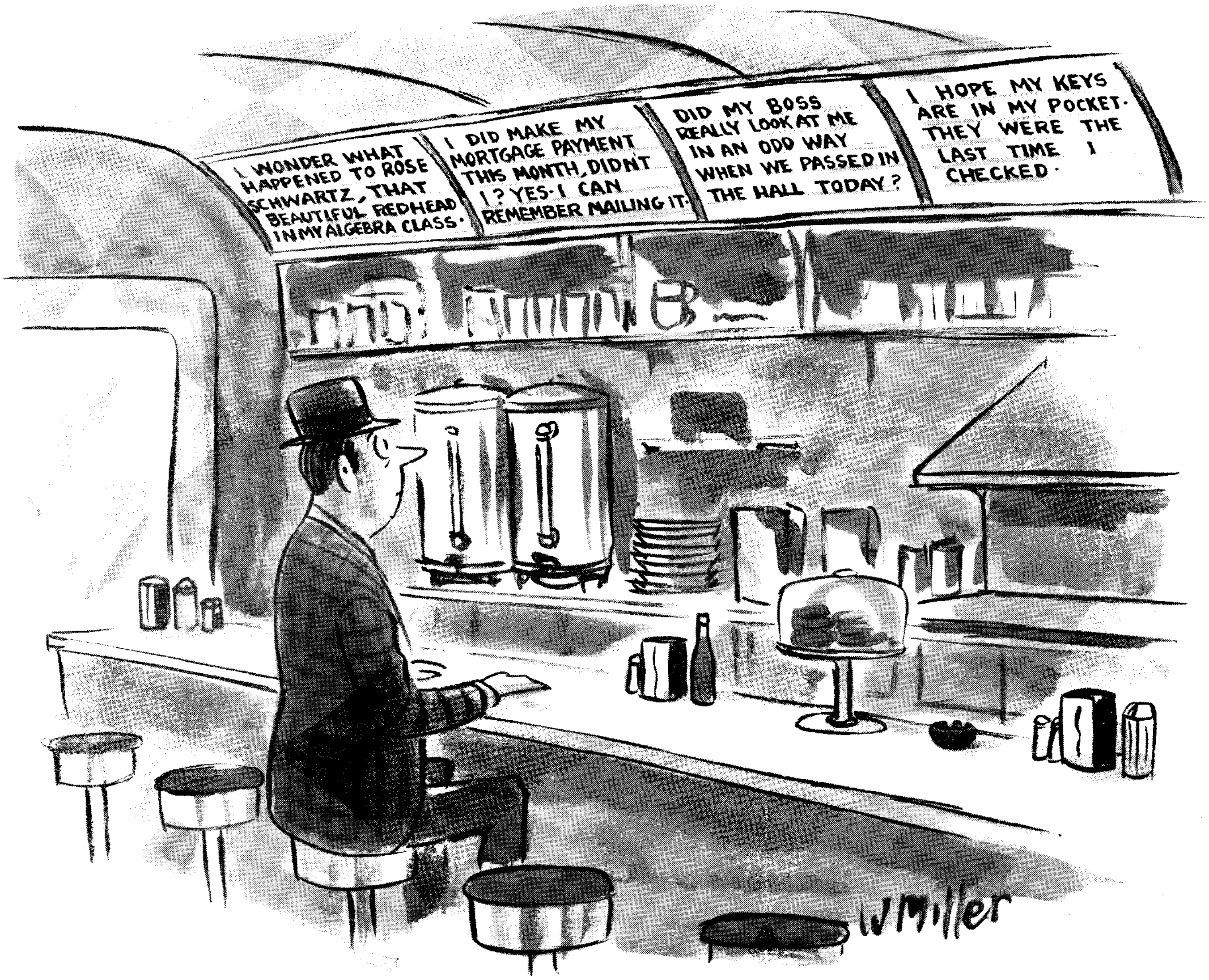
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSE SCHWARTZ, THAT BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD IN MY ALGEBRA CLASS.
I DID MAKE MY MORTGAGE PAYMENT THIS MONTH, DIDN'T I? YES. I CAN REMEMBER MAILING IT.
DID MY BOSS REALLY LOOK AT ME IN AN ODD WAY WHEN WE PASSED IN THE HALL TODAY?
I HOPE MY KEYS ARE IN MY POCKET. THEY WERE THE LAST TIME I CHECKED.
W Miller

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He remembered her coming to his school here, before they went to England. She was so much herself and so far from being part of a group that she always appeared distinct, different, and therefore noticeable. He cringed at his being embarrassed by her. For surely there had been nothing to be embarrassed about—she was beautiful, smart, and perfectly normal. In fact, as she walked, so free and sentient, looking at the landscape and the street scenes with the eyes of a painter, of an observer, sometimes with pity, sometimes with an amused smile, sometimes with wonder, he often thought she seemed the only normal person around, a true human being, one "born as at sunrise." For most of the others walked like ants, in straight monotonous lines, bent on their pursuits, with short staccato steps. Her steps didn't seem to be taken as a means of getting to an end but as an end in themselves. Sometimes she stopped to contemplate a building and, full of admiration, pointed it out to him. Or pointed out the pigeons wheeling about the main square. Or the grace of a tree. Or stopped to play peekaboo with a baby—even once, he remembered, with the baby of a tourist couple: the baby laughed while its parents looked on, condescending, suspicious, until they, too, were won over. People didn't quite know how to place her. She looked foreign in her own town. While the other mothers all went to the hairdresser, wore lipstick and rouge and the tailored suits that were the fashion, she wore her hair in a chignon, never any makeup at all, and sweaters and bright plaid skirts. Like a peasant girl out in the fields. Except that she wore these skirts and sweaters in town, which the peasants never did, and that hers, perhaps, were finer, bought at stores like Old England, in Florence.

But, above all, she could not be intimidated—not by anyone. She treated his teachers, even the school principal, as equals, which of course was the right thing to do, but quite astonishing in a country where people paid great attention to rank. Also, she spoke her mind, said anything that came into her head, quite spontaneously. In the seventh grade, he had a teacher named Ricci—a priest in a black cassock, who if the class ever got unruly could create an awesome silence with one shout. Well, she thought the cassock was very chic and one day told Ricci so, making his dark brooding face suddenly lighten and take on some color. Later, she invited him to lunch to meet a friend from Florence—a Latinist, a celebrity, whose pupil Ricci had been. "Oh, the boy Ricci!" the professor from Florence said on greeting Bruno's teacher, and she laughed. Lunch went very smoothly, but Bruno didn't say a word and felt weary throughout. He was only thankful that the conversation didn't verge on politics, for she hated Fascists with a strong, almost visceral hatred, and God knows what would have happened then. In the classroom, Ricci often spoke in glowing terms about the war in Ethiopia, and his mother could get very emphatic. Deference she had for the poor and the sick and the aged, not for the socially important and wealthy. She gave freely to beggars and left waiters large tips. Occasionally, she and his father fetched him from school in their car—a rare foreign make, almost an antique, with a funny-sounding horn, which they thought nothing of. His father, too, could embarrass him, making him read poetry aloud to him in a coffee shop, insisting on it.

SHE kept sipping the laudanum from the glass that now was almost empty. "No," she said, looking toward her old friend on the chair, "they didn't approve of me in public, my children." And Bruno felt as though she had guessed his every thought.

"We didn't?" he said.

"I did," his elder brother, who sat beside her, said.

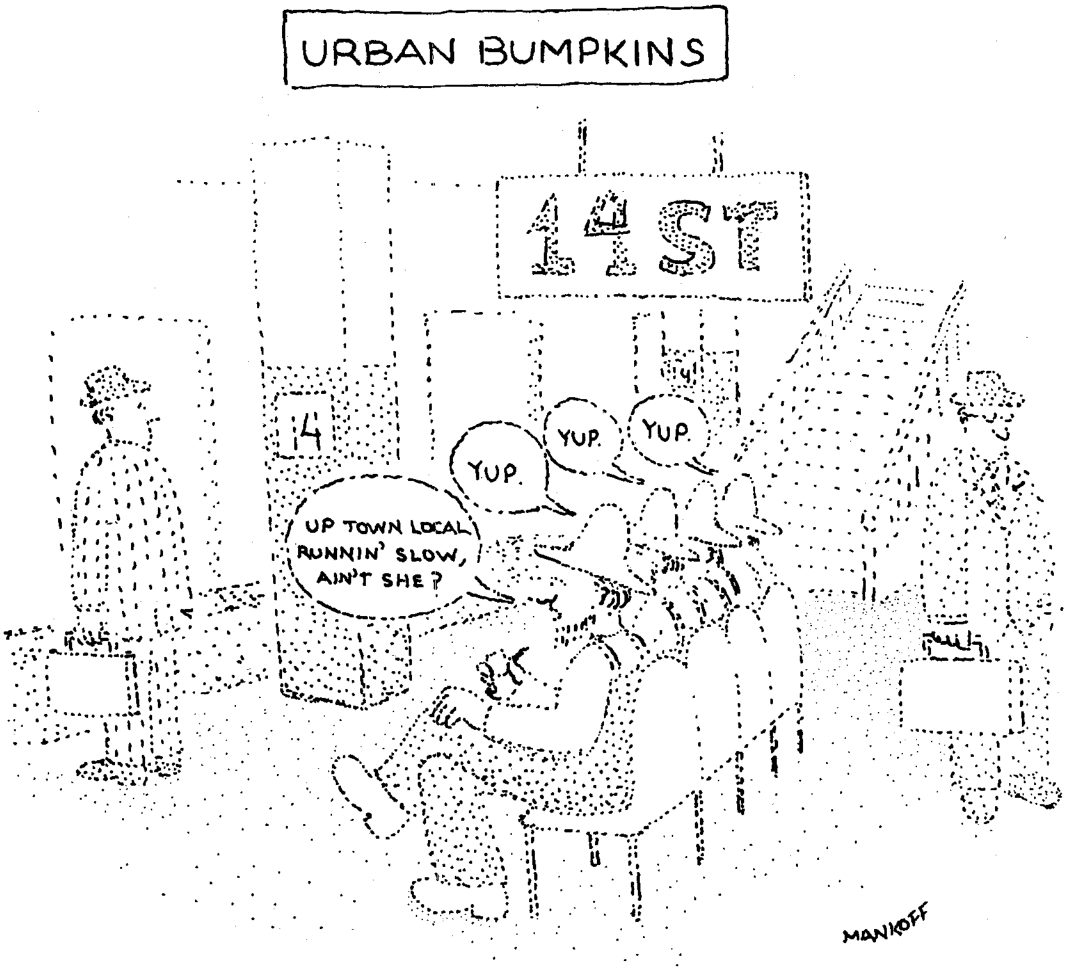
"Perhaps Guido," she said, and, after a last sip, putting the empty glass on the table, she took his hand and held it tight.

"Oh, they were quite critical. I think they would have preferred a more conventional mother."

"No," they protested. "What are you saying!"

ON one occasion that Bruno remembered with some displeasure, his mother *had* tried to be conventional, to please his younger brother, Sandro. Sandro's bride-to-be came from a very rich Milanese family. She had a stepfather who tried to make Sandro feel like a pauper because his family was always in debt. A brash and inquisitive man, not only did he ask brazen questions but went to the length of getting a private detective to look into the family accounts. "If you want to know about us," Sandro told him, working up some courage, "you should look in the Encyclopædia Britannica." He was referring to an ancestor—a linguist—who figured in the eleventh edition. But the man was interested in the family's present net worth in cash, not in past accomplishments—especially of a literary nature. With his wife he came to the house. Oh, he was friendly enough—indeed, very cordial—but the intent was obvious: he wanted to look things over. Sandro's family had some very good things—furniture and paintings far finer, in fact, than the man and his wife had in their various houses.

"I like these panels," the wife said of four carved white and gold-leafed eighteenth-century doors that were hung on opposite walls of the front hall. "And that desk and that painting." Off these were sent, together with the proceeds from the sale of a large chunk of land, as wedding gifts.



For the wedding itself, Bruno's mother went to the hairdresser. She had always washed her hair herself with a pail of rainwater because the running water was hard. If she used tap water, she added a little vinegar to it, to dissolve the lime, and then in front of a beautiful old gilded mirror in her bedroom she combed the long, straight black hair that went halfway down her back. That day, she wore a new suit and even put on lipstick. Then they all drove to the bride's family's country house in the north. And she looked meek for the first time in her life, a little conventional, unlike herself, trying to please Sandro, for appearances' sake. But when she looked at Bruno she knew what he was thinking.

"It all seems so false around here," he said.

"Yes, but what can we do? We are making a little effort. Don't you see? You disapprove of me whatever I do."

"No," he said, and he hugged her and kissed her.

But she was right.

A year or two later, coming back from Africa, where she had gone to visit her daughter, who had just given birth to Rita, she was met by Bruno at the airport. The flight—she had never flown before going to Africa—had exhilarated her and she looked radiant, triumphant, as if she still had wings. Lean and sunburned, carrying two large baskets, she set them down and hugged him fervently. She had remembered how as a child he had longed for a pineapple—a fruit he had never seen, for it couldn't be bought in Italy before the war—and so now, there in the airport, she had a basket full of pineapples and mangoes for him. Enthusiastically she displayed them not just to him but to the porter. In her other basket was a crimson rug. She unfolded it right there and then. She gave a mango to the porter, and in a Roman accent (she was born and grew up in Rome) she spoke with the porter, a man after her own heart, full of exclamations and questions, and she was happy to answer them all. In Rome it was cold and it was raining, but she had brought the African sun—no, for a moment she *was* the sun. And people milled around her, curious to hear her descriptions. She brought more things out of the basket with the jug—strange, wonderful things—but Bruno was trying to hurry her out and as she looked at him some of her happiness faded.

"Let's go," he said.

THINKING back to it now in his mother's bedroom Bruno felt he had stifled, cut short, a lovely theatrical scene.

She asked for and received a little more laudanum, but not without Bruno's feeling apprehensive about it; if she took it at this rate, she would need more and more—soon a whole bottle a day—and he knew its side effects. "I was born in the last century," she said, taking a sip from the glass. "Much better than this one. I had only five years of it, but they mean something. Like the place you were born. I remember my dear father meeting one of his best friends in the street and pretending he didn't know him, walking on with a straight face, and when this friend took hold of his arm and faced him and shook him, my father acted astonished, even offended, till this friend actually thought he must have made a mistake, and apologized profusely; at which point my father burst out laughing."

Rita, surprised by this incredible story, herself broke into peals of uncontrollable laughter. And the others laughed, too.

"But no, is it true?" Rita asked.

"Yes, I'm telling you. Of course it's true. They did things like that then; they were gayer." She turned sombre. "I have the faults of those who hang on and shouldn't hang on. Better put an end to them. I have the faults of the old."

"No, you have none," Guido said.

"Oh, heaven knows I do! But they may not be as bad as the faults of the young, though not of this darling here," she said, and she leaned over to take Rita in her arms.

"Oh, what darlings you all were when you were small—then nothing I did ever seemed wrong to you. And when I nursed you! Especially Bruno there!" She laughed and imitated, to his infinite embarrassment, the eager sucking sounds a baby makes at the breast. He closed his eyes. He inhaled deeply. "But then what happened? You grew up, you grew every year a little less pleased."

"No."

"Yes."

She looked past Bruno out the window, where the leaves of the Virginia creeper were waving, and an amused smile lit her face. "I knew a painter in Rome—Donghi his name was—who mainly did paintings of trees, the leaves one by one, very carefully. But on a day like this he couldn't paint. 'Did you get any work done today?' I asked him one time. 'Eh, no,' he complained—he had a very melancholy voice. 'The leaves are moving.' "

Rita laughed and the others smiled.

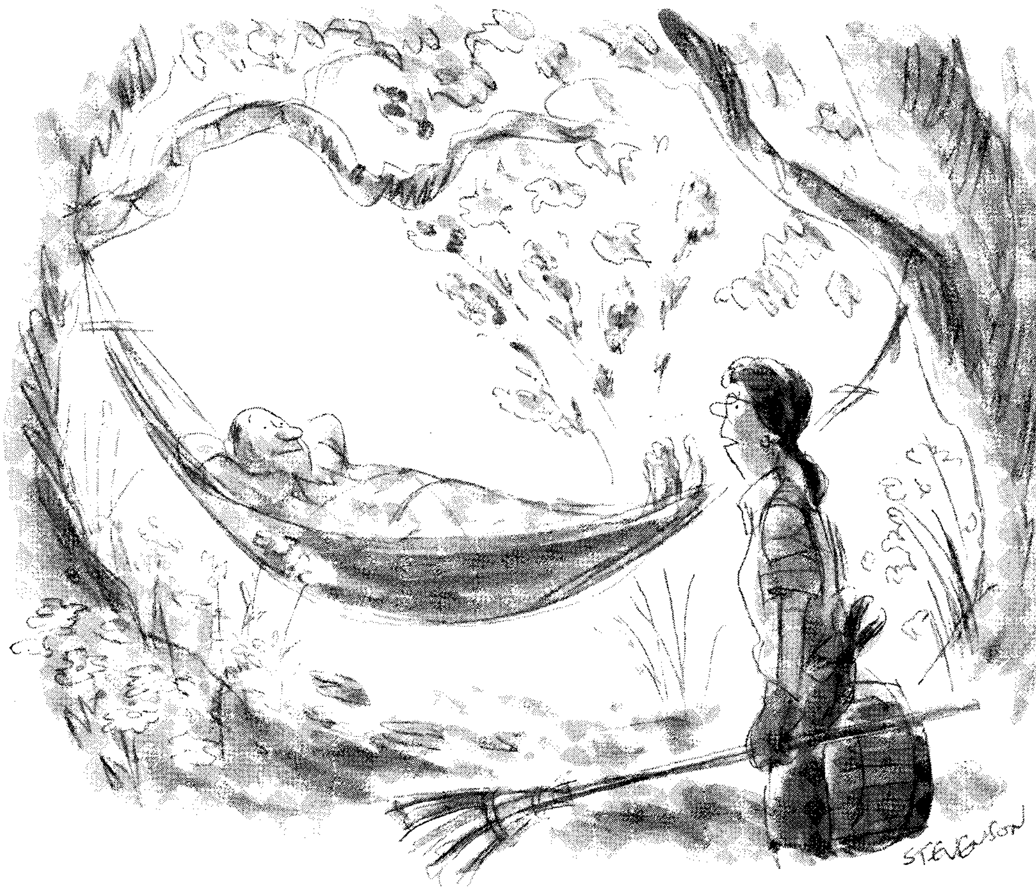
Though his mother was in bed with a glass of diluted laudanum in her hand, for a moment Bruno had the illusion she was at the dining-room table with a glass of red wine and that they were all there listening to her conversing.

The illusion didn't last long. The laudanum was affecting her respiration, upsetting her stomach. She coughed. She coughed so hard that she gagged, though when he moved to help her, she shook her head. If only he could get her some heroin. Heroin was the most effective painkiller and had the fewest side effects. But of course it was also a potent euphoriant, and because the addicts were after it its sale had been banned. He had tried to find some substitute, but none had worked very well. Maybe he could get the heroin illegally. He thought about it, and of the flights of fancy that might ensue.

Finally, the retching subsided. "What are you thinking of, Bruno?" she asked.

He tried to smile, he tried to look cheerful and wished he could tell some funny story. But if there was anyone in the room who could make people smile, who could make people laugh, even at this late stage, it was she.

—ARTURO VIVANTE



"May I ask what it is you're taking a breather from*?"*

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In sending a package by bus, you can feel more comfortable and reassured about the process. As Trailways' package express national accounts director Genevieve Mathieu points out, you can actually see your package being put on the bus if you want to wait around to see that happen. For an extra feeling of security, you can look at the destination sign on the front of the bus and see that the bus is headed in the same direction your package is headed. No other mode of cargo transportation offers such reassurance.—*Press release from Trailways.*

Holding it on your lap is better.

REFLECTIONS

FINLANDIZATION

BEFORE the Atlantic Alliance began and NATO was conceived, no one expected American troops to remain in Europe more than a few months after the end of the war in that theatre. "A year or two at most," John J. McCloy recently remarked, recalling his conversations about postwar European security with Franklin Roosevelt before the war's end and with Harry Truman in the sober months of the early Cold War. No one then imagined that American soldiers would still be in Europe thirty-five years later.

The Atlantic Treaty relationship began in a simple U.S. military guarantee to Europe and formal, although qualified, agreement among the North Atlantic nations to stand together against a Soviet attack. This modest degree of association was soon expanded. Its original military dimensions were given an extremely ambitious political framework, in which some people even envisaged transatlantic political federation. Europe itself was certainly urged to become a federal union on the American model, acting as a single power, expected to see things as America sees them, intimately aligned with the United States. Customary rhetoric held that since the Atlantic nations were united by values and culture, a political union existed *in potentia*.

This was a great error. There is much that the Atlantic nations have in common, but there is much that they do not, and the differences grow larger. All have representative and democratic governments. All are related in their historical culture. The Europeans have a political history in common, and much of it is blood-soaked. Those things which the Europeans possess in common have not spared them constant tension and a history of pillage and war. The last two apocalyptic exercises in European internal warfare, and the consequent postwar vulnerability of Europeans to the non-European powers, changed a great deal. But they did not turn ordinary Englishmen into Frenchmen, and the French are very different from the Germans. What those wars did accomplish was to cause Europeans to dismiss for the present, perhaps for good, the recourse to war as an instrument of policy in dealing with one another.

No one imagined thirty-five years ago that Western Europe would be considered weak-willed and complacent, subject to what has come to be called Finlandization. The world had been plunged into two monstrous wars for exactly the opposite reason: that Europe was too strong-willed and too ambitious. Extravagantly so—a little mad, dangerous to all. Yet in the eyes of many Americans and some Europeans the West European countries today seem headed, heedlessly, toward Finland's condition—or a vulgarized and polemical notion of Finland's true condition. This can be defined as a condition of unfailing accommodation to the security demands of the Soviet Union. The West Europeans, some say, have abdicated morally; the political abdication is a matter of time. France is ordinarily held to be leading the way. Such is the interpretation that was placed upon French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's trip to Warsaw in May to meet Leonid Brezhnev. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's subsequent visit to see Brezhnev in Moscow was preceded by an unpleasant controversy between him and President Jimmy Carter, during which the latter sent a letter that the former found "astonishing." Ensuing conversations between the two in Venice, at the end of June, were described by German sources as "very rough," although a reconciliation of views was announced.

In the important West German weekly *Die Zeit*, Gerd Bucerius recently wrote, "The Germans are eager to be left out of international conflicts." The Germans are not alone. A London *Times* editorial in mid-May declared, "There is in fact no doubt that a current of opinion in Europe is flowing towards neutralism, 'Finlandization,' or whatever name is given to a policy of accommodating rather than confronting the Soviet Union." There is unmistakable hostility toward the United States. The German novelist Günter Grass accuses the United States government of talking "Soviet language" and says that because of Vietnam it has no moral right to criticize anyone. The Iranian radicals who took American diplomats hostage, Grass says, have used an unjust method, but in the intoxication of liberation. Another German writer, Klaus Harpprecht, comments that for Germans "impotence is being translated into rhetoric and resentment." Behind it, he says, there are "sparks of hate." The evidence for what Harpprecht

"Oh, it hasn't been all bad. There were parts of 1918, 1925, 1946, and 1947 that I liked."

calls the Germans' loss of confidence "in their pro-American option" is more than literary. There is disillusionment with American society, which once seemed dynamic and innovative. One recent poll in West Germany indicated that three-quarters of those asked think that personal liberty is better protected in West Germany than in the United States. Another poll indicated that eight per cent have confidence in American world leadership. A few years ago, such figures would have been unimaginable. The American military reputation is shabby. Another *Die Zeit* writer, Dieter Buhl, remarks on the virtual illiteracy of "most" American Army recruits and claims that more than a third of American military aircraft are assessed as non-operational at any given time.

Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the leader of the Free Democratic Party, which is the lesser partner in Chancellor Schmidt's coalition government, spoke last spring of the importance of isolating détente in Europe from crises elsewhere. Détente is divisible, he implied. Only a short time earlier, Genscher had been under attack from the left wing of the Social Democratic Party for what Gerhard Schroeder, the chairman of the S.D.P. youth organization, called a "vassal-like allegiance to the United States." The former French Interior Minister Michel Poniatowski, a friend and adviser of Giscard d'Estaing, has remarked that France wants no part of a "super-suicide of the superpowers."

The West European public and politicians are tired of the Soviet-American rivalry, which they increasingly prefer to see as a private quarrel, and tired of American advice, or instructions, about how they should act. They are tired of the penury and unemployment produced by the rise in oil prices since 1973, and they are contemptuous of America's inability to make a serious reduction in its consumption of imported oil or, seemingly, even to convince itself that something serious must be done. They are alarmed by what seems to them a willful refusal of the United States to confront a loss of national self-sufficiency. Since 1977, American inflation has been higher than the West European average, and this is regarded as a very significant development, especially by the prudent West Germans. Household savings in the United States are now lower than those in West Europe. American productivity is declining in relation to Europe. The energy expended per unit of production is as much as twice that of West Germany. Europeans detect an American loss of effectiveness, and say that it is now to other Europeans that one turns to get things done. There is little respect for the Carter Administration; it is regarded as intellectually incapable. Mr. Reagan looks to many Europeans no better than Mr. Carter. To most Europeans not of the political right, he looks worse.

TIM AND BETTY.
BETTY AND TIM.
TROUBLE AHEAD
ZIEGLER

BUT this disaffection from the United States is not the same thing as Finlandization, by which is meant a voluntary acceptance of Soviet-imposed limits upon Europe's independence. The matter is more subtle. The most important point is that Europe is not weak, and is not fated to dependence upon either of the superpowers. The NATO nations in Europe, without Canada and the United States, constitute a more imposing economic and, at least potentially, a more imposing military power than the Soviet Union together with all its Warsaw Pact allies. NATO Europe's aggregate gross national product is half again as large as the Soviet G.N.P. and a quarter again as large as that of the entire Warsaw Pact group, the Soviet Union included. NATO Europe is nearly as large an industrial power as the United States itself.

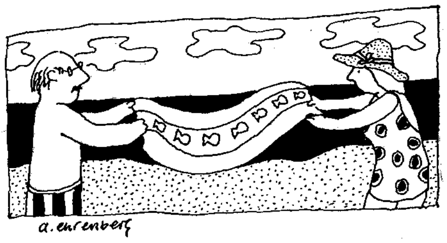
Why, then, is this Europe afraid to assume responsibility for its own security, claiming "impotence" even while resenting the United States? The first factor in the answer is that postwar Europe was afraid of itself. Its suicidal record during the eruption of Fascism in Italy and Nazism in Germany, the Second World War and genocide, left Europe's survivors reluctant to be alone with one another. Most of Western Europe—and Germany above all—voluntarily submitted to an American moral as well as military protectorate. But American moral authority has been seriously undermined, mainly as a consequence of the Vietnam War. This is what Grass is saying. Few Europeans, at least among those under the age of fifty, now feel any need to make apologies for their political record, and the experience of terrorism in West Germany and Italy has confirmed that self-confidence. This is not ordinarily understood in the United States. The terrorists claimed that democracy in those countries was the façade of a lasting Fascism. They expected to provoke the Fascism into unmasking itself. The opposite occurred. They themselves were revealed as the enemies of democracy and justice. Both Italians and Germans put up a stolid, patient, legal, and constitutional resistance to the terrorists. Even though the shootings go on in Italy, it is recognized now that the terrorists have been beaten, politically and morally. This is a very important achievement.

Moreover, Europeans find it impossible to think in terms of an all-out war. In a recent French poll, sixty-four per cent of the respondents favored "peace at any price," for the reason that "war is too horrible." But not only is it too horrible; war seems to have no utility, since the means are so disproportionate to the imaginable ends. The same judgment, the same fear of major war, still tends to be projected onto the Soviet Union by Europeans; even after Afghanistan, the Soviet Union is held to be a nation with essentially defensive preoccupations. Theories about Soviet grand designs for the encirclement of the Middle East and its oil, for an eventual strategic blockade of Europe, or for interdiction of the Western oil supply are not as widely accepted as they are in the United States. At the official level, they have nowhere been expressed, as is not the case in Washington.

This general European assumption of Soviet conservatism may well be wrong, and the scale of Soviet military expenditure in recent years has troubled European specialists as much as it has Americans. Behind the optimistic European analysis of Soviet intentions there undoubtedly lies the wish that it be so. But when it comes to nuclear weapons, Europeans are simply incredulous about their actual use in fighting a war. Nuclear war seems to exist on an imaginary terrain, between imaginary opponents—two "suicide-minded" superpowers—acting out an unimaginable scenario. In Europe, as in the United States, strategic analysis is professionally practiced. Nuclear forces exist. The independent French strategic force is sophisticated and is expanding—the third largest in the world. But the doctrine for its use is catastrophic, not utilitarian, and in that sense is not rational. The French are now developing the neutron device precisely because it seems a non-catastrophic weapon, which might actually be used. It seems to provide a step of escalation and a warning that are short of the catastrophe. The West German, French, and British armed forces are probably in more effective condition today than the troubled American Army in Germany. But while European military preparations and spending are serious—4.1 per cent of the G.N.P. in West Germany and Berlin, 4 per cent in France, 4.9 per cent in Britain, as against 5.2 per cent in the United States—the European forces operate on the assumption that nuclear war will not occur. The alternative does not bear thinking about, and is not much thought about.

The conviction that the Soviet leadership is conservative and pragmatic is characteristic of Western Europe's bourgeois governments—made up of middle-class politicians who are practical and materialistic. People concerned with jobs, inflation, exports, living standards believe (and need to believe) that the Russians, too, are economic men. French policy toward the Soviet Union presumes that to continue commercial and technical exchanges strengthens and enlarges the influence of practical and materialistic men in the Kremlin against those other Soviet leaders, for whom ideology and geopolitical ambition count most. There is a tendency to discount ideological and political motivation in Soviet policy. These are convenient assumptions. They rationalize a French policy of trade with Russia which is good business for France.

It is even better business for West Germany, now the principal Western



THE END CIRCULATES IN THE WIDE SPACE OF SUMMER

I

We don't speak.
You have been here so long
You are like another leg or arm.
We trot across the ice,
Approach the book, and enter it.
You read the text;
I try to hear what you are saying.

The jade sky shivers, and a bird
Limps across it like a flexible blade.

So it began.

II

The end circulates in the wide space of summer,
With sawing of small insects,
Bubbles clustering in ponds.

I try to hear what you are saying,
But the smile of an invisible cat eats the sky,
And that wiry singsong of young girls
Jumping rope is death's nursery rhyme.

III

Where in this endless room is the one
Who loves me, wearing low heels,
And the hissing call of her silks?

A cleansing desert hums at the window.

Inside we talk about God,
His mica angels,
His book of living wormed in rock.
We have what lasts,
And the soft perishable mind, which doesn't.
We have the spacious word
Where nothing begins, and goes on beginning,
For as long as we live.

—PAUL ZWEIG

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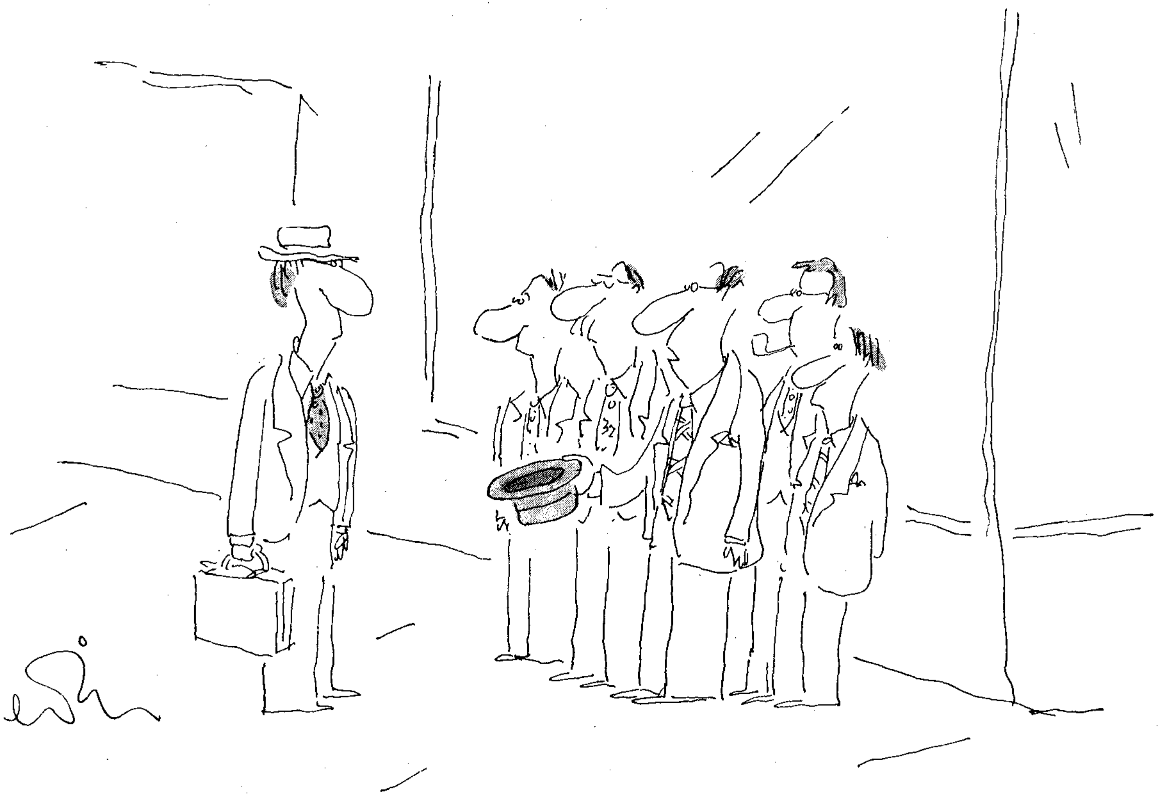
CAUTION
SMALL ENSEMBLES
KOREN

trading partner of the Soviet Union. In the nineteen-seventies, the Federal Republic's trade with the Soviet Union increased at double the rate of its trade with the rest of the world. In the first three months of 1980, sales to the Soviet Union increased by twenty-four per cent over the same period a year ago. There are German political hostages to the Soviet Union: Berlin, communication between divided families in the two Germanys, the repatriation of ethnic Germans from other countries of the East (an estimated three million of them yet to come). Germany is, of course, in a much more tightly constrained position between the Soviet Union and the United States than France is, but German policy has unostentatiously moved rather closer to France's policy than to that of the United States. Both European nations would prefer to be left out of the superpower quarrel. They seem to forget that it was the issue of who controls Germany that the original quarrel was all about.

The argument that Europe is weak-willed—"a vacuum"—is actually an old one among Americans. It has its sources in the condemnation of European society which seemed necessary to justify America's secession from and succession to Europe. The argument ordinarily goes that weakness follows from Europe's inner sickness and social division. It is natural to expect such an incorrigibly cynical and expedient society to accept Finlandization. Its politically most active member, France, is described by Walter Laqueur, of Georgetown University, as dominated by "anxiety and defeatism," by "the mentality of Vichy." Other American critics would say that it is the spirit of Munich which rules in Europe. The *Times* called the European Economic Community's Middle East initiative in June "petulant" and a vain effort to "play big-league power, too"—a game, in the *Times*' view, reserved for Americans and Russians. But these polemics are products of a fundamental misconception, and they are dangerous. They ignore Western Europe's tangible power and demonstrated social and political stability, which, over all, have been rather greater than our own in the last twenty years. They distract attention from the reality, and inevitability, of differences on the two sides of the Atlantic. They are a bad-tempered counterpart of the Atlanticist optimism that for years papered over the reality of transatlantic differences in order to promote unity of policy. The unity sought was invariably understood to be loyal support for American policies.

It would be a radical but liberating thought to consider that less might be more, and that what the United States and Western Europe need today is not closer alliance, restored alliance, or improved alliance but less alliance. If less were to be expected of the relationship between the United States and the European states, the result—a more austere coöperation—might prove better adapted to what jointly we really need, and so there might be less abrasion and hypocrisy. In important respects, the present alliance is an anachronism.

Years of Atlanticism, of American emphasis on American leadership in the defense of Europe, have tended to obscure exactly what we are doing, why, and how it all began. American policy originated not in benevolence but in fear of another war, and in concern about Germany as well as about the



"*It's not for us. It's for our corporation.*"

• •

Soviet Union. The American commitment to Europe arose from a strategic decision to prevent the Soviet Union from acquiring control over the industrial plant, the skilled manpower, and the warmaking capacity of the Western European states. This commitment was fully in the policy tradition of that other maritime power, from which the United States had inherited its European role, Great Britain, which since the Hundred Years' War had made strategic interventions on the Continent and conducted a diplomacy of coalition and division meant to prevent any single power from dominating Europe. The American strategic interest in the autonomy and independence of Western Europe is identical today. The Atlantic Alliance is the instrument by which this American interest is safeguarded. It is the instrument by which the congruent European interest in its own autonomy is safeguarded. It has been a useful instrument; it is not an indispensable one. The political ambitions that have become attached to it should not be permitted to obscure its primary function.

Whether the formal alliance exists or not, a fundamental American security interest in the autonomy of Western Europe will remain, as will the fundamental European interest in preserving its independence. This convergence of interests exists whether Americans and Europeans consult with one another, coöperate, coördinate their forces, or even like one another very much. As for the rest, it is an act of realism to acknowledge that on the two sides of the Atlantic we are societies rather remote from one another, and that the United States today has perhaps become even more distant from Western Europe than it was in the isolationist nineteen-twenties and thirties. The influence in the United States of European ideas, values, institutions, novels, and paintings was rather greater then than it is now. The United States then saw itself as essentially a European society, in a clear line of descent from Greece, Rome, the Magna Carta, the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Enlightenment. Today, we are far more conscious of our non-European sources and our non-European quality; less homogeneous in our national culture; more preoccupied with our own national life. Europe today doesn't interest Americans very much. American ideas of Europe are very often of the Continent as it was in the nineteen-fifties or sixties. There is a resistance to acknowledging what it is today, because in doing so we might discover reproaches to what we have become.

American ideas have less influence today in Continental Europe than they had in the early postwar years, or even in the thirties. Popular influences persist. What jazz was then rock music is today; the ephemera of popular fad or fashion—jeans, moccasins, roller skates—are still led by the United States. But contemporary American books are not particularly influential, or even much read, in Continental Europe. Current American films no longer have their prewar importance for mass audiences, and the intellectual cinema has always been German, Italian, and French. American political and social institutions fascinated Europeans in the nineteen-forties and fifties, because they seemed innovative and successful, while European institutions had failed. This is no longer so. It is the European institutions that seem in better health today. The American polity itself, with all its idealism and moral energy, no longer interests Europeans as it did in the forties or at the time of Woodrow Wilson. Wilson's America, redemptive and renewing, had been welcomed with near-hysterical adulation in 1918. "No one has ever had such cheers," William Bolitho wrote of Wilson's greeting in Paris. "Wilson heard from his carriage something different, inhuman—or superhuman." It is unlikely that any American will again hear such cheers in Europe. This is not a bad thing. It means that Western Europe, released from its fear of itself, has become free again—whether we like it or not.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

•

"You like them to weigh 1,700 pounds," Tucker said. "If you work them too young, you'll make them swayback."

Known for their gentle dispositions and enormous strength, Percherons, Clydesdales and other working horse breeds have long been famous for their staying power from dawn to dusk behind a plow or a beer wagon.—*Annapolis (Md.) Evening Capital.*

Staying power and a certain unorthodox way of going about things.

Rare taste. Ask for it by name.
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SCOTCH
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Paddington Corp., N.Y.

Funny stage they're at: George is older, but somehow he doesn't quite measure up to kid sister Shirley. "It's a stage," Dad consoles his son. "You'll outgrow it." The kids are growing up. Almost too fast. So, be sure to share those little moments, as well as the big, with faraway friends and family. Just reach out with a phone call, and they're sharing your day.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ELEVENTH HOUR

"WILD animals are not the only endangered ones," Roland Lindemann, of the Catskill Game Farm, told me on the plane. "Did you know that the Poitou donkey has almost disappeared? It's sometimes called the shaggy donkey. At any rate, there are only eight specimens left in North America and just a few in European zoos, and yet such donkeys used to be used for breeding the Missouri mule, and I remember when there were plenty." Like many of our fellow-passengers, Lindemann, whose game farm is known for its breeding success with hoofed animals, and I were on our way to San Diego, not long ago, for a four-day meeting known as World Conference III on Breeding Endangered Species in Captivity. Fifteen years earlier, I had gone to San Diego to attend my first meeting of the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums (A.A.Z.P.A.). The intervening years had seen great changes, not only in the public's attitudes toward zoos but in the attitudes of zoo people themselves. In the mid-sixties, most zoo directors wanted to collect whatever rare wild animals were in vogue in what one of their number has called "their peculiar little world," and jealously hoarded such specimens as they managed to get. I remember how the late Robert Bean, of the Brookfield Zoo, near Chicago, a veteran animal man, berated that assembly for its members' selfish, myopic refusal to further the cause of breeding rare animals—for their insistence on holding on to single specimens out of fear for their well-being or, perhaps, a pure dog-in-the-manger attitude. Those rare animals should be lent out for breeding purposes, said Bean. There was also a great deal of criticism of zoos in those days among members of the general public, some of whom asserted that the rare species would not be endangered if only zoos would stop collecting them and leave them in their own habitat in the wild.

The changes came swiftly. Today, rare captive animals are shipped back and forth between even the most widely separated zoos in the hope that the rarities will produce offspring. For example, a female mountain gorilla from Tel Aviv was flown to Oklahoma City on permanent breeding loan just in case she might be able to stir up the libido of Oklahoma's obese male, M'Kubwa. Nothing came of it, but both zoos deserve praise for trying. As for the matter of snatching animals from their wild habitat, it is obvious that the habitat itself is shrinking so fast that often all one can do for its denizens is to snatch them as fast as possible, and whisk them off to at least temporary safety in preserves or those once-despised zoos. This is true of Madagascar, the only natural home of lemurs, where the forests are rapidly disappearing as a result of the timber trade, and it is true of the Philippines, where the habitat of the so-called monkey-eating eagle is being chopped and sawed away from under its talons. These are only two of many situations. The world is shrinking, and space is at a premium. What kind of struggle can wildlife put up against bulldozers? What can we, the owners of the bulldozers, do, in the event that we want to do anything? To get the answers to these questions and others, I was attending World Conference III. As the numeral indicates, there had been two earlier conferences—held in 1972 and 1976—on the subject of breeding endangered species in captivity, but this was my first. It was not a zoo meeting in the true sense of the word, although, naturally, zoo people were strongly in evidence. Looking at my program, I noted two familiar names, both of Englishmen: Richard Fitter, honorary secretary of the Fauna Preservation Society, which was co-sponsor of the conference with the Zoological Society of San Diego; and Sir Peter Scott, who was to deliver the keynote address. Scott is chairman of the Survival Service Commission of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature (I.U.C.N.) and honorary director of the Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge, England (a breeding center for waterfowl), and also of many organizations allied with these. Zoos, of course, had the dominant voice. It is becoming steadily less feasible (and less popular) for non-zoo people to own wild animals, and in some places it is against the law. In any case, the conference was a notably international gathering: three hundred and twenty-five members, representing the United States, Canada, England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Islands, France, West Germany, East Germany, Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Israel, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Japan, Taiwan, and Indonesia. The members' callings, too, were widely variegated. There were people from our National Insti-

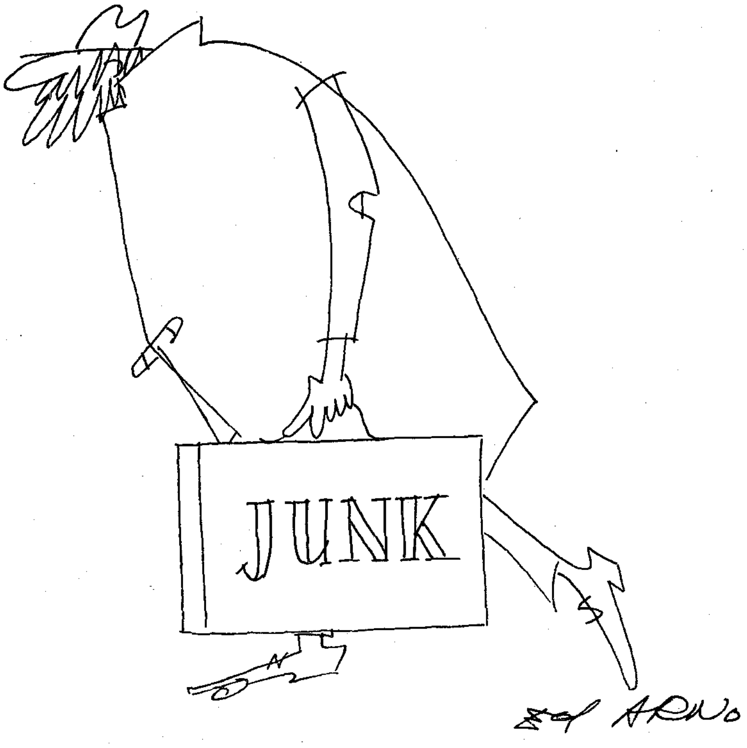
"Good evening. Henry Sharbut, with the news. In all corners of the globe today, thousands of negotiations broke down."

tutes of Health, our Fish and Wildlife Service, the Customs Service, and the Sierra Club; and, among the professionals, zoo directors, zoo curators, pathologists, veterinarians, ornithologists, reproductive physiologists, writers, professors, doctors, zoo-record keepers, biologists, students, ichthyologists, endocrinologists, managers of so-called safaris, librarians, psychologists, animal-food salesmen, circus trainers, herpetologists, statisticians, at least one construction supervisor, at least one medical coördinator, and one man calling himself a free-lance conservationist. There was a Japanese professor from the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Tokyo Medical College and (why not?) a woman bear trainer from the Gentle Jungle Affection Training Class of Santa Ana College, along with the secretary of the Threatened Plants Committee of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, a wildlife artist, and a docent, or volunteer guide, in a zoo.

THE meetings were held at the Town and Country Convention Center, a huge auditorium building in the center of the city, surrounded by hotels and motels. In an outer hall allocated to us on the first afternoon, people were registering, greeting friends, and wandering around looking at giveaway pamphlets on long tables or at posters hanging on the walls, though a lot of informative material was not yet properly arranged by its owners, who were still tacking up graphs and photographs. I made a quick tour of the room, pausing for a few minutes to observe the source of much noise in one corner: a TV set turned on full blast, on whose screen an earnest man was talking about the nurture of radiated tortoises (*Testudo radiata*), the closeup of his face now and then supplanted by closeups of the tortoises themselves. They are pretty animals, with markings like sunbursts. One of the poster arrangements, then being finished by Marvin Jones, an authority on studbooks, who is connected with the San Diego Zoo, concentrated on statistics—startling and sometimes disheartening. Take the okapi. This animal, whose closest relative is the giraffe, was unknown to the non-African world until early in this century. It has very decorative stripes on the hindquarters, and its skin is used by the pygmies of the Ituri Forest as ceremonial garb. The okapi is also very shy, and was probably rarely seen even from the beginning of its days as a known animal. (Not everybody believes me, but I once saw an okapi in the wild, in the Ituri Forest, back in 1931 or so. It was there, then immediately slipped silently from my view.) Nowadays, according to Marvin Jones's studbook—and he is very reliable—the total number of okapis in zoos, worldwide, is sixty-six, equally divided into males and females.

A happier, but very special, situation is that of the Arabian oryx, whose statistics Jones was now hanging next to those of the okapi. This animal, a beautiful white antelope with long, straight horns, is one of the few that mankind has made a genuine effort to preserve. In 1962, the Fauna Preservation Society took an interest in the oryx, because it was being hunted out of existence in its native Arabian haunts by princes with high-powered rifles, which they fired from high-powered motorcars. (The princes of an earlier day had tested their skill more fairly, from the backs of horses.) The oryx was almost extinct when the organization brought a few living specimens to the United States, where it was thought that the climate of Arizona might suit them. It did suit them. Today, the original herd is still in Phoenix, but there are some descendants doing quite nicely in San Diego's Wild Animal Park as well, and others in the Los Angeles Zoo. The studbook registration showed that there were, at the time of the conference, sixty-nine males in captivity and seventy-five females. (Since then, it has been discovered that there are a hundred or so additional specimens in private collections in the Arabian peninsula.)

I moved on among the posters: Siberian tigers, doing all right in zoos and increasing, but very slowly, in the wild; orangutans—there is now an attempt to keep their bloodlines pure by not crossbreeding the Sumatran subspecies with the Bornean, as has happened all too often in zoos in the past. Some of the posters meant nothing to me. "Cardiovascular Disease in *Macropodidae*" (the kangaroo family), said one of them. I turned my attention to the pamphlets and, following the example of the people ahead of me, grabbed everything available. (As one might suppose, it was a mixed bag. That evening, sorting it out in my room, I found I had material on *Folia Primatologica*, which is a primatology journal, the "Biology of Insect Eggs," the Fauna Preservation Society, "Plankton and Productivity in the Oceans," the San Diego Wild Animal Park, "Animal Models of Comparative and Developmental Aspects of Immunity and Disease," the American Association of Zookeepers, "Population Ecology of Raptors," "The Ciliated Protozoa: Characterization, Classification, and Guide to the Literature," and "Animal Drinker Systems.") A bell rang, and we filed into the auditorium: the conference was beginning.



The usual courtesies were exchanged, with the executive director of the Zoological Society of San Diego, Charles Bieler, welcoming us and introducing George Gildred, the executive vice-president of the Society's board of trustees. Gildred said that this meeting's suggestions could greatly enhance the survival chances of many of our planet's endangered animals. He hoped that the talks, formal and informal, that lay ahead would strengthen a spirit of international coöperation in these matters. "We must share our

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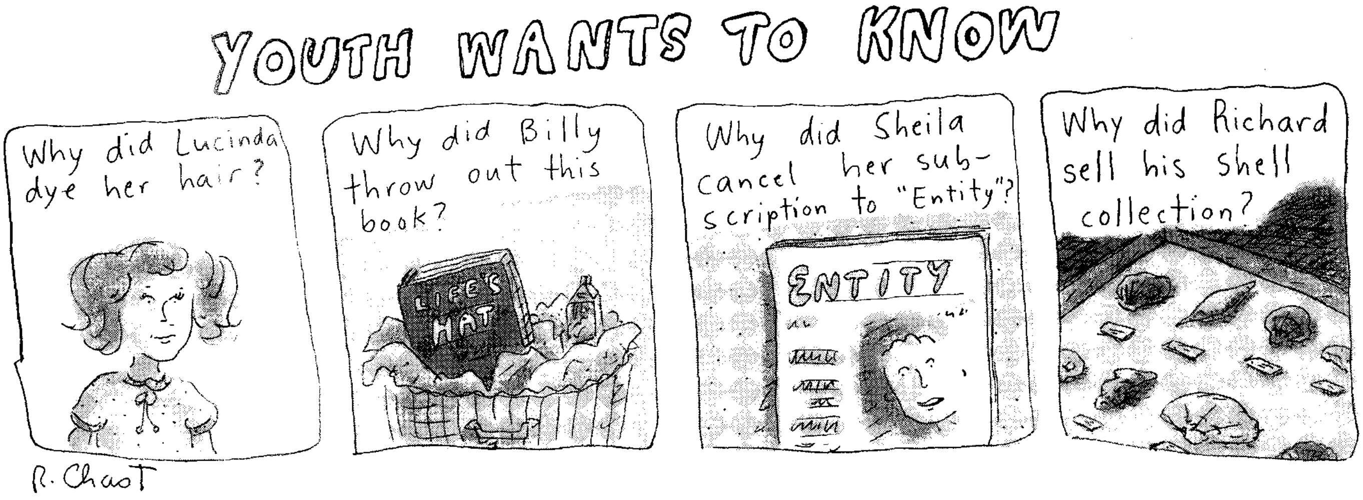
knowledge and our techniques for successful captive reproduction," he said, and added that it was a sad irony that the fate of so many beautiful creatures of the wild should depend on a gathering of human beings sitting in a luxury hotel in a balmy climate. It was his hope that this meeting could produce an optimistic spirit and a positive outlook. Though there was still much to do, conservationists had taken some important first steps. "Quite a few people now realize that 'captive reproduction' implies something different from allowing conjugal visits to the state penitentiary," he went on. "As one indication of recent progress in captive breeding of endangered species, please consider a comparison of records in the *International Zoo Yearbook.* Thirteen years ago, some of you will recall, the Zoological Society of San Diego was host to an international conservation conference to spread the word of what was then a relatively new concept—the role of zoos in the international conservation of wild animals. In that year, 1966, the *International Zoo Yearbook* listed seventy-six mammal, bird, reptile, and amphibian species with an I.U.C.N. status of 'rare' or 'endangered' as having been bred in zoos. Some one hundred and fifty endangered species were exhibited in world zoos that year, so the international zoo community had a fifty-per-cent success rate in reproducing its endangered charges. In its 1979 edition, one hundred and fifty-one rare or endangered species were listed as giving birth in the world's zoos, out of two hundred and fifteen endangered species exhibited—a seventy-per-cent success rate. Granted that there are more animals listed as endangered now than there were thirteen years ago, we still think these figures indicate the direction in which we are moving. Let us therefore dedicate this conference to the task of improving that record both in quality and in quantity."

Fitter, of the Fauna Preservation Society, in his role as co-host, added his remarks. One of the main aims of the Society, he explained, was reintroduction—as in the case of the Arabian oryx, specimens of which would be returning to their native desert in Arabia, where the animal is very probably extinct today. Some oryx, in fact, had already been installed in Jordan, and the Society hoped very soon to send some to Oman, where there is a tribe of Bedouins who are going to make it their responsibility to protect the animal. This particular tribe looks on the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R. Chast

• •

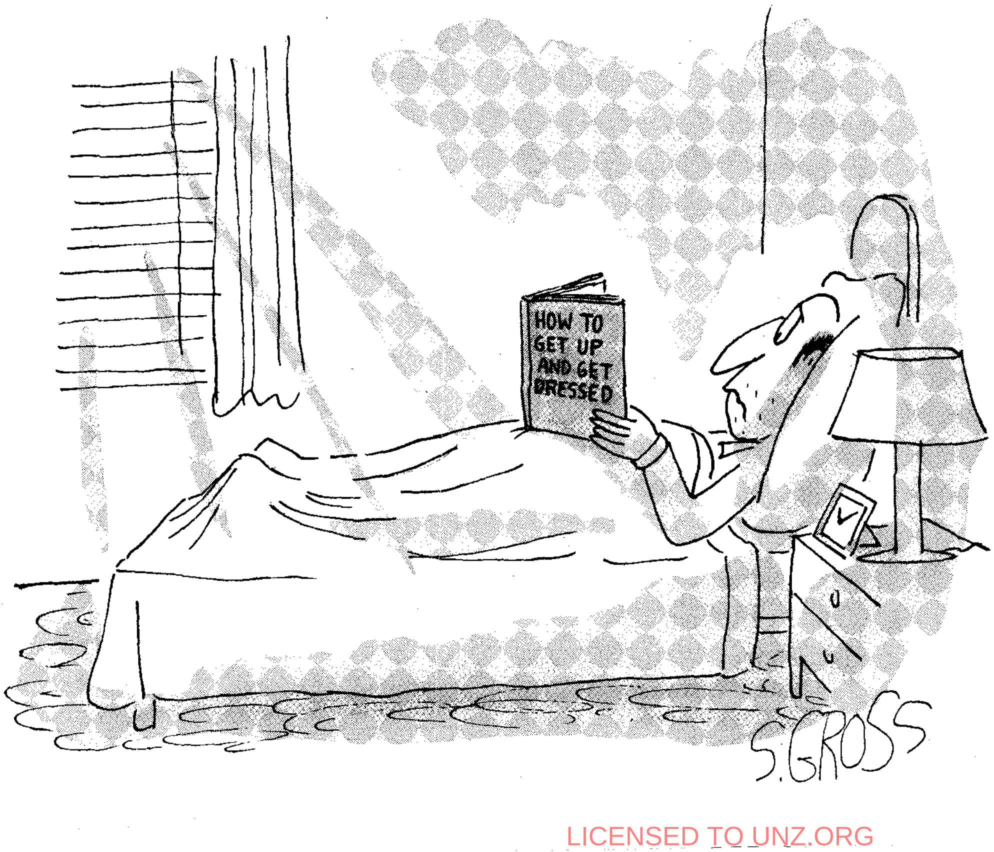
Arabian oryx as almost sacred, so it seems very appropriate that the captive-bred specimens should be entrusted to them.

Robert Wagner, the executive director of the A.A.Z.P.A., added his words of welcome. "Admittedly, zoological parks and aquariums cannot be considered the last alternative for the survival of all species, but we must be recognized as way stations, holding some species in trust until the onslaught of habitat destruction can somehow be checked," he said. "The implications of managing wildlife in captivity are many, and the responsibilities are staggering, but we know what our predecessors have done in assembling just a few species in captivity that would already be extinct if it had not been for their efforts and their foresightedness. When we realize that between seventy-five and one hundred thousand acres of habitat are being destroyed by man every day of the year, and that such landmasses would constitute more than the total space available today in all the zoological parks and aquariums of the world, we come face to face with our responsibilities." We must do all we can, he said, to maintain the endangered species and to act as their repositories. And there is also the responsibility of showing the animals to visitors and educating them on the subject.

SIR PETER SCOTT, whose keynote address was scheduled for the closing banquet but who felt it important to talk to the gathering at the start, spoke of what he called the conservationist's double task—the breeding of self-sustaining populations of endangered species in captivity, and the return of captive populations to the wild. In considering these two problems, he said, we must give thought to the time scale. We have to consider the political upheavals that many nations are going through, and the vulnerability of our "small blue planet," with all its millions of inhabitants. "Now, on self-sustaining captive populations," said Sir Peter, "there has been an argument by some conservationists that if there is no habitat to put animals back into, it's simply not worthwhile saving them. And then there's a further argument that captive breeding soon produces a semi-domesticated population, which is quite different from the original population. Well, I don't think we can accept either of these arguments. Even if we knew that no wild habitat would remain for, say, tigers, surely it would be infinitely worthwhile to insure their survival, if only in zoos. And we have, of course, an example of just this situation with Père David's deer. How do we know when someone may wish to rescue, revive, or re-create habitat? Only three weeks ago, the government scientists in the People's Republic of China were talking to me of creating new habitat for Père David's deer, several centuries after it was last known in the wild. On the genetic side, we mustn't forget that evolution by natural selection still operates, and that man-made selection is only a facet of natural selection, because, whether we like it or not, man is a part of nature, and remains subject to the laws of nature, however much or however little we may be able to modify our own behavior. So we must continue to use our knowledge and experience to improve our techniques of achieving self-sustaining captive populations of endangered species. Well, all these arguments are quite familiar to most of you, and they say that familiarity breeds contempt. It was Noël Coward who pointed out that without a little familiarity you couldn't breed anything." There was laughter in the audience. "Now, research has produced some very promising new techniques," Sir Peter went on, "and, of course, San Diego has played a leading role, and Dr. Benirschke has developed that role, and has been developing it over a number of years." Kurt Benirschke is research director at San Diego and served as the chairman of the conference committee. "Nowadays, there's a great deal of talk about gene banks and sperm banks and ova banks and, for plants, seed banks—it all vaguely suggests chicken-and-egg situations, doesn't it? Perhaps I should remind you of Samuel Butler's comment: that the hen is an egg's way of perpetuating eggs. The Survival Service Commission of the International Union for Conservation of Nature has been mentioned, and, indeed, Richard Fitter is chairman of the steering committtee of the S.S.C. It has a number of specialist groups, and among them there is a Captive Breeding Group and there is a Mongolian Wild Horse Group and there is a group that deals with the whole question of gene banks. Altogether, that commission brings together something like a thousand scientists, who are responsible for drawing up and keeping up to date the *Red Data Books*. We have now created a new unit to try and speed up this process: the Species Conservation Monitoring Unit, which sounds by itself like a new animal—it's called SCOMU. I want to say that all of these organizations will be very ready and happy to coöperate with all of you at this conference in any plans that may develop during the next few days. I.U.C.N. and the World Wildlife Fund are watching the results of the conference with the greatest interest. On the question of reintroduction, this is quite clearly a complex and difficult problem. I suppose most of us became aware of some aspects of that complexity when we heard the story of Elsa, as told by Joy Adamson. She had the same difficulty with her cheetah, and, as many of you know, Billy Singh did the same thing successfully, but with great difficulty, with a leopard. I know a little about the difficulties of reintroduction, because the Wildfowl Trust has also provided a number of Hawaiian geese, which have been reintroduced into the island of Maui and are doing reasonably well—though not, I think, as well as all of us hoped that they would."

Sir Peter listed other ongoing reintroduction programs—the one for the oryx, another for the vicuña, some "splendid and complicated techniques" for rare cranes and for pheasants, and the new techniques for returning falcons to the wild. There is also work on ducks, he said, including the white-headed duck, which is getting rare. "These are just some, and I'm sure there are lots more that we shall be talking about in the next few days," he said. "In the past, these conferences have produced a wonderful spirit of co-operation and everybody has been ready to share their expertise, their knowledge, and their experience. Clearly, this one, in these beautiful surroundings, under the benevolent hospitality of the Zoological Society of San Diego, is all set to be the best meeting we've ever had on this important subject." His fluent, pleasant remarks brought enthusiastic applause.

THAT was all the formal talking we got on the opening day. As is usual on the first day of such affairs, the crowd met that evening in the outer hall for cocktails and conversation. It was a decorous proceeding, however, as is *not* usual for such affairs, and we separated early, so as to get an eight-o'clock start in the morning. On my way out, I noticed a chalked message on a blackboard near the exit: "Przewalski's Horse Group will meet for lunch on Tuesday in the Coffee Shop at 12 noon. Agenda items for the Sunday 18th meeting will be discussed." Przewalski's (pronounced, more easily than it appears, "Sheval-ski's") horse is a wild Mongolian animal that looks something like an all-beige stocky pony with an unusually large head in proportion to its body. It is a species that is always cited, along with Père David's deer and the American bison, to prove that endangered species can indeed be preserved if you have the will, the patience, and the millionaires to help. Przewalski's horse has not been sighted in the wild for twelve years—if, indeed, it was seen twelve years ago—but one can get a good look at the animal in various places: the Bronx Zoo, and Whipsnade, in England, and the larger Continental zoos. There are quite a few of the horses in Prague, and it is said that the park at Askania Nova, in the Ukraine, has a splendid herd. In zoo parlance, the horse is reasonably "safe." Safe, that is, except for some differences in the captive animals which have lately been uneasily noted by biologists, and ascribed to inbreeding and to other possible factors that are not yet well understood. Captive-born animals may be smaller than their progenitors, and less hardy.


HOW TO GET UP AND GET DRESSED
S. GROSS

I was in a very thoughtful mood on Tuesday morning when I entered the auditorium to hear the day's first talk, given by Dr. David Brand, the director of the National Zoological Gardens of South Africa, in Pretoria. South Africa is naturally of great interest to zoo keepers and conservationists, representing, as it does, an enormous tract of land not yet as crowded or industrialized as our own continent. Even in South Africa, however, the signs of change are prevalent.

Brand said, "Up to some twenty years ago, it was relatively easy and inexpensive in South Africa to obtain indigenous wild animals for exhibition purposes at the National Zoological Gardens. These animals were acquired mainly from farmers and private individuals and mostly as donations. In the course of time, however, restrictions imposed by both nature-conservation and veterinary authorities made the acquisition and translocation of such animals more difficult—or, in the case of certain species, even impossible. The importation of certain wild animals from the rest of Africa, and from a number of other continents, is now also virtually impossible, for the same reason. Although zoo-bred specimens of some of these species may still be imported from recognized zoological gardens, such imports are now also affected by international conservation laws. Apart from this, transport costs have rocketed extensively."

The Americans in the audience listened intently to this, and a few of them nodded, recognizing similar problems encountered all over the United States, where government regulations have put a damper on sending specimens back and forth.

Brand went on to say that in view of the circumstances, "the National Zoological Gardens of South Africa revised its policy some two decades ago and launched a modernization program whereby the number of species was sacrificed in favor of larger enclosures for exhibition purposes and the accommodation of breeding groups of rare or endangered species."

This was a logical development, I reflected. After all, people who want to look at wild animals in South Africa

MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

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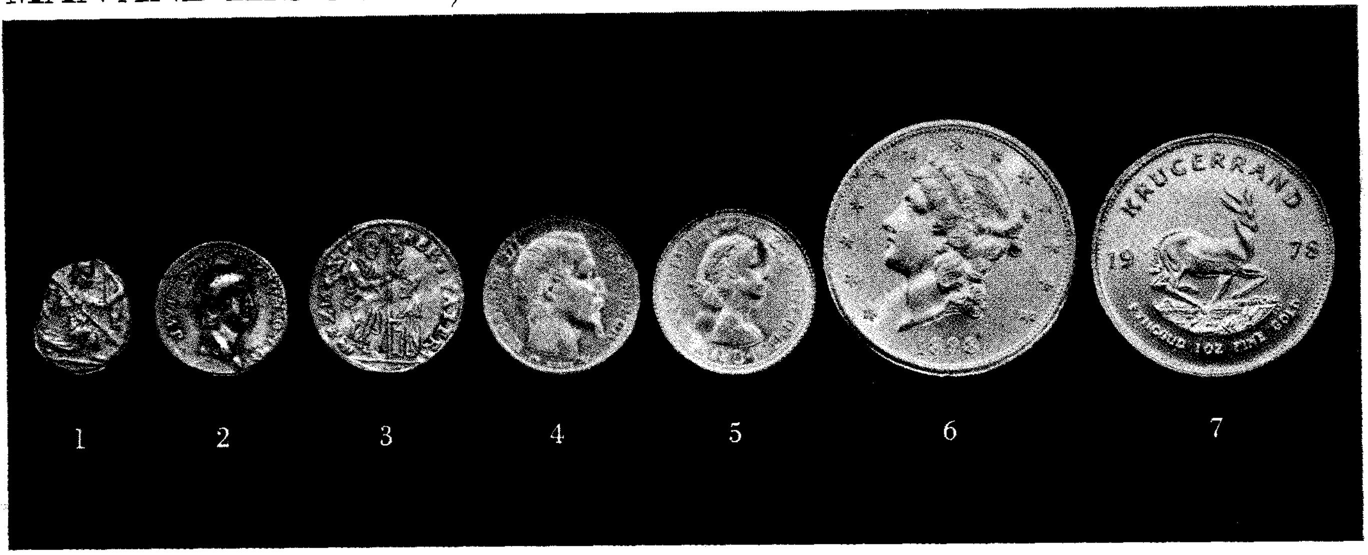

Gold of the common man.

It is Eastern Europe in the 19th Century and a family, its sparse belongings on a battered cart, arrives at a lonely border station.

A man from the group approaches the sentry with inner fear, for they have no permit or papers. There follows a brief exchange and the man returns.

The cart and family pass. The sentry, turning to avoid the eyes of the refugees, tucks one hand into his pocket; the gold coin there is still warm from the hand of its previous owner.

Sweeping through history one could find endless variations of this incident because gold, that lustrous metal of kings and clergy, has just as often been the metal of the downtrodden. Somewhere around 700 B.C., kings began to stamp gold into coins, and in that form they became accessible to the common man.

This was the gold of the common soldier, the gold of the common merchant, and even families who never knew a gold bracelet or necklace were able to acquire a few coins—which they often hoarded for it meant survival in the periodic upheavals.

Certainly one of the early coins of the common man was the *Daric* of Persia (No. 1 above) in the 5th Century B.C. It was heavily minted for over 200 years and it is known that one military campaign alone cost over 4 million of the coin.

The *Aureus* of the Roman Empire was also widely dispersed through the heavy spending of the Caesars. The example here (No. 2) is from Nero's reign.

One of the longest and most circulated of coinages was the *Zecchino* of Venice (No. 3), first struck in 1284 and minted for over 500 years. It is almost incredible to reflect that its coinage began in the Middle Ages, spanned the Renaissance, and ended in 1797, the year America installed its second President.

With the 19th Century came even grander coinage and the numbers are truly astounding: France, from 1801 to 1914, minted 515 *million* of its 20 Franc *Napoleon* (No. 4); England, from 1817 to 1966, coined over *one billion* of its *Sovereign* (No. 5), spreading it to every corner of a once extensive empire.

America's gold coinage began modestly, but enriched by the 1849 Gold Rush, the U.S. accelerated the program and from 1850 to 1932 produced, with several design changes, its famous $20 *Double Eagle* (No. 6), a minting of over 174 million.

It should be noted that considerably lesser numbers of these extensive mintages exist; most were re-melted—in many cases to mint succeeding coins—thus the remaining coins have gained great value among collectors.

The desire to hold gold coins continues. For example, in 1977, 46 countries issued over 80 different versions as legal tender. Among them, the South African *Krugerrand* (No. 7) ranks as the most popular. First coined in 1967, over 22 million have been produced since then.

Space here has permitted only the briefest description of seven gold coins of great mass circulation. There are, of course, many more. The world has issued more than 20 thousand different types in over 2,600 years—many of which have also touched the common man and certainly the family history of almost everyone who reads this.

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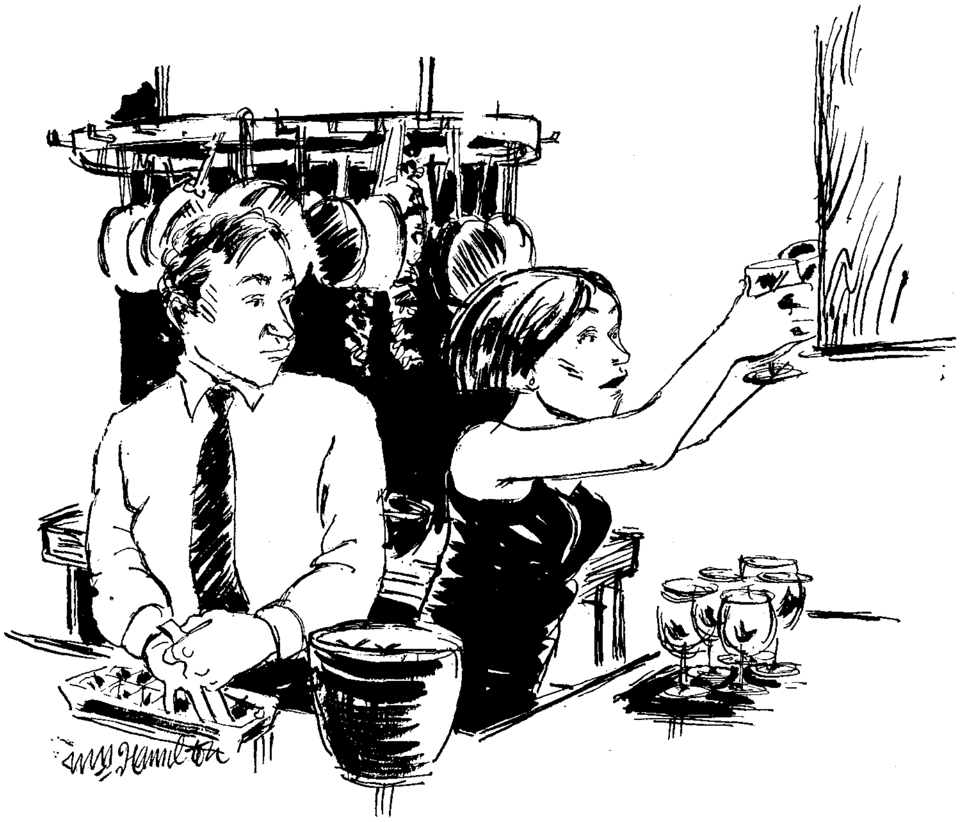


"Now, for God's sake don't start telling everyone how little we paid for everything."

might well find it more rewarding, if a little more difficult, to visit one of the famous wild-animal-conservation parks in their country than to go to the zoo.

Brand told us of the rare or endangered animals that his zoo was now able to house in larger quarters: the scimitar-horned oryx, the addax antelope, the pygmy hippopotamus, the red-fronted gazelle, the orangutan, the white-tailed gnu, the vaal rhebok, and others. When the animals were taken out of their small enclosures and put into larger ones, the change was noticeable. "A good number of species started to multiply satisfactorily," said Brand, showing us some slides of the new quarters. "A telling proof of this is the fact that although the white rhinoceros had been kept in the Gardens in a small enclosure since 1946, breeding only started shortly after a group was released in a much larger enclosure, resulting in the birth, in June, 1967, of the first white rhino to be born in captivity. Since then, six more calves have been born in the same enclosure at the National Zoological Gardens." He went on, "A trio of scimitar-horned oryx received during 1968 multiplied to sixty-four. A pair of the very rare Derby eland, imported from the Antwerp Zoo, in Belgium, during December, 1973, have bred so satisfactorily that there are now eight of these antelopes in the institution's collection."

The breeding has generally been so successful, said Brand, that the institution now not only maintains a satisfactory number of animals for its own purposes but regularly has available plenty of specimens for exchange and for stocking nature reserves and game farms. However, the land available in the center of Pretoria is insufficient to accommodate the ideal number of breeding groups, so an effort has been undertaken to build up as many as possible, with the ultimate aim of transferring them to suitable localities not far from the city.

The first part of this project was a cheetah-breeding-and-research center, occupying about a hundred and twenty-five acres, at De Wildt, fifteen miles west of Pretoria, where, in 1969, a couple named van Dyk offered to donate land from their farm for the purpose. By 1971, the land had been fenced in. "At this stage, the cheetah was practically regarded as a non-breeder in captivity," said Brand. "During the nineteen-sixties, successes at Philadelphia and Rome gave some impetus to breeding of the cheetah in captivity. We were aware of work being done by others in this field but had to apply the little knowledge available, together with basic approaches to the breeding of carnivora, to fit our own particular set of circumstances." He described the layout of the place in detail—summer rainfall, height of fence (three yards), and so on. The fenced area was subdivided into enclosures for individual cheetah females, male groups, pregnant females, and cubs; a quarantine enclosure; and a small hospital. The original wild-caught breeding stock—nineteen males and ten females—came in two groups, from the Northern Transvaal and South-West Africa. "All these animals and their offspring have been kept as wild as possible, and no visitors are admitted," said Brand. Females are kept in individual one-acre camps on the northern slopes of a kopje, or hill. Males are kept in groups in small enclosures at the southern end of the main enclosure, on the other side of the kopje, and are thus out of sight and sound of the females. Now and then during the year, males in groups of from six to eight are released into the unoccupied land adjacent to the female enclosures and are left to wander up and down the passageway. "Interaction between sexes is observed at feeding time, usually between four o'clock in the afternoon and seven o'clock in the evening," Brand said. "Estrous females can be seen to attract the group of males to their enclosures. The males become excited." He went on to say that there was some fighting, and that females were often seen to roll over and lie in close proximity to the group of excited males on the other side of the fence. One male was introduced into a female's enclosure, and often mating was seen to occur within minutes. The male was left with the female for two to three days and was then coaxed out of the enclosure to join the group in the patrol of the unoccupied area.

Since this was the first time such intensive breeding of cheetahs had been encouraged by animal keepers, there were many adjustments to be made in the course of the first year or so. At the beginning, pregnant females were left in their individual enclosures to give birth, and it was observed that the first four cheetah mothers abandoned their cubs in the early months, because a thick growth of grass and bush made it impossible for the mothers to find them. The two remaining pregnant females, therefore, were moved into partitioned portions of their enclosures, and were carefully watched. Even so, one of them lost her litter, but the other reared four cubs on her own. It was also found that males should not be released anywhere near the females at that critical time, because they disturbed the mothers. Maternity camps were provided in areas farther away, and this system worked better. There were other complications: often, a female would go into pseudopregnancy; the males had to be tested for sperm count, and it turned out that many had an abnormally low count. There were other changes: huts in the maternity enclosures were equipped with heated floors, and many mothers whose performance had been unsatisfactory then settled nicely down to business. In 1975, the first year of births, eleven of the twenty-three cubs (forty-eight per cent) died during the first month of life. Five died later of diseases, and seven survived, three of which were reared by their mothers. A steady improvement occurred during the next four years, and in 1979 the score read twenty-three born, one died in the first month, one died of disease, twenty-one survived, and all twenty-three were reared by their mothers.

Brand described the gastroenteritis that had killed some of the cubs, and the veterinarians' heroic efforts to save them, and then, after discussing accidental deaths and diet management, he said, "We have now reached the final stage of this breeding-and-research program, insofar as captive-bred cheetah from De Wildt have been moved to an area in the Eastern Transvaal where they will be released in the wild and their adaptability studied."

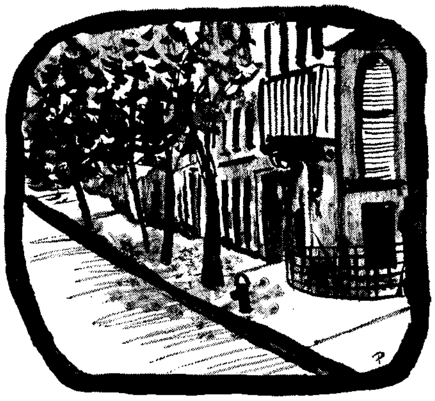
Heartened by its success, the National Zoological Gardens decided to attempt to breed other species in another nature reserve. The town council of Lichtenburg, a rural town in the Western Transvaal about a hundred and fifty miles from Pretoria, donated fifteen thousand acres to the institution. "Geographically, the area is ideally situated for the breeding of most species of wild animals," said Brand. "The altitude, of approximately forty-five hundred feet, renders the area free of ticks and tick-borne diseases, such as heartwater, red water, and gall sickness, while its central location in the province of Transvaal further precludes the occurrences of diseases such as foot-and-mouth and anthrax. The grazing is sweet or semi-sweet, and clusters of indigenous trees give ideal shelter during summer and winter. There is an abundance of running water. The existence of dams and natural marshland forms an ideal habitat for waterfowl and semi-aquatic mammals." There the eland, the white-tailed gnu, the gemsbok, the red hartebeest, the blesbok, and many other species are now being bred; in addition, large ponds have been created for flamingos and other waterfowl, and a dam built for pygmy hippos. "Large numbers of wild waterfowl and other species of water birds have already found sanctuary in the park, and most of them breed regularly," Brand said.

In Potgietersrus, about a hundred miles north of Pretoria, the institution is constructing a third breeding park and reserve, for nyala, black rhino, giraffe, giant eland, waterbuck, sambar deer, and others.

"It has often been emphasized," Brand said in conclusion, "that the zoos of the world are among the consumers of wildlife, and that this can impose a drain upon the wild populations of certain species. Therefore, the main object and the ultimate goal of the establishment of the aforementioned projects are the breeding of animals to meet not only our own demands but also those of other zoos, and eventually, perhaps, the resettlement of endangered species in their natural habitat from which they have disappeared. Parks of this nature also offer unique possibilities in the educational and research fields."

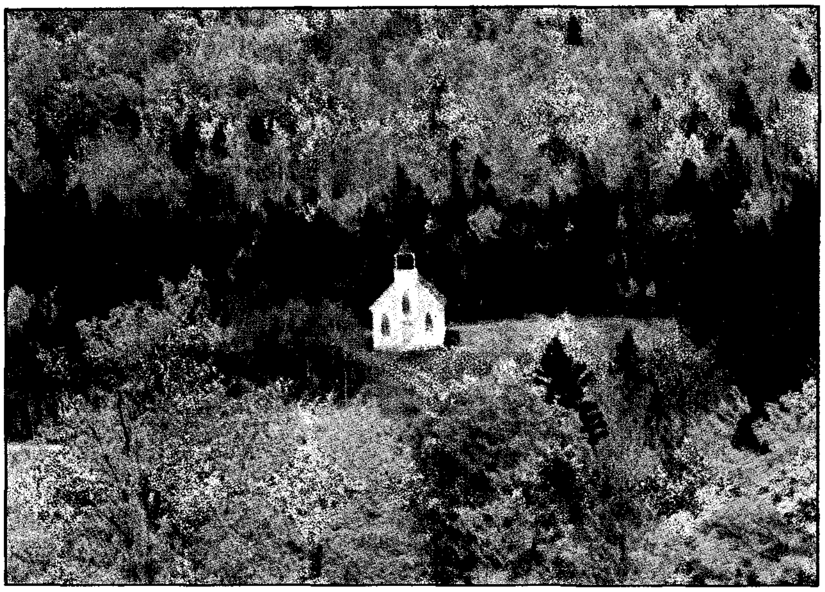
A SUBSEQUENT report that morning, by Thomas Cade, an ornithology professor at Cornell University, concerned efforts of a group of ornithologists and students to return peregrine falcons to the wild (and to the non-wild—there is a nest in Baltimore) in several places in the United States. The bird conservationists had their troubles, he said. Each season saw a considerable loss in the young falcons, who were killed or died from other causes before they began to fly. After explaining the hacking method, by which young peregrines are gradually accustomed to a feeding site, Cade said, "It appears that, despite our best efforts, we can expect to lose from twenty-five to thirty per cent of the young falcons released by this method before they become independent and dispersed from these sites." He showed us a series of graphs detailing the fate, good and bad, of fifty-eight captive falcons that his group had already managed to nurture. "Obviously, most of our attention is now fixed on the problem of how best to establish captive-produced falcons in the out-of-doors," he continued. "The details are going to be somewhat different, I suspect, for the East from what they are for the West, but at least five biological requirements must be met in order to achieve success in either situation. The first—and I'm sure it's obvious to all of us—the overriding requirement is that the present environmental conditions in the United States allow released peregrines to live and to reproduce successfully, and that boils down to what the current levels of insecticide residues are in the prey species that these birds take. The second requirement has to do with individual survival. These birds obviously have got to make it in the field, at least until they reach reproductive age and breed once, if we're to have any success. Another requirement has to do with the dispersal patterns of these birds, and their ability to home back to the areas where they are being released. If they're going to act like the sand grouse that were released in Nevada twenty or so years ago and immediately flew out of the state, to be discovered, two or three years later, down in Mazatlán or somewhere in Mexico, we're not going to succeed. We've got to have some birds that will come back to the areas where we want them. The question of social behavior and, particularly, sexual responses between the pairs is another problem. We don't yet know whether what we're doing to these birds in captivity is going to seriously interfere with their sexual responses to one another in the wild, but so far it looks as though we're headed in the right direction there. And, finally, the question of migratory habits is another serious problem that we have to deal with, because if these birds are going to migrate very far south of our borders, and end up spending their winter season in Latin America, where a lot of DDT is still being used, they're going to encounter the same reproductive problems that our wild peregrines have had."

Summing up, Cade said that it would be no good to go into elaborate research and practical work merely to



produce another lot of birds fated to disappear off the face of the earth for lack of techniques in making their living. The ornithologist believed that they could provide their birds with hacking (that is, training) experience adequate to afford them reasonable survival hopes. "Our field experience in the West," he went on, "has led us to believe that the survival rate for fostered peregrines is about the same as that of wild juveniles; namely, from thirty to forty per cent to the end of the first year. Falconers have used this hacking procedure to precondition what they call 'eyases,' or nestlings, for later training, and they have known at least since the time of Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, in the thirteenth century, that through this procedure young falcons in captivity can develop their hunting and killing behavior in the absence of parents. Our hacked young begin attacking and killing wild prey within two to four weeks after they first fly, and the timing of their development to independence in six to eight weeks does not seem to differ from that of wild young with parents. On the other hand, we know that parent birds do provide their young with certain experiences of hunt and capture, and thereby probably assist the survival chances of the young once they have become independent. For instance, wild parents sometimes give food to their young in flight, dropping it from beak or foot, and later they practice dropping dead prey in the air where the young can zero in and catch it. Even more surprising is the fact that adults, in training their young to pursue, sometimes release live birds that they have caught. If the young falcon misses such a bird, the adult will come back and catch the prey a second time and release it again. So it appears that we are dealing with something very like 'training' the young. Fostering and cross-fostering allow for such interaction between the released young and their foster parents. What are the implications of this kind of 'training' behavior for our hacking procedure? Usually, we feed our young with dead birds or chickens that we simply lay out for them. Perhaps we should be releasing some live birds for them to pursue and catch for early training. However, some results that we've had on the hunts of our released birds suggest that we're doing pretty well without that."

A slide was flashed on the screen. "Here's an adult male in his fourth or fifth summer of life—I've sort of lost count—at his nesting tower in a New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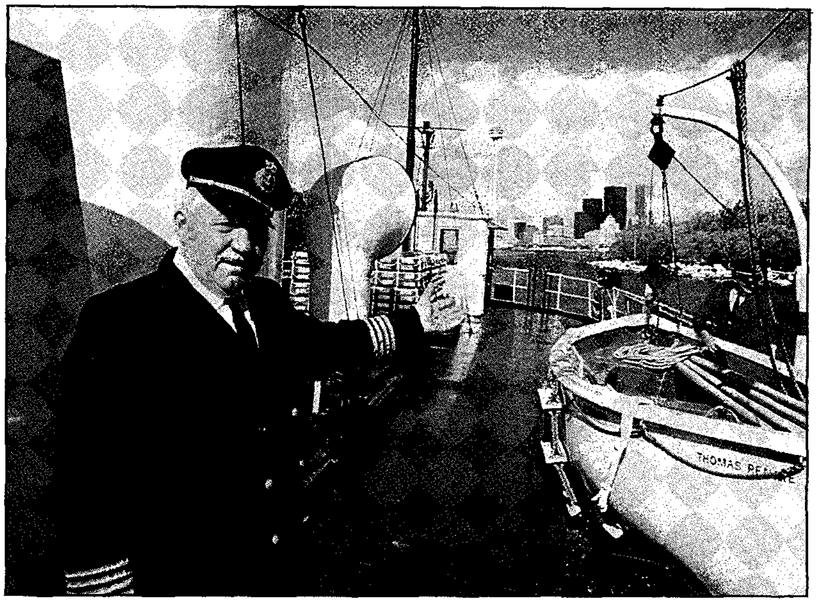
Jersey salt marsh. I've dubbed him the Red Baron, because he's such a superb flier and also, as you'll see, a very efficient killer." We saw the bird in flight. "He may hunt directly off his tower in the marsh, but more frequently he'll perch on one of the two-hundred-foot poles that are set up around the Atlantic Telephone & Telegraph long-lines station near Manahawkin, New Jersey. From the tops of those poles, he surveys—or does what we call sky-scanning—for high-flying migratory birds, and when he sees just the right one that he knows he can catch, he goes up for it. He collects them." We were shown the data for the Red Baron's 1978 collection—a total score of fifty-nine catches in eighty-one attempts—and then we watched him fly back to the pole from which he had surveyed his prey. The Red Baron's 1979 score, which Cade said he almost hesitated to present to us, for fear we wouldn't believe it, showed that in a hundred and two hunts the falcon collected his prey ninety-five times. "To me, this means that he does know how to assess the situation—that he does know that individual birds are vulnerable, that he knows which ones he has a high chance to catch and which ones he might as well forget about. He will let thirty, forty, or fifty birds go by before he finally goes for the one that he knows he can get." As we looked at some data that compared hunting scores of his birds with those of some wild birds in Australia and Greenland, Cade remarked, "Our birds are right up with the best of the wild birds, it appears." There was definitely a note of parental pride in his voice.

He ended his remarks with the prophecy that if ornithologists succeed in reëstablishing birds released in the wild after several generations, a peregrine with a somewhat novel genetic constitution will emerge. As he was sure we were all aware, attempts to establish self-perpetuating populations of wild birds through the release of captive-produced individuals had failed far more frequently than they had been successful, particularly with exotic species and precocial game birds—birds that are independent from birth. If the effort is to succeed with peregrines, it must be accomplished with birds only one or two generations removed from the wild parents, before serious genetic alterations occur.

THE next offering was mainly a series of slides, presided over by James Antrim, curator of mammals, and Lanny Cornell, vice-president for



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research and veterinary husbandry, at Sea World, a marine establishment just outside San Diego. Their topic was the reproduction of sea otters in captivity. To start with, Antrim told us a few things we should know about sea otters, such as that they date back to an ancestor that lived probably a million years ago. He told us what they weigh when they are born (three to five pounds) and when they grow up (a maximum of ninety-nine pounds for males, seventy-two for females). Their vibrissae, or whiskers, are very useful for finding food in the water. Unlike other marine mammals, they have no blubber, and depend for protection on very closely growing fur and a high metabolic rate. Although there are certain differences between the sea otters of the California coast and those of Alaska, they are all one species. In the eighteenth century, before their fur became a popular trade item, there were probably between a hundred thousand and a hundred and fifty thousand animals in the population, which ranged from Kamchatka and the northern Japanese islands to the West Coast of North America as far down as Baja California. The greedy fur trade nearly wiped them out. From 1741 to 1911, when a moratorium was enacted, an estimated million pelts were taken, but the species has made a comeback. The California population is now between eighteen hundred and two thousand animals, according to the latest official report. This population is classified as threatened under the Endangered Species Act of 1973—especially since it is concentrated in central California and could be wiped out by some environmental disaster, such as a large oil spill.

DURING a coffee break, I came to a decision. All the people at the conference, I realized, were interested in a particular subject—in addition to conservation itself, that is. There were pheasant fanciers, otter specialists, primatologists, and so on. I, too, I felt, should fasten on to a specialized subject, but what was it to be? I glanced over the titles of the talks we were to hear during the rest of this day's session: "Captive Reproduction of Insectivores," "Breeding Endangered Cervids in Captivity," "Status and Captive Reproduction of the Lion-Tailed Macaque," "Breeding Mascarene (Mauritius) Wildlife in Captivity," "Problematics in Breeding Barasinghas." (A barasingha, I knew, is a species of Indian deer, and cervids are the deer family.) And even then we would only

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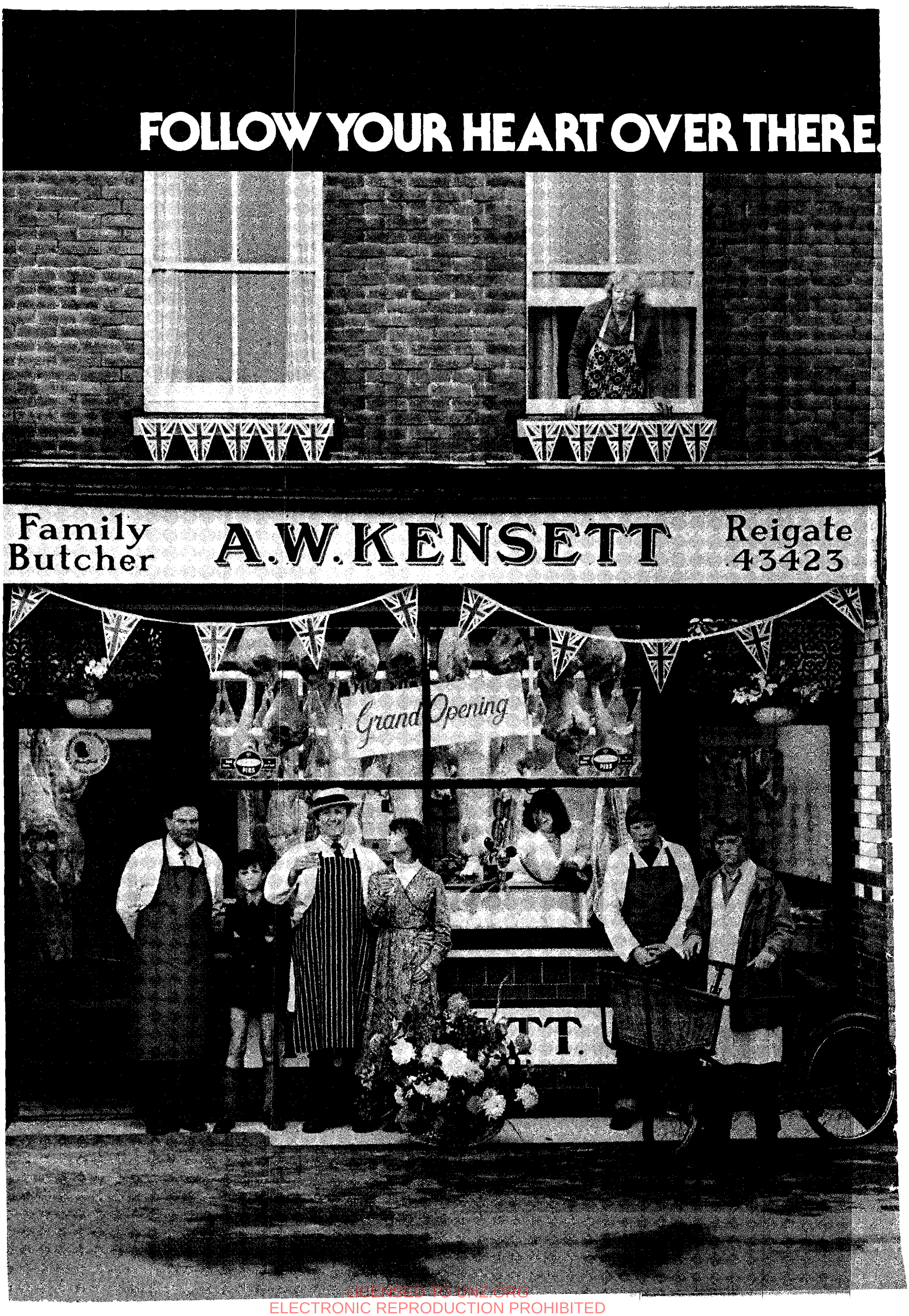
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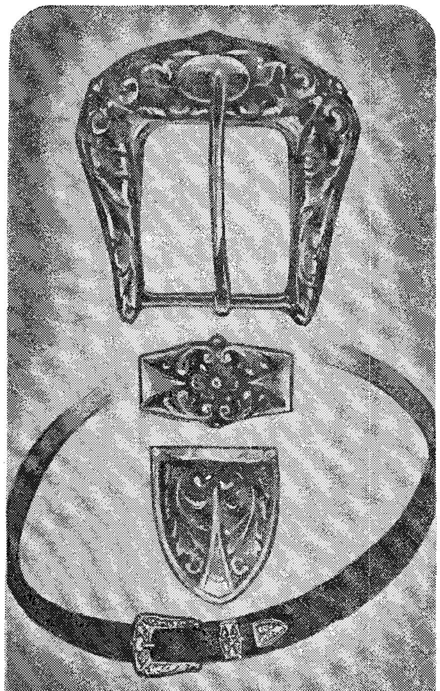
be up to 3:15 P.M. For a moment, I was tempted to choose the lion-tailed macaque as my special project. It is sometimes known as the wanderoo, and should really be known as lion-maned rather than lion-tailed, because, though it indeed has a tuft on its tail, the copious hair brushed back from its face is what gives it a strikingly leonine effect. Or would I prefer the talk on "Reproduction of Japanese Crested Ibis," or perhaps "Captive Reproduction and Husbandry of the Titi and Douroucouli" (two small New World primates)? No. I pinned my hopes on the first section of Thursday's program, when there would be a general discussion of what must be my favorite animal of all—the pygmy chimpanzee. (One met its face everywhere at the conference, because it had been chosen for the official logo.) Having come to this conclusion, I settled down to enjoy the rest of the day. The report on the Japanese crested ibis, for example, by George Archibald, director of the International Crane Foundation, was absorbing. Janet Kear, of the Wildfowl Trust, brought us up to date on Andean and James' flamingos in captivity.

TUESDAY evening after dinner, there were slides and films of animals for the genuine enthusiasts, and I decided to watch. From France, Paul Jourde, director of the Parc Zoologique de Branféré, in Muzillac, had brought a set of slides that showed how unexpectedly charming the mara can be. "Mara" is another name for the Patagonian cavy, and it proved to be an extremely interesting little animal with a doglike habit of rolling on the grass when it feels sportive. Devra Kleiman, a reproductive zoologist at the National Zoological Park, in Washington, D.C., had made a sequence of that zoo's giant pandas—a reserved species that, until the birth and untimely death of a cub in Mexico City this August, had stubbornly refused to make the Western world a present of any babies. (Surely no creatures in the world have less privacy, I reflected.) We had more about otters, too—this time the giant Brazilian animal, in a sequence compiled by Nicole Duplaix, director of the United States branch of TRAFFIC (Trade Records Analysis of Flora and Fauna in Commerce), which tries to keep track of the buying and selling of rare and endangered animals and plants and is also concerned with side products in curio shops and that sort of thing: elephant-hair bracelets, for instance, and even gorilla heads, one of which was a trophy in the notorious murder by a poacher of a Rwandan animal named Digit. (Digit, a wild mountain gorilla who made history by actually approaching a human observer in a friendly spirit, touching and trusting her, was later found dead and beheaded in his native haunts.)

ON Wednesday, the formal talks resumed. We were told about the reproduction of Speke's gazelles in captivity (by Bruce Read, senior zoologist at the St. Louis Zoo); about the reintroduction of captive-bred pheasants (by Major Iain Grahame, secretary of the World Pheasant Association); about Nilgiri-tahr reproduction (by Charles Wilson, director of the Memphis Zoo); and—an exceptional offering, even in that context—about the breeding of endangered species in Israel (by General Avraham Yoffe, chairman of the Nature Reserves Authority, in Tel Aviv). As Yoffe admitted, the wildlife men have set themselves a formidable task in Israel—to exhibit as many as possible of the animals mentioned in the Old Testament. In this effort, a good deal depends on how some of the Biblical names for animals have been translated. Still, the Tel Aviv project is unique, and so are the problems it offers.

Patrick Burchfield, general curator at the Gladys Porter Zoo, in Brownsville, Texas, was the speaker on "Reproduction of Radiated Tortoises." Because the zoo's present tortoise collection is only a small colony, Burchfield began apologetically, many of the things he would say were more on the order of suggestions, recommendations, or ideas than actual reporting. Probably the most familiar of the herpetofauna of Madagascar, he continued, is this large (its average length is a little over a foot) and extraordinarily beautiful radiated tortoise. It is now on the United States Endangered Species list, but it is still hunted in its native habitat, primarily as a food resource. In 1975, *Testudo radiata* was listed as having been bred at the Cairo Zoo, at the Sydney Zoo, and by amateurs in Switzerland. It has been bred by the Gladys Porter Zoo from March, 1973, to the present. Also, since 1973 the Bronx Zoo has had notable success in its efforts to breed it, and the Memphis Zoo has had some success.

Slides followed. The breeding group of the tortoise at Gladys Porter, said Burchfield, consists of three males and five females. They include the original



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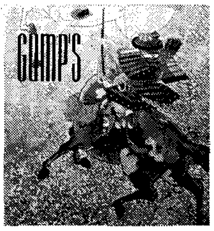

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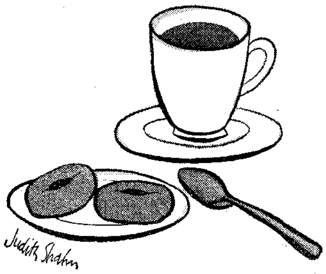
pair—a male of about twenty-one pounds and a female of about seventeen. Within the group are a number of radiated tortoises that have come from other zoos, whose directors have been persuaded to pool resources in the manner recommended years ago by Robert Bean.

Burchfield discussed the legendary longevity of tortoises. The longevity records for radiated tortoises in the United States, he said, are held by two tortoises residing at the St. Louis Zoo, who are now in their late twenties, and he continued, "Tui Malila, the famous tortoise that Captain Cook brought to Tonga in 1777, is reported to have lived about a hundred and eighty-nine years, and obviously represents a test for the longevity potential of the species. In other words, most of our colony will be there long after most of us have gone to join the circus in the sky."



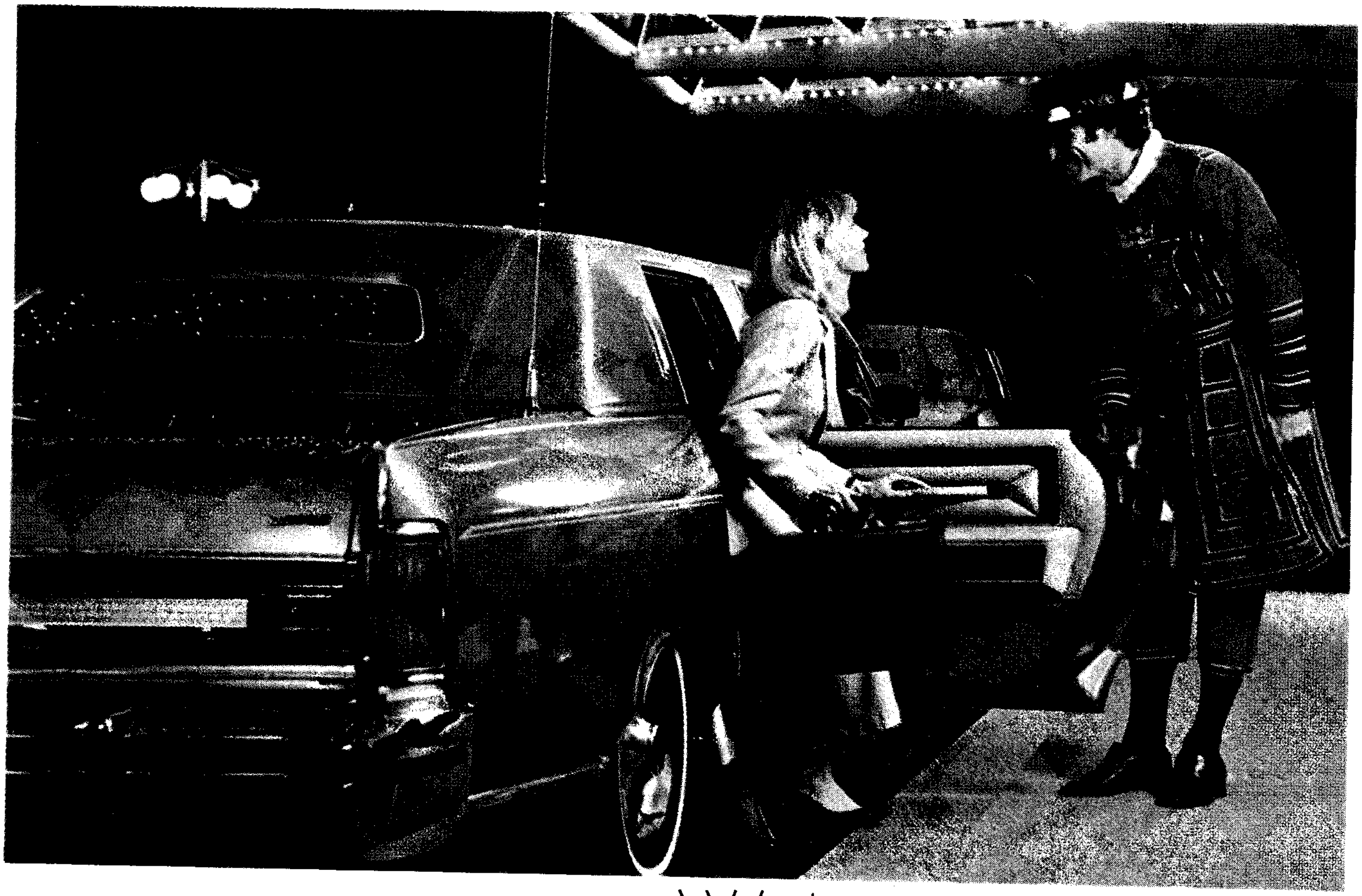
Brownsville has a mean annual temperature of 22.8 degrees Celsius (73 degrees Fahrenheit), but occasional polar air masses make it necessary to put the tortoises in heated winter quarters several times in the course of the winter months, Burchfield said. "Although many people envy us for our semi-tropical climate, we have to move our animals in and out of doors anywhere from ten to fifteen times during a winter, on the arrival of these polar air masses and radical drops in temperature," he said. "In Brownsville, it is not unheard of to have a forty-five-degree temperature drop within an hour."

Burchfield described in some detail the tortoises' quarters, the exhibit enclosure of which has a drinking pool whose water level is shallow, so that the animals cannot topple in and accidentally drown. Each enclosure has several mounds of earth, sufficiently compacted so that they cannot be destroyed yet capable of being dug into by the females when they are ready to lay their eggs. "Our tortoises usually, but not invariably, use these mounds for nesting," said Burchfield. In the indoor enclosures, alfalfa hay is used for bedding and browsing. It is the keepers' observation that many male captive tortoises, walled up, as they are, with plenty of food, tend to become obese, sluggish, and indifferent to breeding, as compared with their wild counterparts. In several instances, the Gladys Porter males have been kept on strict diets or made to fast in order to reduce their weight, and without exception this treatment has resulted in increased vigor and increased interest in breeding. Burchfield apologized if what he was about to say next seemed an oversimplification, but he had found it to be true: "As a general guideline, male tortoises which feel hollow are undernourished, while those which feel dense as a rock are on the obese side. Somewhere in between is the optimum." The rule does not apply so strictly to females, whose fat reserves do not seem to interfere with breeding, and, indeed, are necessary in producing ova. Similarly, undernourished males do not have the stamina for combat or breeding.

There followed a complicated description of what the tortoises eat at different ages. Did I or did I not hear that part of the adults' diet is dog food? Never mind. What I definitely did hear is that they show a marked preference for red food items—"which is typical of most tortoises," said Burchfield.

Yes, of course, I dreamily recalled. I once shared my lunch of fruit salad with a box tortoise that was spending the day with me, and it went straight for a strawberry, ignoring the lettuce. Later, when the strawberry had been demolished, it toyed with a slice of tomato. The tortoises of Brownsville like hibiscus flowers, too—presumably red ones.

I came to as Burchfield was explaining that if the male and female tortoises at Gladys Porter spend too much time together they show a marked falling off of sexual activity. For that reason, they are frequently separated and reintroduced. Changes in barometric pressure trigger sexual activity in tortoises, and in other reptilian species as well. If two males are present, such sexual activity leads to fights. When one male tortoise fights another, his chief idea is to flip his opponent over on his back, after which, in certain conditions—as in desert country—the animal can't manage to get upright again and ultimately dies. If two male tortoises square off at each other, it is important to remove one quickly. Then both males, stirred up by the near-encounter, will breed with their females. The best results, said the



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speaker, are achieved on a one-to-one basis; when one male is kept with several females, the fertility rate drops.

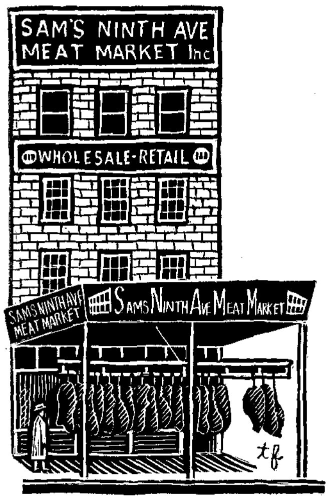
"We have not been fortunate enough to hear the vocalizations as described by Auffenberg in 1978," Burchfield said regretfully. "I have no idea why our radiated tortoises don't vocalize. Our red-footed tortoises emit the classic clucking sounds"—he clucked, rather like a hen—"when they breed. Our Burmese mountain tortoises produce a loud 'Ughhhh!' Almost a roar. Our Galápagos tortoises bellow." He bellowed to illustrate, and the audience broke into a smatter of applause.

When the female tortoise is ready to nest, he continued, she finds a soil she likes, and begins digging—usually with the right hind foot. Most nests range from five to eight inches in depth. The tortoise moistens the earth when she considers it ready, and assumes the position necessary to expel her eggs. In some instances, the female starts excavations in several places and seems unable to settle on one. When this happens on successive days, the keepers dig a hole and settle the female on it, and she often accepts it and nests there. Because there are opossums and rats and other potential predators within the zoo, the attendants usually take the fresh-laid eggs and put them in an incubator. On each egg, the date and the identity of the female who laid it are recorded in lead pencil. The egg is maintained in the same position it occupied in the nest, to preclude any possibility of detaching the embryo prematurely. At first, the zoo people were careful to surround the egg with earth taken from the hole, thinking that the secretions of the female might affect the egg beneficially. Now, however, they simply use moistened vermiculite, with good results. The eggs and vermiculite are placed in an earthen vessel, the eggs just touching each other, in case there is some inter-egg communication at hatching time. This arrangement is not always favored by the mother tortoise: on some occasions, she lays eggs that are not close to one another, but on others she deposits them close together. Sometimes she arranges layers of dirt separating two, four, or six eggs. In the incubator, the eggs are maintained at a uniform temperature and humidity.

Of a hundred and ten eggs laid by the zoo's prime breeding pair, twenty-two have hatched—a fertility rate of twenty per cent. The shortest incubation period recorded at Gladys Porter is a hundred and twenty-one days, and the longest two hundred and seventy-one days. When a baby tortoise has pipped the shell, the keepers enlarge the escape hole, to keep the little animal from drowning in its own egg. The egg is then transferred to another earthen vessel within the incubator and put on damp paper towels, and the baby tortoise remains inside from two to four days while the yolk sac is being absorbed, in the same way that baby birds absorb the yolk while still in the shell. When it emerges, it is weighed, measured, and put in a plastic tray—lined with corrugated cardboard and equipped with a hiding box—in the same incubator. Bedding materials that can be easily ingested, such as sand and small gravel, are avoided, because baby tortoises, like adults, will swallow almost anything they can pick up and put into their mouths. The Gladys Porter baby tortoises do eat part of the corrugated cardboard, but evidently with no ill effects.

In conclusion, Burchfield said that he and his colleagues are going to try the experiment of keeping their known breeders among the males isolated from the females except when the females are in the receptive phase. It is known that both sexes are solitary in the wild, and only come together during the breeding season. Since the males will breed all year long—even when the females are not fertile—keeping the sexes together has probably been instrumental in lowering sperm counts. Perhaps this experiment will improve that situation.

After the applause, there were, as usual, questions. One person wanted to know why there was such a wide discrepancy in the incubation periods. Was it, perhaps, something to do with the temperature at which the eggs are kept? Reply: Workers at the Gladys Porter Zoo are also puzzled by the discrepancy—particularly since they have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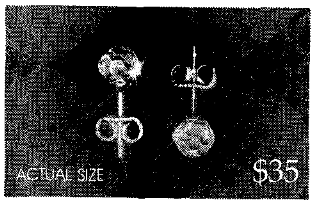

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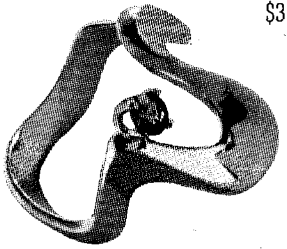

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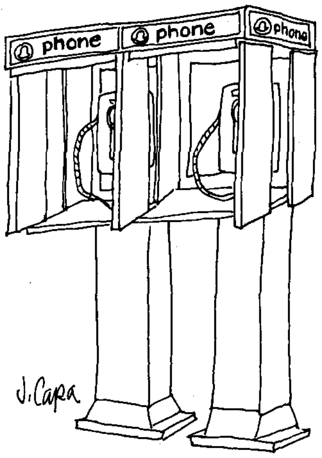
had eggs from the same clutch hatch at widely separated times. There was no appreciable difference in size among the young; they were within a gram or two of each other. Question: Do they have to be careful to provide soft soil, so that the male can get into an almost perpendicular position when mating? Answer: No, and it is Burchfield's considered opinion that whether or not a male tortoise can rear up depends on his muscle tone and weight. As Burchfield had already said, too many male tortoises are overweight, and that fact can affect copulation. An observer once described to him how Galápagos tortoises in the wild mate on vertical volcanic inclines, and have no trouble, but Burchfield went on to say that the wild animals are presumably much stronger than captive tortoises. Question: Is there any particular time of day when the females lay eggs? And how long does it take? Reply: It is usually in late afternoon, and can take from an hour to an hour and a half.

THE next speaker—Thomas Foose, the zoological curator at the Oklahoma City Zoo—plunged swiftly into his topic, "Demographic and Genetic Implications in Breeding Endangered Species in Captivity," and in that plunge he almost lost me. He said he was going to inflict on us a number of dreary charts and graphs and statistics, and he was not exaggerating. He would base his remarks particularly, he said, on the cases of the wild horse, the gaur (a species of Indian wild cattle), and the okapi.

He went on to emphasize that we need complete records before we can embark on conservation programs—these records being, at a minimum, birth dates, death dates, sex, and parentage—but that much improvement is needed in the availability of data, especially in studbooks. A little later, he said, "The general objectives of demographic management of endangered species in captivity are, first, the establishment of a population that possesses the potential for growth and hence for self-sustainment; then the expansion of that population to some predetermined carrying capacity of zoos for this species as expeditiously as is consistent with genetic management; and, finally, stabilization of the population at this carrying-capacity size, with an age and sex composition that will optimize some objective, an important one of which may be the production of surplus for dispersal outside of zoodom, especially for reintroduction into natural habitats."



Was it there, I wonder, that he lost me completely? Certainly it was not much later, because he soon began to talk about parameters. That word "parameters" locks up my brain and immobilizes it. Or, rather, if we are going in for fancy language, let's say it optimizes my stupidity.

We saw a lot of graphs that showed, among other things, the comparative fertility, longevity, and numbers of Przewalski's horse, the gaur, and the okapi. It could be concluded that the wild horse and the gaur are doing better all the time, but the okapi is just about holding its own. But, of course, that would be oversimplification. Foose got at it with all kinds of demographic devices I could not begin to understand, let alone describe.

Like a frightened Przewalski's, I shied when I saw the title of the next, and last, talk of the day, to be presented by Ron Chesser, a genetics specialist from the Savannah River Ecology Laboratory, in Aiken, South Carolina: "Genetic Variability in Captive-Bred Endangered Species." I need not have worried. Chesser was quite comprehensible, even though he, too, dropped the word "parameters" at least once. "Let me start my talk," he said, "by essentially focussing on an example where we are trying to deal with a natural population. The question that is of interest to us today is: Can population-genetics data be useful in the management of a genetic species? Now, I think what we are about here is to try to preserve species, but I would in fact make the further argument that we also want to preserve the genetic diversity within these species." Otherwise, he said, the preserved species would become mere "inbred lines"—a prospect that should be avoided. "My objective here today is to tell you how," he said. "The species we've done most work on, and which I think you can relate to, is the white-tailed deer. The white-tailed deer is not an endangered species, although over a large portion of its range it was almost extirpated as a result of man's over-

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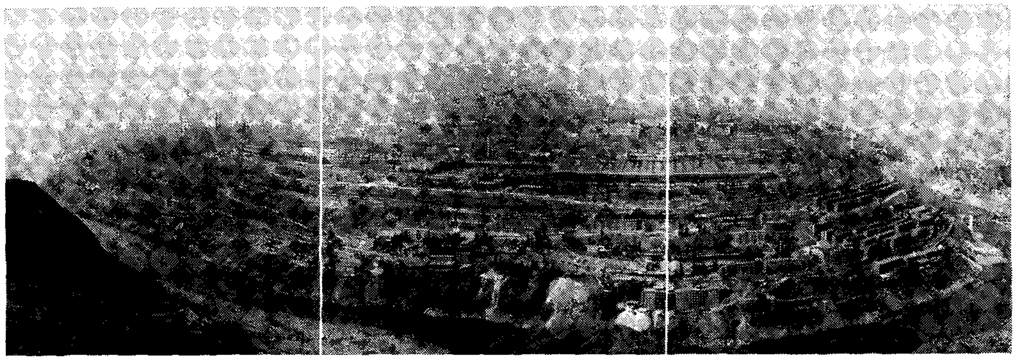

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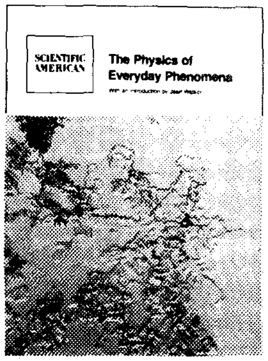

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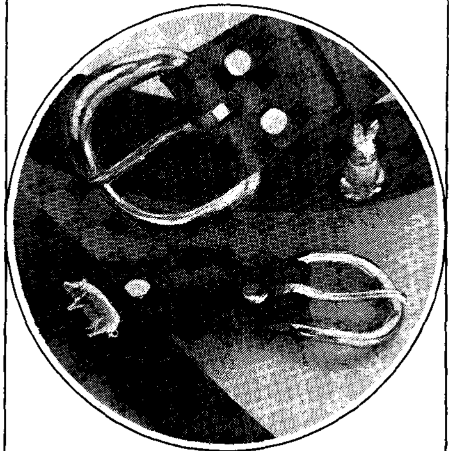

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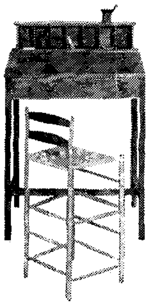

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utilization of this particular resource. Let me not dwell on equations or sample sizes or things like that. Suffice it to say that I will try to put the emphasis on the conclusions of various calculations, and also that I'm summarizing at times from data from up to six thousand white-tailed deer. In our laboratory, one of the things that we considered was: How is genetic information, how are genetic resources distributed? In a sort of hierarchical way. What we think is that first they are distributed across species. You can take the genetic information—and this is a summarization of the genetic data collected from twenty genetic loci—and you can look at the similarities across various species." Chesser pointed to a slide. "Here I've got ten forms of large grazing animals, including cattle. White-tailed deer are in the middle, right up next to the mule deer. The closer these things branch off, the closer they are related in the genetic sense. This really isn't very surprising; it's about what we would expect. The first conclusion that we have is that some of these species are more nearly unique than others. In other words, if I had a choice, and essentially we were losing, for example, the mule deer and the antelope, and I had a limited amount of resources to devote to this particular problem, and I was not losing the white-tailed deer, then I would argue that you ought to put your emphasis on the antelope, because it is a more nearly unique genetic resource in this collection of species than is the mule deer. So the question is, if you're going to conserve something out of a particular species, what do you conserve? A species is not a constant thing, and not only is it not constant in the way in which we recognize relative subspecies but it is also not constant even over relatively short distances. So the question of what you preserve is certainly an open one."

Chesser showed us slides of groups of deer living short distances apart which exhibited genuine differences in marking and color. In seven years, he said, researchers have taken samples from eleven sites in the area, and the conclusion is that species show regular variation. This is true whether one is talking about populations of fish, insects, or large mammals. There is also the matter of temporal change. If he knew the variations that had occurred in 1972, 1973, and 1974, could he predict them for 1975? Yes, to some extent.

He summed up by saying that genetic changes are always proceeding. Genetic resources are not stable either over space or over time. "So what are we to conserve?" he asked again, and he went on, "I think what we should conserve is genetic variability." He began to talk about something called heterozygosity, and in the process he lost me.

THAT afternoon, we put away our notebooks and went by bus to the Wild Animal Park, at San Pasqual, about thirty miles to the north, where hundreds of acres have been made into a dwelling place for animals and hundreds more wait to be transformed in a similar manner as soon as funds are available to the Zoological Society of San Diego. I had not seen the park since it was under construction and looked like a collection of big sand dunes, with here and there a white rhino or an ostrich. Now it is magnificent, with trees everywhere and a monorail train that takes you over all sections of the earth—Africa, Asia, wherever you like. From the train, you look down or across at elephant, wildebeest, or whatever. If it is still a zoo, it is a remarkably roomy one, with never a cage to be seen. Just as dusk came over the park, we gathered in an amphitheatre, where we saw a flight of white pigeons released from a balloon high in the sky. They flew down and found their own niches in a wall specially constructed on the stage. A judicious time after they were hidden away, a red-tailed hawk was released from the same balloon and swooped down to sit on the wrist of its trainer. This trainer gave an exhibition of various birds and their talents; crows, parrots, and a large vulture took their turn on the stage. Next, in a tent on the grounds, there was a wine-and-cheese party (the wine courtesy of five separate California wineries) and what was called, for some reason, a Royal African Buffet, and then we went home. We were sleepy—at any rate, I was.

THURSDAY, the last day of the meeting, began with two panel discussions. As I had pleasurably anticipated, we led off with talks on that enchanting animal the pygmy chimpanzee, *Pan paniscus*. Not only is it smaller than the chimp seen in most zoological collections, *Pan troglodytes*, but it is different in many other ways. It uses the bipedal position more often—uses it even when it is mature—and its physiological makeup is more human; in fact, after *Pan paniscus* was recognized as a distinct species it

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didn't take long for primatologists to decide that it is more closely related to us than any other ape! Alas, we don't have a lot of opportunity to study the animal, which is found only in a certain lowland-rain-forest area of Zaire, and even there often in limited numbers, because some of the natives prize it as a source of food. Dr. Stephen Seager, a veterinarian attached to the Baylor College of Medicine and Texas A. & M. University, talked of storing semen of the animal for artificial-insemination processes, and Randall Susman, of the State University of New York at Stonybrook, had some things to say—mostly disheartening—about its status in the wild. But at San Diego the prospects are somewhat brighter, because the zoo's original pair—Kakowet, the male, and Linda, the female—have produced ten infants. (Later, at the zoo hospital, I was shown a chart of Kakowet's chromosomes compared with those of man. They were indeed similar.) There are *Pan paniscus* in captivity in other parts of the world, too. The Yerkes Primate Research Center, at Emory University, in Atlanta, has five, and there are some in Europe—at Stuttgart and at Frankfurt, for example. With great care and due attention to the rules of inbreeding, the store of pygmy chimps may be enhanced. But very careful management is needed.

The second panel on Thursday was a discussion of breeding consortia which touched on zoo coöperation, gene pools, and problems of inbreeding. The rest of the morning was given to a report by San Diego's chief endocrinologist, Bill Lasley, on research advances in the breeding of endangered species; a give-and-take session on new wildlife regulations in the United States, always a sore subject with zoo directors (Donald Donahoo, of the Interior Department's Federal Wildlife Permit Office, in Washington, was there to field criticism); and a talk by Nicole Duplaix on a similar subject: "Is the International Trade Convention For or Against Wildlife?" Next, Marvin Jones reported on a recent studbook meeting in Copenhagen and urged the entire assembly to do better in keeping records. He said that if anyone wasn't sure about how to keep a studbook up to date, he would be glad to demonstrate.

One of the winding-up addresses was by Thomas Lovejoy, the chairman of the Wildlife Preservation Trust International and the vice-president for science of the World Wildlife Fund, who talked on "Tomorrow's Ark: By Invitation Only." He started out gravely: "The tussle over the Tellico Dam is in its final chapter, and the date for closing the floodgates soon will be set. Last-minute desperate transplants of snail darters are being made, but prospects for their success are far from sanguine. However one views the issue, and whatever the eventual outcome of the transplants, it is important to recognize the terminal and authorizing legislation as the first time a society has consciously decided to eliminate a species. It also acknowledges in the law what we have really known for some time: that we cannot save all the species—not even all the vertebrates. In a certain sense, it means that a place in tomorrow's biota, or in the ark that zoos can provide, will be by invitation only. This is, of course, because of our impact on the natural systems of the planet. We are even changing the chemistry of the planet. Not only are we obliterating the remaining wild lands but we also are fragmenting them, and therein lies an important complication for conservation efforts."

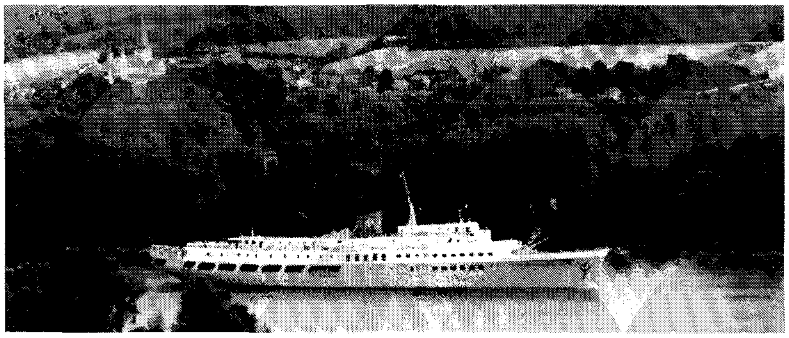
THE TAVERN
T.Goddard

He went on to say that although natural fragmentation and evolutionary change in isolated habitats have always been the source of new species, present-day fragmentation is too rapid and universal to produce the normal evolutionary response—providing new species to push out the old. Many of the remaining fragments of wild lands are too small to sustain viable populations of some species for long periods. The process of species loss, still poorly understood, threatens the basic purpose of parks and reserves. "It is fair to say," said Lovejoy, "that in many instances we do not know enough to design a national park properly. There can be little question that inbreeding depression occurs in the wild in small remnant populations. Survival of less fit and of weak-minded animals—the Jukes and Kallikaks of the animal world—is far less likely in the wild than in captivity." This, he explained, can lead to an even smaller and more vulnerable population.

We have become much more alert today to the problems of inbreeding in both wild and captive populations. "In the past, the inbreeding problem was somewhat reduced and hence masked by the greater ease of acquiring fresh animals from the wild," Lovejoy said. "The analyses to date have shown inbreeding to be a problem more often than not. What is clearly needed is a great deal more data and further fine analyses to provide a broader view of the problem. Presumably, too, such an effort will turn up a few more populations, such as the Laysan teal"—an all-but-extinct species of wild duck that has been successfully reintroduced into the wild—"which have lucked out in the genetic game of chance." He added that it would be very useful if, in the next year or so, zoos were to conduct such analyses—provided that the records are sufficiently detailed and accurate. For, as he pointed out, "the extent of the inbreeding problem in zoos clearly makes the job of the studbook keeper a larger one, both in terms of data and the size of the population that should be followed, as well as in terms of the complexity of decisions to be made. The studbook exercise will need to be much more than the keeping of chronicles, which otherwise would often be chronicles of decline and demise."

Lovejoy then said, "If, as I believe, some endangered species will have to be managed as a combination of interchanging wild and captive populations, the job is that much greater. While it may seem folly to dream of keeping a studbook on a wild population, the capability is closer to hand than might be realized. The World Wildlife Fund-and-Smithsonian tiger study in Nepal is not far from being able to construct a studbook for that population." All this, he said, is, of course, subject to the limited capacities of zoos. "Those capacities are yet more limited now that it is clear that larger populations of each species are needed to slow the genetic erosion of inbreeding. This leads directly to the problem that it is necessary to decide which species zoos should undertake to breed and save and which will have to be allowed to totter or fly off into the sunset of extinction. It is a question I have frequently posed but not wanted to answer. It is our view that it is far better and less terrifying to be making the decisions scientifically, by having thought of them in advance rather than have them pressed on us all in a rush when there is little that can be done about them. If one is able to consider the problem of 'Which species?' generally, in isolation from nature, one clear approach is to try and preserve the greatest amount of difference. This approach gives preference to protecting orders before families, families before genera, and so on. Groups that are monotypic, or nearly so, receive preference, so the assemblage would in-

To be sure!



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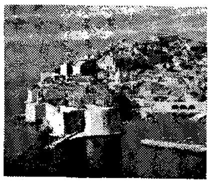

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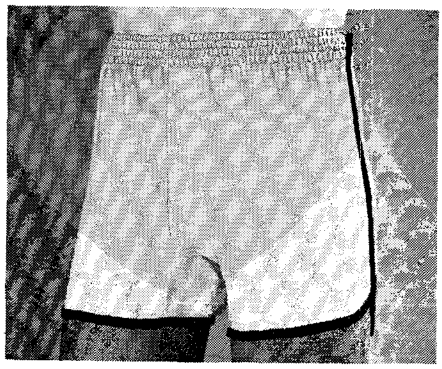

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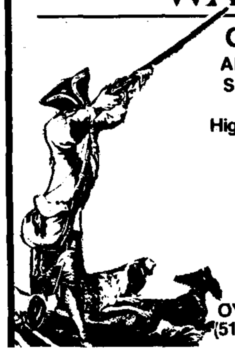

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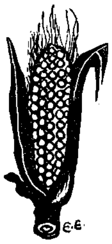
clude solenodons [rare, ratlike insectivorous mammals from Cuba and Haiti], aye-ayes [lemurs], aardvarks [African anteaters], and hoatzins [crested South American birds]. This, of course, should be highly influenced by the state of the animals in the wild. If, as seems to be the case, the hoatzin is still reasonably plentiful in the wild, it shouldn't receive as much priority as a solenodon species."

I reflected that I should be most unhappy to be faced with these decisions, and hoped that whatever committee does have to choose, when the time comes, will be preternaturally wise. Lovejoy was talking about priorities for less monotypic groups if they became more endangered. "Certainly it is important," he said, "that there always be some flamingos, tapirs, pangolins, and rhinoceroses. In certain instances, there may be reason to protect a greater array of a group. Saving a single species of Hawaiian honeycreeper or Darwin's finch is not as interesting and useful as saving many, since adaptive radiation is what we consider noteworthy."



Like the others, I naturally approved strongly of his next statement: "There is probably considerable argument for attempting to save all forms of anthropoids, on the basis of what we can learn of use to ourselves from studying our closest relations."

If we are to include wild populations in the conservation-propagation plan, he went on, we should use the appropriate subspecies for the captive population, since local adaptation is of considerable value in making the effort successful. But if the plan involves reestablishment in the wild of a species of which we cannot get the local form, we should ignore that refinement. "Surely," he said, "it is better to have non-endemic peregrines in the Eastern United States than to have no peregrines at all, and it can then be left to natural selection to work things out." Another guiding principle—though Lovejoy confessed that it was ethically disturbing to those of us who view animals as having worth in themselves—is to choose those species which are of direct use to man. The choice would include all wild relatives of the beasts of burden, and, as he had noted, all primates, because of their value to the biomedical sciences. But one of the difficulties with this approach is that while we can easily identify species that are of direct use to us at present, how can we know what will be of use in the future? We must be careful not to be hasty in writing off species that seem to be of no direct use. It would be unfortunate, to say the least, if zoos should nonchalantly abandon species perceived as less useful or purely esoteric.

In conclusion, Lovejoy said, "Probably most critical to the exercise will be the willingness of zoos to enter into a new era of collaboration, of which there are encouraging signs, where survival of species takes precedence over institutional jealousies and dandyism. No endangered-species-embryo jet set can possibly make a difference unless there is a new era of coöperation. Zoos often used to be berated as a drain on wild populations. Today, many species will survive in the wild only with an assist from zoos; many others will not persist at all without zoos. Ultimately, the extent of zoo coöperation will determine how full tomorrow's ark will be."

As is usual at these affairs, it was the task of William Conway, the general director of the Bronx Zoo, to wind up the proceedings with some apposite remarks. Among other things, he recalled that at a recent conference on conservation biology one of the pundits, discussing the captive propagation of vanishing species, had opened his remarks with the question "Why would anyone want to do that?" There was simply no point in it, said the pundit—no point in sustaining species that have outlived the ecosystem in which they evolved. (The pundit, Conway observed in a wry aside, had not applied these observations to man.) Nevertheless, the present conference had been devoted to captive propagation; we have, at the least, tacitly accepted the prediction of a Presidential commission that natural ecosystems and their species cannot be saved for the future, and at the same time we have made the remarkable assumption that collections of captive wildlife *can* be. It is significant that we included in our conference title that anachronism "reintroduction to the wild." What wild?

As for the view that it is pointless to keep alive in zoos those species that have lost their habitats, Conway asked, "Would a moa or a mastodon alive today be any less interesting than its fossils? Or the fossil art and architecture that our museums and historical societies so carefully protect, though they are now disconnected from their original environments and from the perceptions of their periods? Is a Père David's deer or a Mongolian wild horse less instructive or of less interest because the former has been bred in semi-captivity for a thousand years or the latter has been extinct in nature for fifteen? Are we so cynical that we believe that there can be living creatures which offer nothing for us to wonder at or to learn from because they have been sustained only in captivity?"

The fact that the conference members were there, Conway remarked, suggested that some people consider captive propagation and attempts at reintroduction a worthwhile alternative to extinction—a response, however small, to gloomy predictions. He went on to say, "In the face of the problems easily identified ahead, the twentieth-century wildlife conservationist's best hope for the future seems to lie in the proven consistency of man's inability to predict it.

"Whether we be optimists or pessimists, there is no reason to believe that long-term ecological decisions will soon replace short-term economic ones in human affairs," he said. "How could they? After all, no one is in charge." That is why conservationists keep trying to find a high value to society in wild creatures that do not have an obvious dollars-and-cents value, he went on. But once you have ascribed an economic value to some aspect of nature, a new exploitative use with a higher monetary value might occur to somebody. Besides, we don't always agree—far from it—on these values; what may seem priceless to a few may be considered worthless by many. "Where else does increasing rarity so often equal decreasing value?" he asked. Ideally, we should be breeding entire ecosystems in captivity, but, of course, this is something that cannot be done. Still, we can at least preserve a small number of species, even if only for a generation or two; it is the preservation of options, Conway said.

The literature of conservation is filled with more immediately self-serving reasons for the preservation of vanishing species, he continued. Nobody could have guessed that armadillos would become useful in the study of leprosy, as they have. Nobody could have foretold that capybaras harbor an anti-leukemic agent in their blood. There are strong theoretical grounds for the fear that the loss of species may ultimately have very serious consequences for man, but most of these grounds either cannot be proved or offer unconvincing alternatives to exploitation. In short, said Conway, the specific implication important to the purpose of this conference was that some

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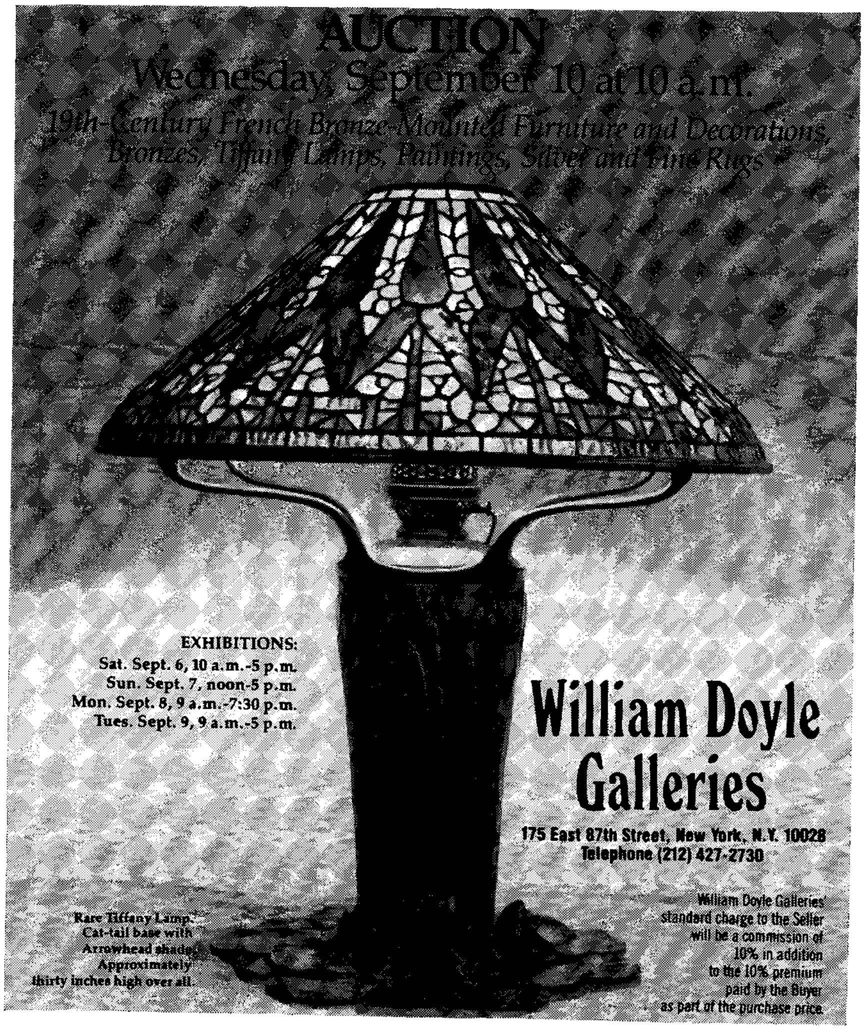

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of the vanishing species outside zoos can claim little current market for their goods and services. Conservationists should give this some thought.

There are great problems in developing a system for selecting the species to be propagated. A majority of the animals in the successful programs discussed at the meeting are beneficiaries of someone's special, and possibly transient, interest. Only one systematic method of selecting species for "saving" has received general attention—the method known as "triage." This was a strategy that French surgeons adopted in the First World War for dealing with more casualties than they could handle. Wounded soldiers were divided into three groups: those who would probably recover without immediate attention; those who would probably die even with attention; and those for whom surgical treatment seemed likely to make the difference between life and death. The surgeons gave priority to the last group. Some conservationists have suggested that we use a similar selection strategy for the treatment of vanishing species; for instance, throw out the Japanese crested ibis and the solenodon. "Unfortunately," said Conway, "as a conservation strategy, triage, like Army surgery, fails to confront the enemy. From the standpoint of zoos, it also fails to recognize that different resources may be available for responding to the plight of different species at different places and times, and not in accordance with a preconceived ranking of importance."

Conway discussed several other approaches suggested by colleagues. In any case, he concluded, the selection criteria should be especially appropriate to the role of zoos as a "last resort." It was his opinion that in planning ahead wild-animal breeders should concentrate on unique and monotypic creatures for which no other conservation techniques held any real promise. One thought had occurred to him as he listened: Very few animal-protection programs had tackled the problem of reestablishing or creating a new wild-animal space. He asked us to imagine how much room would be required in nature to house some of the animals now breeding in zoos. For example, one could calculate that the seven hundred and fifty Siberian tigers currently in zoos would require in nature an area about four times the size of Yellowstone National Park. But zoos are desperately small, and are supported mostly by municipal populations and governments with no charter commitments to international wildlife preservation.

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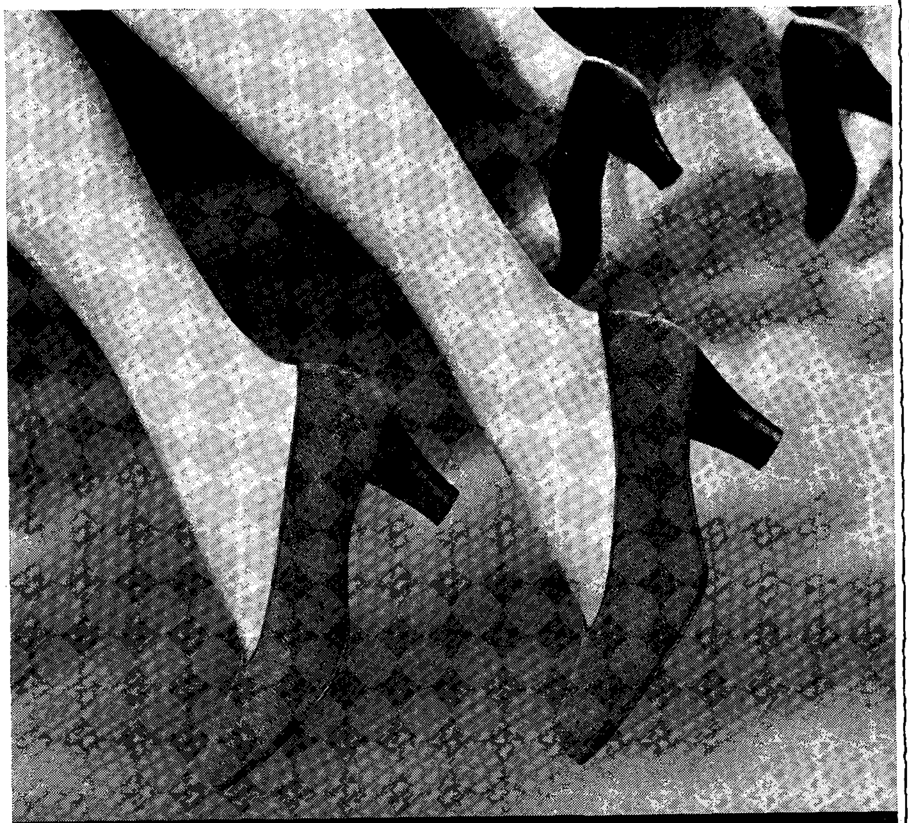

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Looking toward the future, Conway mentioned other problems that had been demonstrated in the various conference papers on the breeding of endangered species—problems with genetic identity, with zoo coöperation, with reintroduction to the wild, and with funds.

One of the speakers had commented on the ease of finding the funds for rare Rembrandts compared with finding them for rare animals, but Conway cautioned us not to underestimate the costs of our animals. Those seven hundred and fifty Siberian tigers, for example: he and a colleague had calculated that at present it costs more than a million dollars a year just to feed them. If you add a conservative four dollars and fifty cents per animal per day for veterinary and curatorial care, heat, light, water, and building maintenance, the world zoo bill for annual Siberian-tiger upkeep is about two and a half million dollars. Not counting the costs of capital improvements, the cost of sustaining a stable population of those tigers until the year 2000 would be at least forty-nine million dollars. Of course, it costs more to feed a carnivore than to keep a herbivore in victuals. Conway and his colleagues had calculated that a herd of five hundred okapis would cost only about eighteen million dollars over the next twenty years. On the other hand, the upkeep for five hundred or so gorillas could be expected to exceed forty-seven million dollars over the next twenty years. Suppose that we selected two thousand species to sustain for the next two decades at a population level of five hundred apiece and at an annual per-animal food cost lower than even that of an okapi—say, something more than six hundred dollars. How much would it cost? "The answer, of course," said Conway mischievously, "is twenty-five billion dollars—just about what it cost to put a man on the moon."

"There is reason to hope," he said as he brought his remarks to an end, "that, should the great wildlife forests be lost, the world may be grateful for even a few seeds. That is where captive propagation of wild animals should go from here."

—Emily Hahn

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

VIEWING the toplessness, scantiness, or outright jettisoning of women's bathing suits these days—particularly on the Mediterranean beaches—one wonders whether all idea of modesty has vanished. Definitions of propriety in hot-weather dress here in town are certainly laxer than ever. Women go barelegged, barebacked, and braless to the office and to restaurants, and after working hours they sometimes career around on roller skates in handkerchief-size shorts. If women are ever really men's social equals, will modesty survive in any way? Much of past modesty has been imposed by the code of menfolk who saw women as personal assets to be protected from corruption by outsiders. Women who are proud of their fitness and slimness do not *seem* to be particularly interested in modesty at the moment. That quality is most often found in people, of either sex, who are embarrassed by what they think is their own imperfect body compared to our culture's endless images of ideal nudity or seminudity. In mixed company and with lovers, it is men who are probably more inclined to cover themselves. Colette, in telling of a young bride who took only too exuberantly to honeymoon life without clothes, referred with reason to the "shadowy, delicate modesty of the male." And one version of the Adam and Eve story has it that when the pair adopted fig leaves he used his for the proper purpose while his flightier companion used hers to make herself a charming hat.

The beaches of the South of France, in particular, seem to bear witness to a womankind brave, free, and pagan, which, after centuries of confinement by masculine rules, has finally thrown off the shackles of the brassière. It is not just the dazzling young blondes on the decks of white yachts who go topless, either. So do the conservative middle-aged matrons who sit composedly under beach parasols, knitting and holding court for grandchildren and sons-in-law. Fashion has moved far and fast since the bikinis of the Brigitte Bardot era, twenty-odd years ago. To eyes accustomed to the string bikini, the early prototypes seem almost prim period pieces. Constructed in the armored-corsetry tradition of the fifties, they depend for titillation on a comparatively narrow band of flesh between top and bottom and on the sight of the navel per se. When Rudi Gernreich promoted his "monokini" in 1964, it was banned in France. Most of Gernreich's bare-breasted designs seem antiquated now but still quite indecent—especially a demure black bathing suit with built-up straps which just happens to be scooped to the waist in front. In 1967, Yves Saint Laurent introduced the braless look to the *haute couture*, and his gauzy, spangled semi-toplessness was briefly taken up by night-club habituées. But—like "hot-pants," which were initially quite respectable, and which have emerged a decade later with the healthier name shorts—such toplessness was always toying with vulgarity and rapidly became part of the uniform of society's real underworld. (Ironically, this was all at a time when high fashion was reaching down to that underworld to reproduce the "hooker look" or some camp notion of it.)

The definition of what part of woman is too erotic to be decently revealed has shifted around quite a bit. Traditional Arab mores decree that everything should be hidden from public view except the eyes. In the Middle Ages, it was the hair that was seen as a dangerous snare, something to be hidden away under coifs and plucked away from the brow. The ladies of ancient Crete, seventeenth-century Venice, and the Paris of the Directoire bared their breasts but had skirts or draperies, however flimsy, round their legs. And the patriarchal Victorians, taking the concept of modesty to unprecedented lengths, covered up the legs of pianos, referred to men's pants as "nether garments," and considered it unthinkable that upper- and middle-class women should be seen to have two legs. (Women working on farms and in factories, being beyond the social pale and the decree of modesty, could hitch up their skirts in order to work better.) Respectable women moved smoothly along in bell-like skirts as though on wheels. Shoulders, necks, and bosoms meanwhile rose white, soft, and vulnerable from above the rigidly corseted torso. Man was prevented from getting too close to this tempting display of upper flesh by the huge crinoline skirt, which kept him a flirtatious arm's length away.

The history of modesty and that of flirtation are hopelessly in-

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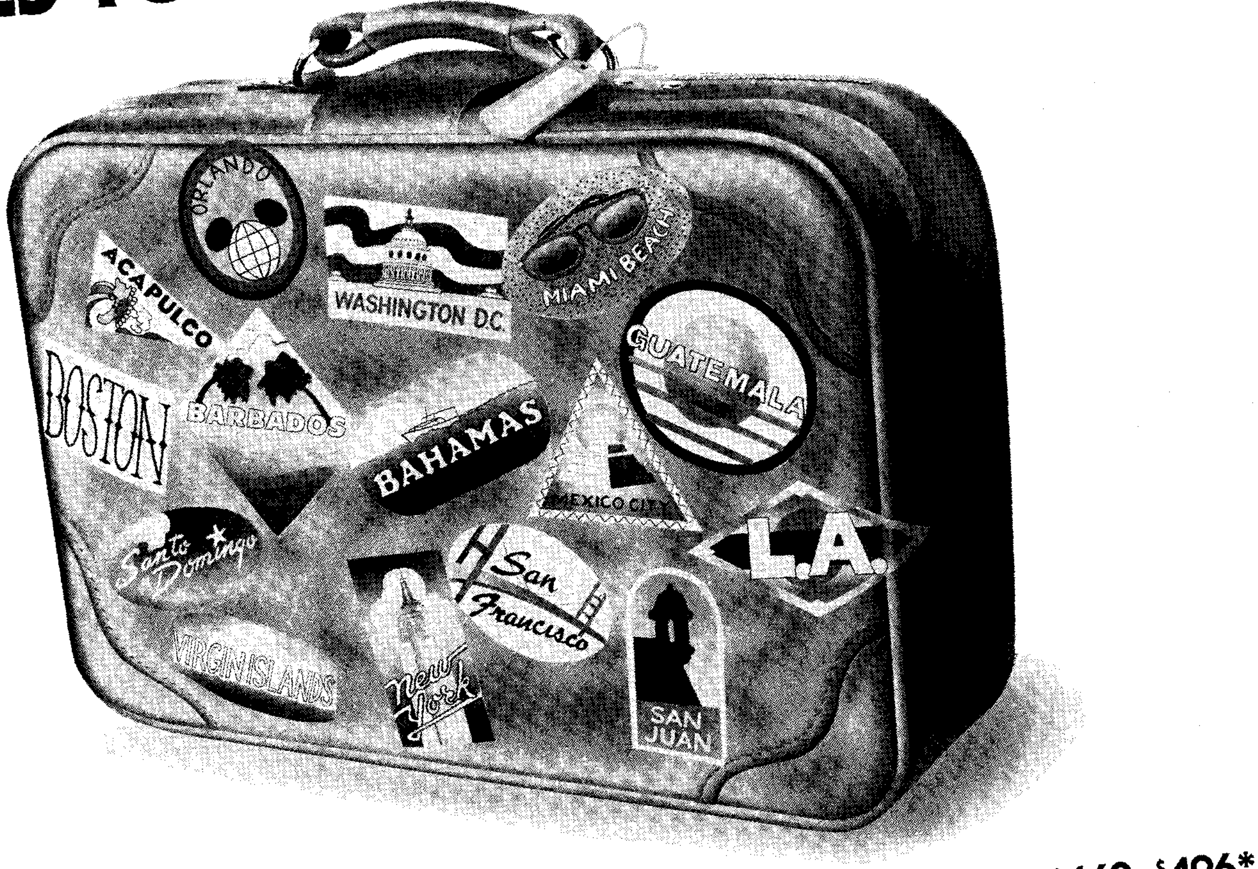

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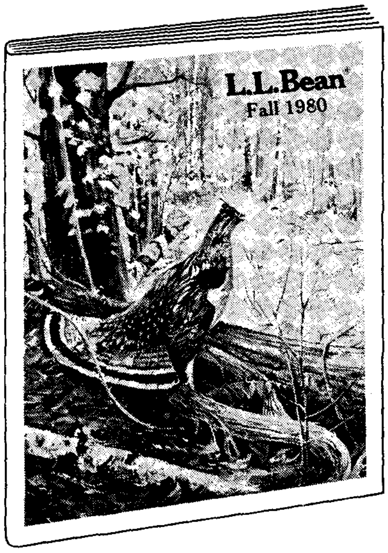

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termingled. Imagination has traditionally played a great part in seduction, and the tantalizing glimpse of the unseen but guessed-at feature has often proved more enticing than the totally revealed. I noticed in France that only when women don their bikini tops, wrap a *pareo* round their hips, and sit down to lunch does it become safe for the atmosphere of flirtation between men and women to set in. While sunbathing, the new Amazons are wrapped not only in suntans that are like a copper-colored body stocking but also in an invisible aura of untouchable innocence, childlike self-absorption, and defiant lack of sexuality. The current wave of nudity follows the general interest in sporty naturalness and health. It is in most cases studiously unprovocative. But, clearly, there is a narrow line between fashions that are simply healthy, spontaneous, and feminist rejection of unnecessary garments and those fashions which seem to play on the taste for striptease. The minimal style of dress calls for just the same social instincts as any other style, the same fine distinctions. In an age of sexual emancipation, standards of modesty may be eroded. But women are still expected to have an understanding of what can only be called propriety. In the topless world of the Côte d'Azur, quite subtle rules have evolved about when it would strike a false note to take off a bikini top and when it would be almost impolite to leave it on. "Comfort" and "naturalness" remain small considerations in the fashion scene compared to the rules of society, questions of taste, and the sense of appropriate place and time. And people will never be induced to wear any sort of fashion if they see it being worn by people with whom they prefer not to be identified. Among a number of other reasons, some people's perception that the "wrong" people are in exiguous two-piece suits may account for the current popularity—at least in this country—of the one-piece maillot.

Several factors have combined to make skimpy clothing more visually and socially acceptable than it was in the past. The passion for boyish slenderness has made for fewer distinctively feminine, hourglass figures. But the current fashion in the female shape may not be the last. *Vogue* recently moved to redress the balance of androgynous, if not anorectic, youth with the image of classical womanliness. It published a photograph of a naked girl of what it called "appealing plumpness," and pointed out that for some bodies this was healthy and attractive. The popularity of suntans, which have also made it easier for our eyes to accept the sight of near-nakedness, may not be indefinite, either. Limbs are transformed by a tan, made to look more plastic and more hygienic. The color evens things out—eliminates knobs, imperfections, and textures. But, like smoking, which was also chic in its day, deep tanning can be aging and dangerous, and may decline in favor. For the moment, though, tans go on getting darker and bathing suits get smaller. At the same time, sunglasses have been getting darker and growing in size. If there is no longer any modesty of the flesh, there is still the modesty of the eye. At present, sunglasses are modesty's last frontier, the masks behind which people protect their thoughts—a more intimate matter than sexual encounters. It's not our bodies we're interested in keeping hidden so much as our reactions to others, or our lack of reactions. Sunglasses are the perfect accessory for that part of the modern sensibility which prides itself on being "cool." Sunglasses are worn over the modern eye—an organ that functions best in solitude and under cover of the dark. It's the eye for moviegoing and television-watching and for going to the beach. If ever women are plump and white again and people all take off their sunglasses, there's a fair chance that old-style modesty will be revived.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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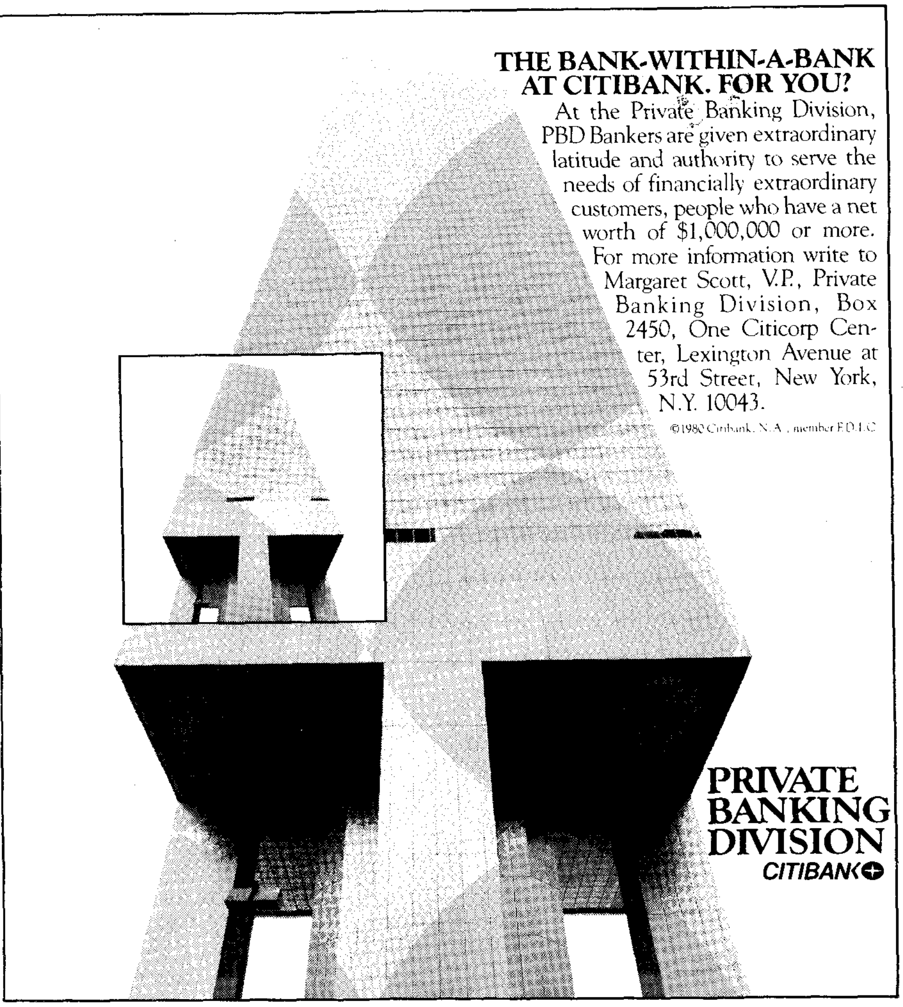

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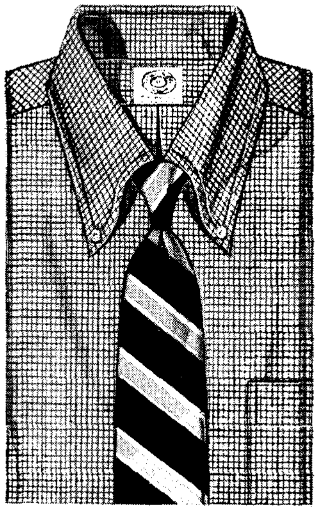

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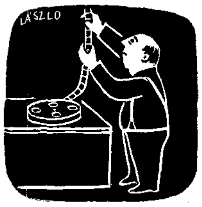
Who and Who

A LOT of people who saw "Jules and Jim"—especially those who picked up on it several years after its release, when it had become a revival-house favorite—went to see it repeatedly. It was their link between European bohemianism and the American counterculture, and they returned to it with new friends and lovers, in the hope that the people they saw it with would be stirred as they had been. Some of them must have come out thinking "I wish it was us"—wanting to be Jules and Jim and Catherine living in that "whirlpool of days," from before the First World War to the burning of the books, that is celebrated in Catherine's song, "Le Tourbillon." Paul Mazursky's new "Willie & Phil" is an homage to the movie that provoked those longings, and also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies.



The picture starts inside the Bleecker Street Cinema just as "Jules and Jim" is ending; we hear Delerue's orchestration of "Le Tourbillon" and a bit of narration before Mazursky takes over as narrator to tell us, "The year was 1970." Two young men meet coming out of the theatre. Willie, a high-school English teacher who plays jazz piano, is performed by Michael Ontkean, a tall, gentle actor with almost invisible eyes, who gives the impression that he's politely sleepwalking through the entire decade. Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer, is played by Ray Sharkey, a spry, skinny-faced actor who suggests a grown-up Dead End Kid. Sharkey perks up some of the scenes with frisky gestures and vocal tricks—he has his own streetwise bravura—but there's no hint of anything going on upstairs. He's the damnedest thing to watch: a hollow dervish, a windup-toy actor. Sharkey may be doing too much to compensate for Ontkean's not doing anything; at times it comes out as impatience—he seems to be saying, "Come on, Ontkean, you're in this picture, too." Actually, neither one of them seems to be in the picture; they don't connect with each other or with anything around them. We have no idea why Willie and Phil become inseparable friends, beyond their having met at "Jules and Jim," and the descriptions of their affinity provided by the narrator come in the form of second-generation epigrams: "They were having a good time, but they were miserable. They were looking for answers, but they didn't know what the questions were." (Is that why they seem so blank?)

When Willie and Phil both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), a girl from Kentucky who is broke and needs a place to stay, we have no idea why *her*, rather than any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. We don't get a clue to what they think they see in her. Mazursky has directed Margot Kidder to be flip and matter-of-fact. At the start, wearing a miniskirt and Phil's cap, she has a chic, gamine look, and she has her usual physical equipment: the angular face with wide eyes, high cheekbones, and that strange come-on of hers—a curlicue upper lip that pulls back over her gums. She has the face of a starved milkmaid, and long, long legs. Her Jeannette is practical, confident, and open-minded, with no fears or hangups about sex. She moves in with Willie, but she's fair in her dealings with men: as soon as she finds a job—selling nail polish at Bloomingdale's—she pays half the rent on Willie's apartment. (She must be a wizard of finance.) Mazursky apparently wants to demystify modern women. On the surface, he appears to be saying that women now see things more clearly than men, that they're not confused by intellectual doubts or by guilts and fears, as men like Willie and Phil are—that they trust their feelings, as Jeannette does. But though Willie and Phil marvel at Jeannette's energy, she never suggests the vitality that persuades them to live on her terms. Margot Kidder overworks her mouth, and her harsh, twangy voice is unpleasing; she sounds like the coal miner's other daughter. What's wrong is more basic, though: she goes through the motions, yet she doesn't seem to be in the movie, either. Jeannette doesn't live up to what Willie and Phil say about her, and they don't live up to what the narrator says about them.

Directors who are deeply in love with a particular film or a film genre or a film master may make an homage to what they love which strikes many viewers as completely soulless. Jacques Demy's "The Young Girls of Rochefort" and Peter Bogdanovich's "At Long Last Love" are predecessors of "Willie & Phil;" I doubt if the men who made these movies have any grasp of why some of us may find them embarrassingly flimsy. There's no texture to the lives of the characters in them; it's as if the films were made in a time warp. Mazursky's strength has always been in the way he brought you close to his characters, whose obsessions came through in even their most casual conversations. But Willie and Phil don't seem part of the counterculture chic of the seventies—they go through their fads and changes on about the same level as the couple in "Same Time, Next Year." The picture is free of the ideological jargon that weighed down Mazursky's last film, the popular "An Unmarried Woman," but its lightness is creepy. These lives seem to have no shape, and no stress. Mazursky's theme song, Cole Porter's "What Is This Thing Called Love?," is a particularly awkward device, since the characters look as if they were together for want of anything better to do.

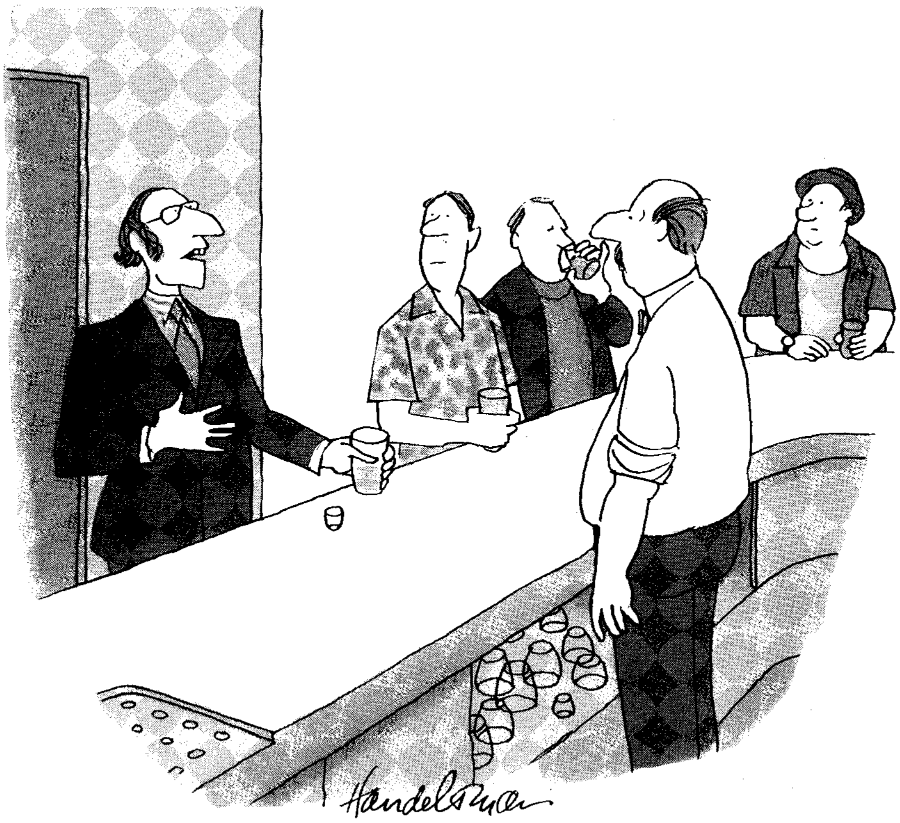
An homage to a master film artist is a hapless project for a man who isn't a visual director. (Probably only in comedy can someone be a major director, like Mazursky, with an original, distinctive style, and not be strongly visual.) Mazursky's films generally look like mud, though "Alex in Wonderland," in 1970, with cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs, and "Blume in Love," in 1973, with cinematography by Bruce Surtees, did have sunlight and some spaciousness. This time, Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer, and, yes, there's more light and clarity than Mazursky got in his last couple of pictures, but the imagery is stiff and pictorial. Without a director who knows exactly what he wants, Nykvist tends to create still-lifes, and his austerity and super-realism don't go with the material. In the interiors—especially when Willie and Phil and Jeannette take LSD—the underpopulated, near-abstract images, with figures against bare walls, almost fight the material. (Sometimes the images suggest Godard, though without his bold, primary colors.) When Jeannette takes Willie to meet her family in Kentucky, we get the standard landscape with horse; when the shots are meant to be lyrical, they're overrich—at sunset, Jeannette and Willie stand at the barn, their heads outlined with an orange glow. It's burnished innocuousness. Visually, the film has no spirit; it's in color without being in color.

In Mazursky's best work, everyone

is satirized, and the characters' foolishness makes them more likable. Mazursky brings people to life only when he makes fun of them. But he presents everything that Jeannette does at face value, and, having held back his feelings about her (or not having sorted them out), he muffles his satiric feelings about the men and the triangular situation. The whole movie becomes neutral. Actually, Mazursky did a variant of "Jules and Jim" in "Blume in Love;" we could feel the drunken rapport and affection between George Segal and Kris Kristofferson, who were involved with the same obstinate woman (Susan Anspach). In that film, it was clear that Segal (Blume) was so berserkly in love with this woman that what she actually was was irrelevant. He was an obsessed romantic fool, and we laughed at him with great affection. This time, Mazursky has given up his own comic perspective; instead, we get highfalutin lines delivered straight. When Jeannette, before going to bed with Willie for the first time, says, "Never tell me that you love me. Just love me," she's a pain beyond endurance. When she tells Willie that she probably won't mess around with Phil anymore and Willie says, "Promise you won't make any promises," he's as phony as she is. But we're not cued to laugh. It's Mazursky's imitation of what he must think the French are like in these situations: in their sentimental lives, far from the eyes of foreign viewers, they still have subtitles. This is another case of a clown playing Hamlet: Mazursky is trying to make a romantic classic. Suppose the picture were told from the point of view of a hip girl: There are two guys who are enamored of a movie called "Jules and Jim." When they meet the girl, who moves in first with one and then with the other, the guys conclude that they're now living "Jules and Jim." The girl could spend the entire movie pointing out that they're not. But in "Willie & Phil" Mazursky himself thinks they are. (At the close, when the two men return to the Bleecker Street Cinema and you see the marquee, you almost expect a double bill of "Jules and Jim" and "Willie & Phil.")

My guess is that "Willie & Phil" is so weak for the same reason that parts of "An Unmarried Woman" sagged with sincerity: Mazursky draws away from poking fun at women's efforts toward freedom and independence. As a comedy writer-director, Mazursky may be a casualty of the women's-liberation movement. When Jeannette has a baby girl and names the child Zelda, and when, still at the hospital, she announces, "As soon as we get home, I want to take violin lessons," we expect some payoff to these references. ("Jules and Jim" was, after all, a tribute to a magical madwoman.) But no, we see Jeannette a little later living on a subsistence farm with Willie and she *has* learned to play the violin, and Zelda is treated like an adored, happy pet throughout. Actually, Zelda shows less will of her own than the cat in "Harry & Tonto"—she never inconveniences her mother or the two men in the slightest. (This appears to be an indication of the benefits of growing up in an environment where everyone loves everyone else.) The men show no anxiety about letting Jeannette make the major decisions about their lives; they don't question her sudden announcements or try to argue with her. This creature without guilt or doubt is stronger than both of them; she suggests the male view of the feminine principle—simple, direct, a natural little beastie. And at the same time she represents women's striving for self-realization. These three characters are so burdened by what Mazursky thinks they should be that they have none of the spontaneity of the people in "Jules and Jim." The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter, as Jeannette's cutie younger sister, Patti (the same name as the adolescent daughter in "An Unmarried Woman," but I don't know why). In bed with Phil, Patti is avid for sex in a way that Jeannette never is. She doesn't represent anything; she's pure fluff—Mazursky's invention—and her freedom shines. (You wonder why Phil doesn't run off with her and forget Jeannette.)

Mazursky must have felt the need to renew himself by trying something different, but he doesn't appear to know why he's making this Frenchy "Design for Living." He seems to be looking for an escape from his principal characters: he drags in ethnic humor, and never lets up on it. In a sequence in Brooklyn, Willie's Jewish parents pressure him to get married; they're noisy, nagging stereotypes (Jan Miner is the mother) that even TV has tired of. In the Kentucky sequence, Jeannette's Protestant family reacts coyly to Willie's being Jewish; Mazursky writes these scenes as if he thought no Jew had ever got below the Mason-Dixon Line before. Then Phil's Italian Catholic parents weigh in, and Julie Bovasso is a screeching nightmare of a mother who lusts to see her son respectably settled down, having



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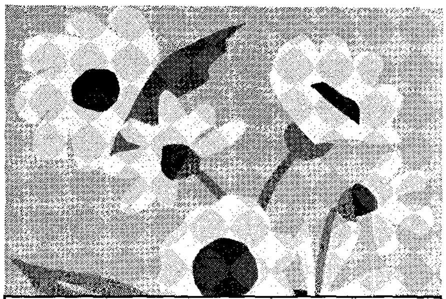

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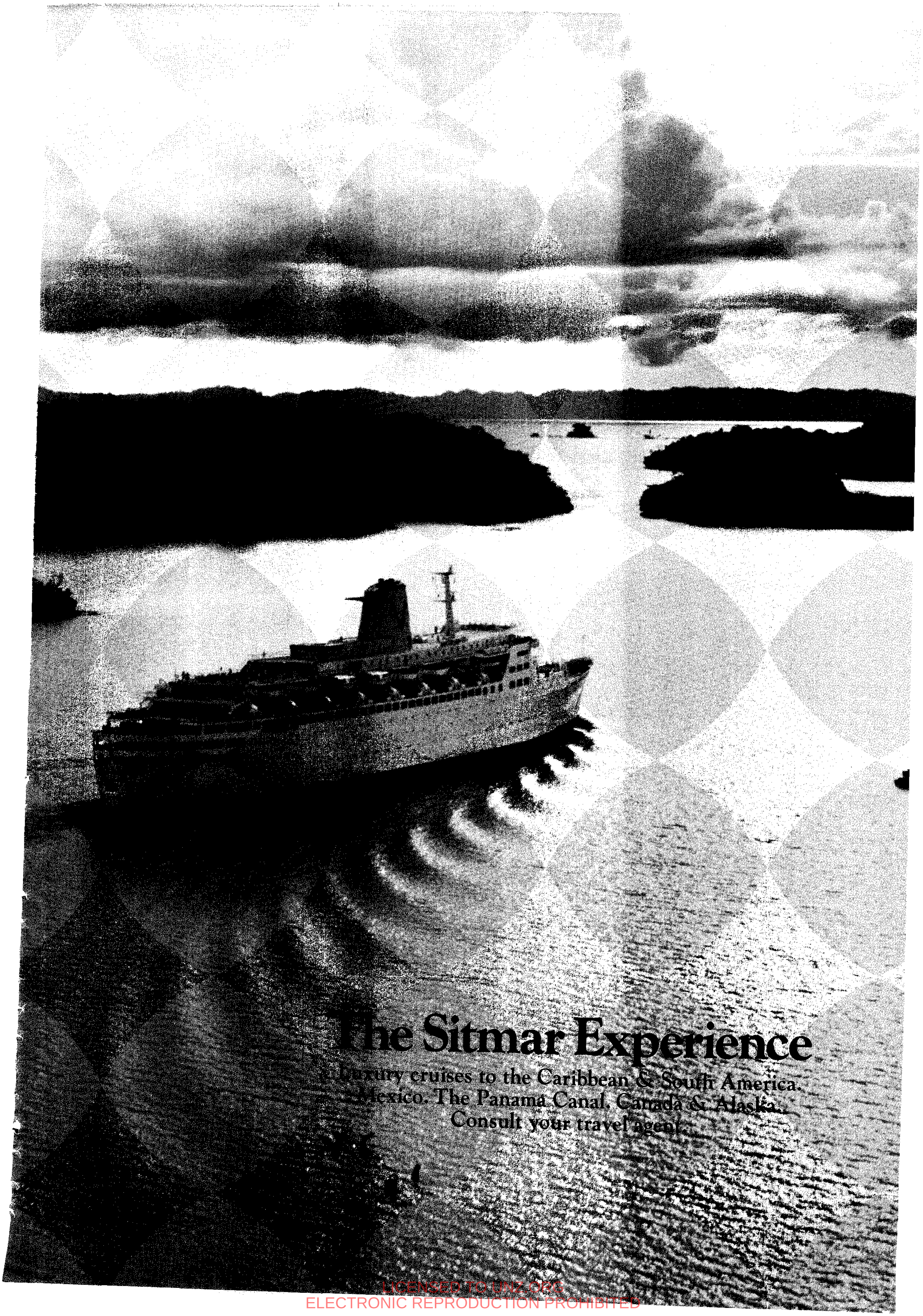
kids. She's such a violent cartoon that she *is* funny. Besides, her raging refusal to understand the loving threesome strikes a note of sanity: we in the audience don't understand it any better. When Phil has become a successful director of TV commercials, with a house in Malibu, shared with Jeannette and Zelda (who is Willie's daughter), Willie returns from communal farming in Maui and mystic explorations in India and moves in, too. Mazursky sets up scenes in which Jeannette, who has become a film editor, goes up to bed early, leaving Willie and Phil to their nightly discussions in the hot tub. This isn't a ménage-à-trois movie in the sexual sense, and you hardly expect the two men to make love, but you do expect them to bitch about her highhandedness, or to compare notes, or to ask, "What does she want?" (as in Bertrand Blier's "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs"). Or maybe you expect Willie to show a little resentment and ask, "Did she bring her violin to Malibu?" There's nothing—only acceptance of whatever Jeannette does. This movie is One Plays, the Others Listen.

It could be that the theme of "Jules and Jim," which preoccupies Mazursky—woman as the source of life and art, and woman as destroyer—is just what he can't handle. Near the beginning, Jeannette says, "Our destinies are interlocked forever." But they're not. Ultimately, Jeannette doesn't need either of the men. In Malibu, she announces that it's time for them all to go their separate ways, and she heads East to pursue her career in film, taking the docile, cooing Zelda (who barely talks—she knows the answers, so she doesn't have to ask questions). In our last view of Jeannette, she's having a fling with Igor, a six-foot-tall Russian émigré who loves to dance and has a bright, flashing gold tooth. Is Mazursky saying that she was always a fool, or is this his idea of romantic whimsy? The narrator informs us that Willie and Phil got married and led "ordinary lives." That's a real wet blanket thrown over the seventies and the picture. And did Jeannette have an extraordinary life or was she also ordinary? Are we to admire her freedom? If we're left with nothing but questions, it may be because buried inside this tepid movie there's the complaint of a man who feels whipped, a man who's saying, "You go along with everything a woman wants and then she leaves you for a Russian dancer with gold in his teeth." If this is Mazursky's complaint, it might have been a great subject for him if he had brought it to the surface, where he could treat it with irony, as Blier did in "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (which possibly influenced "Willie & Phil" more than "Jules and Jim" did). There's certainly more ease between the two men than there is between either of them and Jeannette. The ad for "Willie & Phil" does bring out the film's latent subject: we see the open mouth of a giant goddess who is holding two men in the palm of her hand. They reach up to her with their offerings—one with a bottle of wine, the other with a bunch of flowers. She may be breathing life into these dwarf suitors or preparing to devour them along with their gifts. Either way, she's a source of awe and terror. All through the picture, Mazursky has been trying to demystify what he experiences as mystifying. This movie is a little monument to screwed-up notions of what women are.

"AIRPLANE!" is cheerfully clunky and there are laughs in it, but it's so forgettable that the morning after I'd been to it, when I read a rave review, my first thought was "Oh, I've got to see that." If you were a teenager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of them all jumbled into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast, and it's unpretentious—God, is it unpretentious. It's manic from the effort to keep going whatever the quality. Most of the picture is staged and shot and mistimed with the same lack of skill as the air-disaster movies that it's patterned on. In addition to a pair of young lovers (Julie Hagerty, a misty-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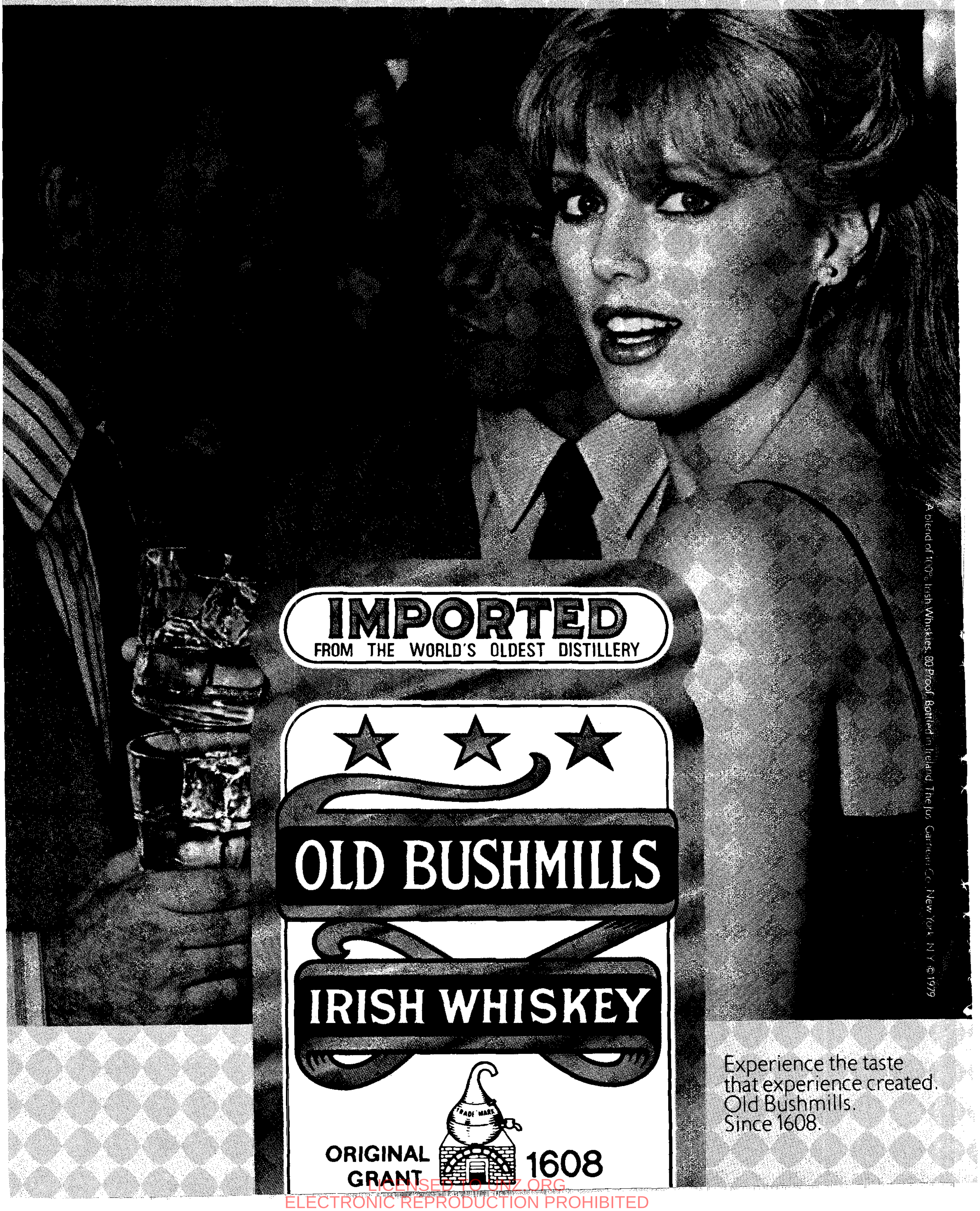
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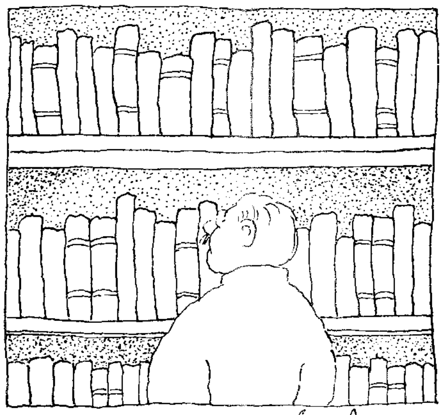
eyed sugarpuss, and Robert Hays), it features deadpan manly authority heroes such as Leslie Nielsen and Peter Graves and Robert Stack and Lloyd Bridges, who have aged to look like Republican ranchers. Each of these stoics has one gag that is repeated, with variations, throughout the picture; it takes a trouper not to slide downhill—Nielsen, surprisingly, keeps his footing best.

ROBERT DUVALL plays the Bruce Dern role in the slice-of-family-life melodrama "The Great Santini" (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office). Duvall is Bull Meechum, a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps and a military psychopath. It is 1962, and the United States isn't involved in any major war; Bull, a flying ace primed for battle, gets drunk at the Officers' Club and lets off steam in crude practical jokes and in hostile "jesting." He treats his four children like little commandos to be trained and is particularly rough on the oldest—Ben (Michael O'Keefe, in the Richard Thomas role), a high-school basketball star who is just turning eighteen. Bull blames his wife (Blythe Danner) for being too gentle with the boy and making him soft. But when he and Ben have a basketball contest—one-on-one—in their back yard, and the lithe, quick Ben beats him, he turns mean. Refusing to accept defeat, he follows the boy inside the house and demands another game; walking up the stairs right behind the boy, he tries to goad him by bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's head and calling him "my sweetest little girl." That night, Ben looks down from his window and sees his father, alone in the rain, obsessively practicing basketball shots; turning from the window, Ben says to his mother, "I was praying we'd all go to war again, so King Kong out there could fight somebody besides me."

When Bull is whacking Ben's head with that ball, the movie has found (in Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel, "The Great Santini," on which it is based) a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up his son. This sequence probably reaches just about everybody in the audience; it's the only one that hits home, though. "The Great Santini" (Bull's nickname for himself) is warmed over and plodding. Ostensibly, the Meechum family lives in Beaufort, South Carolina (the site of a Marine air station), where Pat Conroy grew up, and where, in fact, most of the movie was shot, but as it was written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino "The Great Santini" takes place in the TV land of predictability: that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. Almost inevitably, since this is the South, the principles involve friendship with a saintly black—Toomer (Stan Shaw), who is crippled and has a stammer, or at least a hesitation, and is martyred by redneck stupidity and cruelty. The chief redneck villain—for simplicity's sake, he's called Red (David Keith)—is so mean he even shoots Toomer's dawg. Like the TV dramas that are honored for their seriousness, this film divides people into "them" and "us": "them" includes infantile macho militarists and sniggering rednecks; "us" is the good characters and the viewers, who perceive the insensitivity. One of the differences between drama and TV drama is that in the former we feel ourselves capable of being "them"—we feel dangerously close to "them"—while in the latter we look on and feel how remote we are from those brutes. The thoughtful kid Ben and the boozer Bull seem to belong to different species, as do Toomer and his tormentors.



Clearly, this is Ben's account of his youth, and we see his father through his eyes. But the movie protects Ben himself. His friendship with the disadvantaged Toomer (the son of the Meechum family's housekeeper) is presented in a series of rustic idylls; if Ben liked Toomer but were also using him for his own sanctimonious purposes—to antagonize his father—we might see more going on in him: some mixed motives, some crossed circuits. And maybe the actor could suggest something more than the irreproachable sensitive juvenile who's growing straight and strong. Michael O'Keefe stays in character throughout, yet he's a little pinched, and his face seems

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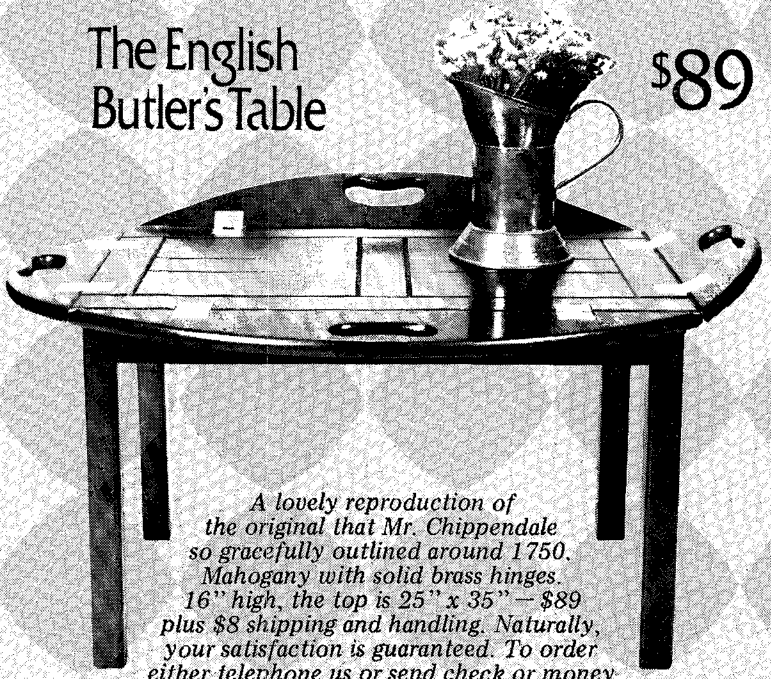

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colorless and inexpressive. Blythe Danner comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and she brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, but as the genteel Southerner who mediates between her uncouth Northerner husband and their children, the finest young actress in the American theatre is confined to an essentially undramatic role. (She doesn't have a single scene that is really hers.) The only member of the family who has been conceived with any originality is the young teenager Mary Anne Meechum (Lisa Jane Persky), a budding insult comic who is on to her father and taunts him the same way he taunts the children.

Robert Duvall has usually suggested a Midwestern Christian Scientist—somebody with a smooth forehead and gritted teeth—and he was a fine Eisenhower on television ("Ike"). In "Apocalypse Now," his cartoon of stiff-necked lunacy was a flamboyant vaudeville turn—an actor's delight. But it could be that he is one of those actors who are stars when they play character parts (as in "Apocalypse Now") but character actors when they play star parts; some element of excitement seems to be missing—we don't have star empathy with him. Perhaps because of the overexplicit writing and directing, Duvall's Bull isn't driven in a way that would really frighten us for him when he walks onto the court during a high-school game and bawls out his son, or when he pretends to throw up in front of high-ranking officers and their wives, or when he smirks as he tells his squadron, "I want you to look on me like I was, well—God." Duvall tries to suggest a powerhouse showoff, but the booming voice and the leers seem too controlled; he's skillful, but he doesn't draw us inside. (He's always "them.") Bull Meechum is so monotonously "on" that when he's up in his plane it seems as if it would be a blessing to everybody—especially the audience—if he crashed. And a movie in which we feel that way about the central character has something terribly wrong with it. "The Great Santini" has one mood throughout, like "Long Day's Journey Into Night" scored for ocarina.

I WISH that Steven Spielberg had trusted his first instincts and left "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" as it was. In his new, reëdited version, "The Special Edition," he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. But if you saw it before and loved it, you may be bothered all the way through—not just because you miss some of the scenes that he has taken out (you miss even what you didn't think was great) but because the slightly different outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the shots you remember keep jarring you. You can see why most of these outtakes weren't used originally, and some of them have the wrong lighting for where they've been inserted. A new image—a ship in the desert—isn't a bad idea but it's not a good shot, and it duplicates other material. Also, when pieces are taken out, other pieces don't fit together as well as they did. For example, Roy Neary (Richard Dreyfuss) no longer makes a commotion outside his house which gets the neighborhood buzzing, but when his wife drives off with the children, the neighbors are still gathered around watching. Now when little Barry is taken off by the spaceship, his mother doesn't go to the authorities; she never mentions her missing child to anyone. And now, since the footage of the government hearing about UFOs is gone, the ruthlessness of the Air Force and Army men who keep the cranks and dreamers away from their objective is puzzling. And the most perplexing omission: in the recutting of the end, the shot of the red-clothed astronauts ascending the stairway to heaven has been lost, and it looks as if Roy were the only one who goes up to enter the mother spaceship.

It's true that the action is swifter and more streamlined, but I didn't mind the diversionary scenes of the original; they had their own scruffy charm, and part of what we love in fairy tales is their eccentricity. It's also more clear now from the beginning that Roy has become alienated from his family; his character is easier to understand, and there's more preparation for his leaving. Despite these changes, the structure, which was clumsy, is still clumsy—but does that really matter much in this huge toy of a movie?

The only really serious flaw in "Close Encounters" is one that can't be changed by cosmetic editing: in a picture with such a childlike vision, it seems wrong—unjust—that the cranks, the misfit dreamers, and the crazies who received the signals and fought their way to the mountain are not allowed to board the craft. In an ideal fairy tale, these unhappy people, whose lives have been empty on this earth, would find themselves and each other in sci-fi heaven. They were invited and they should have gone—not just the astronauts and/or the one token dreamer, Roy. That would have been a perfect fairy-tale wrapup; now the only human gesture we experience at the end is Truffaut as the blissed-out French scientist making a hand sign to the cosmic visitors. The recut ending is so prolonged it loses some of its magic; it's less awesome now and more desolate. Roy appears to board alone, and in the added footage he enters the huge craft and it's empty. There's no one to welcome him; he's standing in what might as well be a deserted Loew's Palace, and with a heavenly choir on the track which ought to be sent straight to hell.

"Close Encounters of the Third Kind" is one of the most euphoric comedy fantasies ever made. It will probably be a wonderful movie in any version, but I hope that this "Special Edition" will not replace the original—that the original will also be available to audiences. I want to be able to hear the true believer Roberts Blossom tell people that he has seen Bigfoot as well as flying saucers. It may not seem like a big loss, but when you remember something in a movie with pleasure and it's gone, you feel as if your memories had been mugged.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

WILLIAMSBURG, KY.—Cumberland College Academic Dean Dr. E. C. Masden recently announced the registration schedule for the Fall 1980 semester at the Kentucky Baptist College.

Sun. Aug. 24	College residences open	9:30 am—5 pm
	presidents reception Boswell's Campus Center	2 pm—4 pm
Mon. Aug. 25	Orintation begins Finciancial arrangements may be made	
Tues. Aug. 26	Oreintation continues	
	Freshman registration begins	1 pm
Wed. Aug. 27	Counseling Services and Library Orinentation Registration of Sophmores, juniors, and seniors	
Thurs. Aug. 28	Classes begin	

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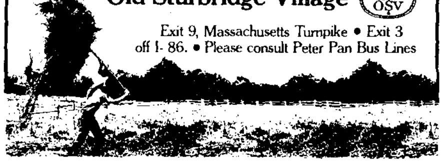
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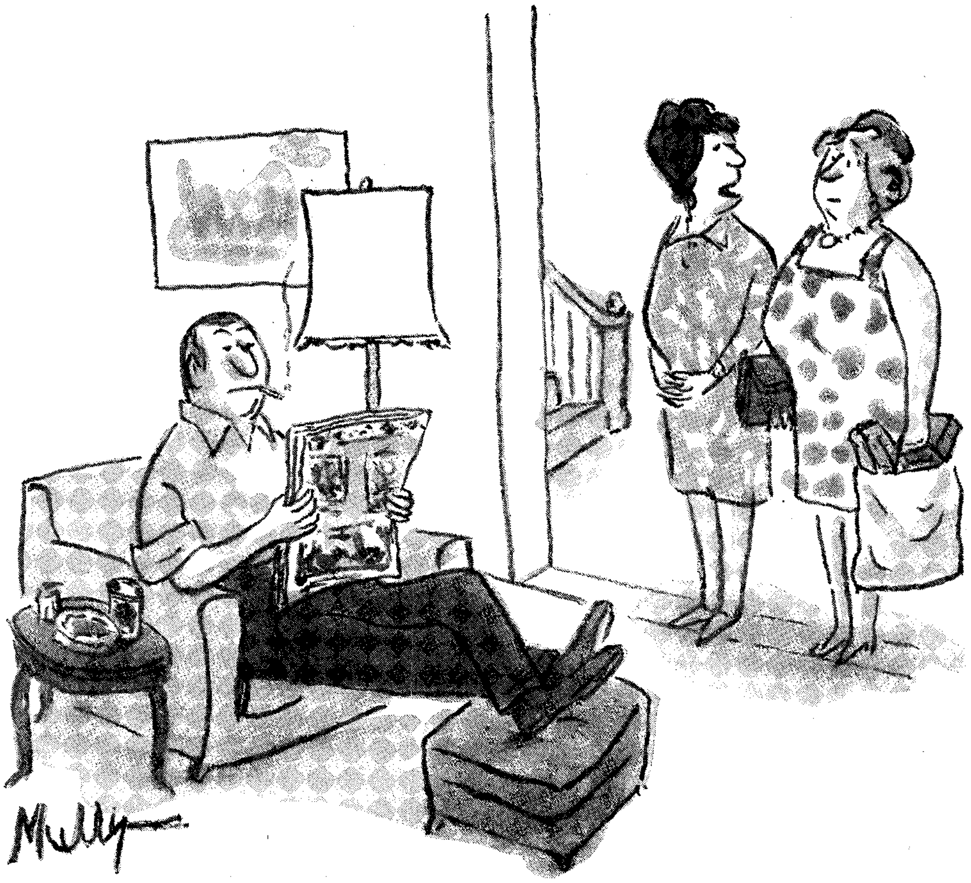
MUSICAL EVENTS

Fantasies in Bath

ELLIOTT CARTER's latest work, "Night Fantasies," for piano solo, was given its first performance at the Bath Festival, in England, during June. The piece has an unusual origin: it was commissioned jointly by four American pianists. Ursula Oppens, Paul Jacobs, Gilbert Kalish, and Charles Rosen had all been associated with the performance of Carter's music in the past, and they decided to join forces to seek a grant that would enable Carter to undertake the composition. The composer worked on the piece while he was in Rome earlier this year as composer-in-residence at the American Academy, and he completed it after his return to the United States in March. The end of the work is dated April 12, 1980; it was no mean feat for Miss Oppens to learn its five hundred and fifteen bars in time for its première on June 2nd. One hearing is, as always, an inadequate basis on which to judge the complexities of a Carter work; it is good to be able to feel sure that there will be other performances in the future—not just repeat performances by Miss Oppens but different interpretations by the three remaining musicians for whom the work was written.

The power and beauty of "Night Fantasies" were evident at once in Miss Oppens' commanding performance. It is surely the most immediately attractive work that Carter has given us in many years; if it is not permeated by such a compelling sense of purpose and direction as the Third String Quartet, it has in place of that attribute a passionately expressive quality. The moods of the piece are aptly summarized by the four main tempo markings: Tranquillo, Fantastico, Appassionato, Capriccioso. These markings are associated with four groups of material which, instead of succeeding each other, like the four movements of a sonata, are (in the typical Carter manner) gradually intertwined, creating a texture of quicksilver changes and emotional instability. Apparently, the four groups of material reflect the characters of the four pianists; I would not like to guess which goes with whom. The combination of these groups of material provides one plan of the piece; another is that of a symmetrical form, balanced around a central section (which is very prominent in performance) marked "recitativo collerico." What I think distinguishes the sound of the piece from other recent Carter works is that a surprising amount of the material is consonant—based on eloquent thirds and sixths contrasted with bare fourths and fifths. The insistent, angry tritone of the central recitative is a strident exception. The texture of each group of thematic material is clearly differentiated from the others: for example, the Tranquillo, which begins the work with a short, slow introduction, is built from very low and very high sounds, and the Fantastico, which follows, uses much sprightly filigree writing high in the treble. A magnificently sonorous chordal passage is based firmly in the center of the keyboard—and so on. When the Tranquillo returns, it is in the form of an eerie two-part passage, again using high and low pitches. The Appassionato surges, using long note values and slow harmonic movement, counterpointed rhythmically between the two hands, to create a sense of movement held back. The Capriccioso is made up of spiky, staccato writing, full of rests, growing to a cascade of Messiaen-like writing which descends from the top of the keyboard into the central recitative. The second half of the piece sees all these characteristic gestures developed and intensified: the chordal passage, for example, now moves powerfully up the keyboard, wrenching at the emotions. If "Night Fantasies" has a weak spot—at least, a spot with which I have not yet come to terms—it is between this point and the final, climactic forty bars; the music seems to lose its sense of direction, and brings diminishing returns. Suddenly, though, fierce octaves at the top and bottom of the piano transform the Tranquillo material into something violent; then all the moods are rapidly recapitulated and the music evaporates like a passing thought, as difficult to recapture and touch as a dream.



"Nobody is slipping anything past Meredith. He now reads the morning 'Post' and the afternoon 'News.'"

There is a rhapsodic, almost romantic feeling in much of the piece, to which the subordinate tempo markings bear witness: "chiaro," "intensamente." Even in its most complex moments, one senses an expressive intent in every note—and that, I think, is what encourages the listener to persevere with repeated hearings, even though the logic of the music is not immediately clear. It seems to me outstandingly successful, more engaging than the vocal pieces "Syringa" and "A Mirror on Which to Dwell," less gritty than the Symphony of Three Orches-

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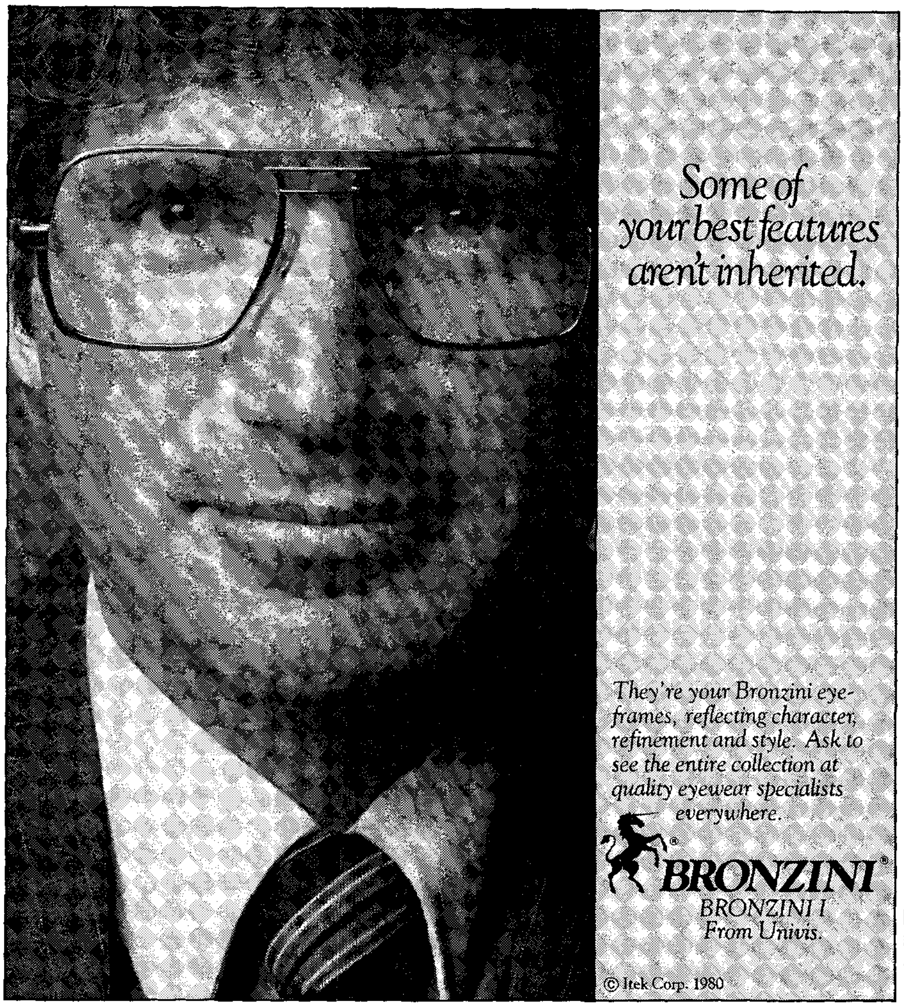
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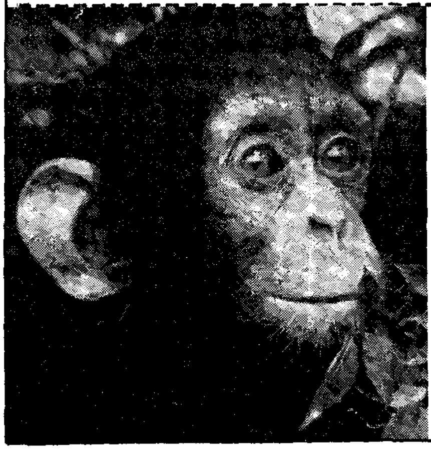

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tras, and less formidable than the Third Quartet.

As if a Carter première were not enough, Miss Oppens surrounded the new work in her recital with two other important works: Beethoven's Sonata Opus 110 and Charles Ives' First Sonata. The Beethoven she played in a soft-edged, deeply felt way that blurred the outlines of the work but gave it warmth and humanity; the Ives she delivered with titanic power, revelling in its quirks, eccentricities, and idiocies, sweeping it all together into a grand pattern. For once, the work sounded almost coherent. The next day, Miss Oppens returned with another novelty—though it was not new to England, as the festival claimed. This was the "Four Pieces for Piano," of 1977, by Frederic Rzewski, which the composer had played at a contemporary-music festival in Huddersfield. These delightful, wayward pieces slightly baffled the small audience; they did not know whether or not to laugh. It was difficult not to smile, at least, at the innocent thirds and splashy, noisy writing of the first piece; at the second piece's combination of a scherzolike unison line with Debussyan atmospheric chord sequences. The third piece, with its touch of Oriental influence and jolly tune, showed Rzewski's lovely feeling for piano sonority, while the heavy, rhythmic tread of the fourth piece was manically contrasted with high repeated notes. The work was an amiable sequence of not very closely connected ideas.

There was much else to enjoy at Bath. The festival maintains an exceptionally varied yet substantial fare from year to year, in programs devised by Sir William Glock. Glock's notions of programming became famous when he was in charge of music at the BBC, from 1959 to 1972: in Invitation Concerts of chamber music, Boulez would appear on the bill with Machaut, Dowland with Henze; at the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Bach's Goldberg Variations would come between Stravinsky's Mass and Mozart's Requiem. At Bath, however, Glock's programs are presented to a rather conservative West of England audience. (Miss Oppens' recitals were distressingly ill-attended. The last time I had heard an Elliott Carter work at Bath, it was the lively and harmless "Eight Études and a Fantasy," for wind quartet, placed in a popular program of Mozart and Chopin.) "Well," said the lady behind me to her neighbor after the new Carter, "if that had been on the radio, I would have turned it off." But a little later she said, "Still, I suppose we have to give these young composers a chance." (Carter is now seventy-one.) There were large audiences this year for Handel's oratorio "Belshazzar," conducted by Andrew Parrott, and for an evening of Purcell choral music, conducted by John Eliot Gardiner—both held in nearby Wells Cathedral. But some smaller Purcell concerts, including an evening of the sublime Fantasias for viols, did less well. Stockhausen's "Stimmung" was given by the English group Singcircle, which has developed its own version of the piece. Works by John Casken were heard, the birthday of Sir Michael Tippett (a former director of the festival) was celebrated, and there were string quartets, choral concerts, a recital by Vlado Perlemuter, and a concert in which Sir William Glock himself played the piano in both of Mozart's piano quartets. Very little conventional festival fare: a rare mixture of quality and originality.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

•

If Eric is a swashbuckler, then Beth is an animated, bubbling, 5-foot-1, 105-pound ectomorph who seems like a hank of nerves, skin, bone, brain and long blowing hair.—*Thomas Boswell, in the Washington Post Magazine.*

And if he's not?

•

A French inflatable firm, Zodiac, is already making and selling inflatable votes in the U.S. A British firm, Avon, and a West German one, Metzeler Kautshuk, are breaking into the American market, and Metzeler is also seeking to establish its own factory here.—*Dover (N.H.) Foster's Daily Democrat.*

What ever happened to good old Yankee ingenuity?

•

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—*Passaic (N.J.) Herald News.*

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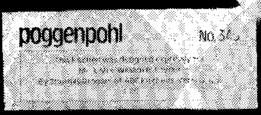

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BOOKS

Will and Allison

THE life of the novelist Walker Percy has been marked by a series of new starts. The first of these took place after he was orphaned, at fifteen (his father committed suicide when he was thirteen, and his mother died in an automobile accident), and the others after his recovery from tuberculosis, at twenty-nine; after his adoption of Catholicism, at thirty-one; and after the publication, at forty-five, of his first novel, "The Moviegoer" (1961). There are now five novels—the newest is "The Second Coming" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95)—and all are about starting over again. This positivism is heavily disguised by Percy's elegance and humor and tone. He can write as well as any practicing American novelist. Here is a description of a great turn-of-the-century American cast-iron stove:

> It was a castle of a stove, a rambling palace of a stove, a cathedral of a stove, with spires and turrets and battlements. A good six feet high and eight feet wide, it was made of heavily nickeled iron castings bolted together . . . Panels of porcelain enamel, turquoise blue for the oven doors and the four warming closets, little balconies jutting out head-high, snowy white for the splashback, were fused to heavy cast iron between frames of nickel. Bolted on one side was a nickel-iron box lined with heavy copper and fitted with a spigot. A water reservoir! On the other side, the firebox with a bay window of a door glazed with panes of mica, some crazed, some crystallized, but all intact . . .

And here is the life of Marion Barrett, the late wife of Will Barrett, who is the hero of "The Second Coming":

> She married, gave herself to good works, heaved a great sigh of relief, and began to eat. She ate and ate and ate. She grew too heavy for her hip joint already made frail and porous by polio. The ball of her femur drove into the socket of her pelvis, melted, and fused. She took to a wheelchair, ate more than ever, did more good works. She spent herself for the poor and old and wretched of North Carolina. She was one of the good triumphant Yankees who helped out the poor old South. In and out of meetings flew her wheelchair, her arms burly as a laborer's. Fueled by holy energy, money, and brisk good cheer, she spun past slack-jawed Southerners, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, paid the workers in her mills a living wage, the very lintheads her piratical Yankee father had despoiled and gotten rich on: a mystery.

How much better these passages are than this beautiful—and dispensable—bit of nature description from Percy's second novel, "The Last Gentleman," published in 1966:

> It was a dewy bright haunted October morning. The silvery old Rock City barns leaned into the early sunlight. Killdeers went crying along the fallow fields where tough shallow spiderwebs were scattered like saucers. Now and then the [car] crossed deep railroad cuts filled with the violet light of ironweed.

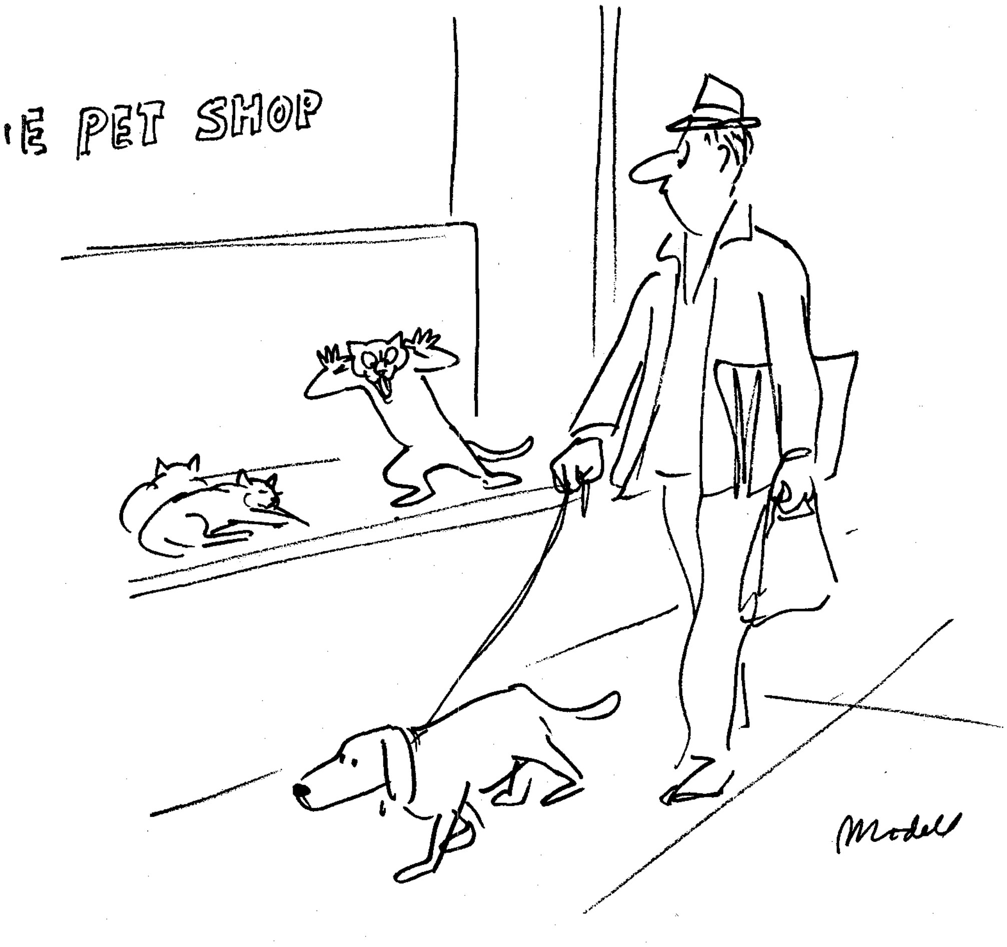
Or this bit of Faulknerian pudding from the same book:

> The boy listening: what was the dread in his heart as he heard the colloquy and the beautiful terrible Brahms which went abroad into the humming summer night and the heavy ham-rich air?

Percy has worked his way free of the slight silliness of tone of "The Moviegoer" and "The Last Gentleman," and into the cool, ironic, godly voice perfected by Bellow and Cheever and J. F. Powers. He has, like them, become a superb comic social reporter. A hustling young clergyman talks to Will Barrett:

> "I'm giving a retreat at Montreat next week. It crossed my mind you might come along."
>
> "A what?"
>
> "A religious retreat. It's our regular yearly number. And our regular gang. Actually a wonderful bunch of guys. A weekend with God in a wonderful setting. It's an ecumenical retreat. I'm double-teamed with a Roman Catholic priest from Brooklyn, a real character—he looks so much like Humphrey Bogart everybody calls him Bogey. What a card. They call me Hungry Jack. Hungry Jack and Bogey. Actually we're not bad together. Incidentally, the food's first-class. But the important thing's it's a weekend with God. That's the bottom line."

"The Second Coming" is, in a left-handed way, a continuation of "The Last Gentleman." In the first book, Will Barrett, in his mid-twenties, is Bill or Billy. He has spent two indecisive years at Princeton and a spell as a "humidification engineer" for Macy's. Then he becomes a paid companion with the Vaughts, a well-to-do Southern family who had known his parents, both dead. Well-to-do Southerners, whether gentry or nouveaux riches, are Percy's meat and potatoes, and he is at his best roaming around in their comfortable, gleaming lives, sitting in their Mercedeses, walking their fairways, drinking in their locker rooms. Billy Barrett falls in love with Kitty Vaught, and he watches the Vaughts' teen-age son die of leukemia. At the



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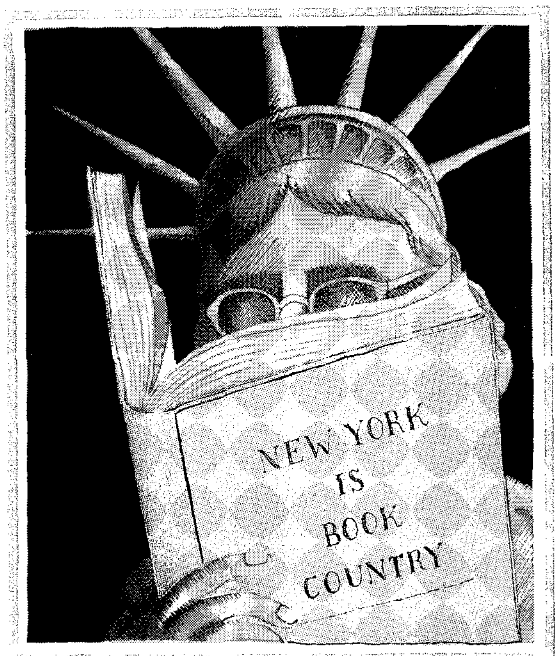

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close of the book, he is ready to start again, partly on his own and partly, perhaps, with the help of Sutter Vaught, an alcoholic doctor and nihilist who Billy Barrett nonetheless feels may hold the key to life. Billy Barrett is the classic Percy hero. He is financially comfortable, physically strong, frittery, intellectual, eccentric, handsome, and bothered by an odd infirmity—in this case, chronic amnesia and periods when the air around him fills with "ravenous particles." In "The Second Coming," Billy Barrett has become serene, middle-aged Will Barrett. (He comes through in the book as much older. It's as if Percy, now sixty-four, had forgotten how a man in his mid-forties is furnished. Also, like all of Percy's characters, he doesn't have much real flesh on him. He is a lively, jumping caricature made mainly of wit and observation and self-projection.) Will Barrett has retired early from a successful New York law practice, inherited forty million dollars from Marion Barrett, and settled in the North Carolina uplands. His physical defects are different from Billy Barrett's. He has attacks of total recall, and he has small epileptic fits: he falls down suddenly on the golf course, in sand traps and on the fairway. He decides that his life, though seemingly unflawed, is a living death, and he considers suicide. (Percy's Existentialism hovers all over his novels, like a too solicitous valet.) And he decides that it is time for God to reveal whether or not He exists. He descends a thousand feet into a local cave with only a flashlight, and waits. What may be the answer comes in a week, in the form of a pounding, nauseating toothache that drives him to the surface and saves his life. He escapes from the cave through a hole that leads directly into a ruined greenhouse. The greenhouse is inhabited by Allison, who turns out to be the nineteen-year-old daughter of Kitty Vaught, who has married a dentist. Allison is a schizophrenic who has just fled from a mental hospital where too many electric-shock treatments have reduced her to almost total silence. (It has taken a while for this curious dumb-woman figure to surface in Percy's novels. Such a figure is mentioned once in "The Last Gentleman," and she reappears in greater detail in "Lancelot," his fourth novel. Now she is full-blown.) Allison nurses Barrett back to health, and they fall in love—and the book falls apart. The dialogue between Allison and Barrett is equalled only by the sleeping-bag chitchat between Jordan and Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Allison is learning to speak again, and her talk has a Spanish Civil War quaintness:

> "Kissing you is a delight but not a rounded and closed-off delight," she said.
> "No?"
> "No, it is an opening-out delight and a wanting. Kissing is like now fine, more is better, and what about it?"
> "I know."
> "Your tongue is welcome but you, that is, the salient you, would be even more so."
> "I know, I know."
> "Was there ever such a wanting?" she said.
> "Not that I remember."
> "For true?"
> "For true."
> "Oh say so."
> "I want you."
> "Oh fine. The word is go. It is, that is, yes I'm saying."
> "I understand."

Will Barrett makes his new start. He gives up his legacy, goes back to work as a small-town lawyer, and marries Allison, who plans to grow miraculous things in her rebuilt greenhouse. Percy's novels are full of the sort of sociological frothing that sly old Philip Wylie made a living out of. On the next-to-last page of "The Second Coming," Percy puts these words in the mouth of an addled minister, Father Weatherbee:

> How can we be the best dearest most generous people on earth, and at the same time so unhappy? How harsh everyone is here! How restless! How impatient! How worried! How sarcastic! How unhappy! How hateful! How pleasure-loving! How lascivious! Above all, how selfish! Why is it that we have more than any other people, are more generous with what we have, and yet are so selfish and unhappy? Why do we think of nothing but our own pleasure?... Why can't we be grateful for our great blessings and thank God?

Will and Allison, mooning and spooning, are and do.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GIRL GREEN AS ELDERFLOWER, by Randolph Stow (Viking; $9.95). A young Englishman who while abroad fell so ill that in his despair he tried to hang himself returns to his family's ancestral seat in the wild woods of Suffolk to recover. Although he lives alone in a cottage there, he has friends nearby to cheer him up: a cousin and her children live up the road, a pub provides companionship in the evenings, and an old school friend comes down from London to visit for a few days. As the story begins, the young man has decided to try his hand at writing, as a sort of mental exercise. The stories that he sets down are versions of ancient legends (mostly local and mostly from the twelfth century), on which he has become an authority. Like dreams, his renditions are full of familiar faces: a clever little girl staying at his cousin's house takes the form of a bewitched medieval sprite; the cousin's son and a girl at the pub surface in an account of two green-skinned waifs discovered by astonished peasants eight centuries ago; and the school friend is not unlike a wild man reported to have been fished out of the sea, lithe and grinning, around the same time. This is a strange work, but its assortment of tales about lost and lonely strangers and captives serves well to describe one frail man's effort to recover his peace of mind.

THE HOUSE ON PRAGUE STREET, by Hana Demetz, translated from the German by the author (St. Martin's; $8.95). A quietly bitter novel in the form of a memoir about a half-Jewish Czech girl whose family is eradicated by the Nazis. The girl's great-great-grandfather moved to a small Bohemian town when the Austrian Emperor decreed that the Jews could leave Prague's ghettos. Using a handcart, he founded a one-man transport company. The business prospered: his son bought a horse and built a fine house in the town, on Prague Street, and his grandson laid out a public park and was the town's first citizen to own a radio. When this grandson's eldest daughter (the narrator's mother) married a blond, blue-eyed German, both families were deeply distressed. These facts, set forth by the narrator at the outset of her story, spring to mind later, as she describes how her grandfather was outlawed from the park he had founded; how her parents huddled around their radio listening to forbidden broadcasts from Switzerland; how her father's ration card entitled him to butter, while her mother's, stamped "JUDE JUDE JUDE," got her margarine; how the house on Prague Street was confiscated and her grandfather, as well as her Jewish aunts, uncles, and cousins, was shipped to Theresienstadt. Toward the end of the war, her mother fell ill at home and died, because there was no ambulance or doctor for a Jew; her father was killed by a mob when he tried to act as a peacemaker during

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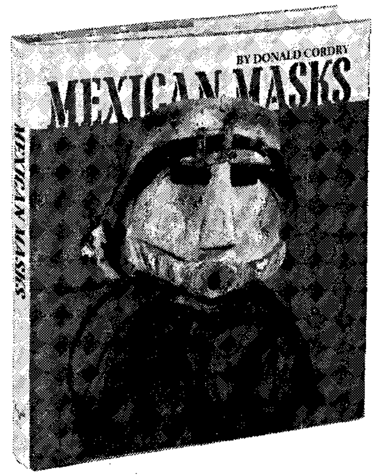

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the Russian occupation. The narrator, the family's sole survivor, paid a visit to the house on Prague Street after the war and found it occupied by a band of terrified men, survivors of the concentration camps, in black hats and long black coats: living images of her great-great-grandfather.

WITNESSES, by Marcy Moran Heidish (Houghton Mifflin; $10.95). In 1634, having sailed from England to Boston with her husband and eleven children, Anne Hutchinson began to hold weekly open houses at which she declared that the human soul could commune with God without the church's mediation. In 1637, the ministers of the Bay Colony, distressed by her growing popularity, banned her meetings; when she defied this ban, they confined her to a makeshift jail in Roxbury; in the spring of 1638, having refused to recant, she was excommunicated, and the Hutchinsons moved to Rhode Island. At some point during this time, she produced a stillborn and malformed baby. In this striking novel, Anne and a sympathetic midwife record the whole harrowing ordeal. Anne's share of the text is in the form of a diary that she writes while confined to her cell, where inquisitive ministers come to interrogate and needle her, and where she senses that the life within her is not stirring as it should and that the life of her family, in Boston, is suffering as well. The midwife's bitter testimony, written in the short time between Anne Hutchinson's departure and her own banishment from Boston, describes the bygone wit and warmth of the Hutchinson household and the cruel coercion applied to Anne through threats against her defenders. Mrs. Heidish has done a fine job of deriving from the few extant accounts of the Hutchinson affair (all written by Anne's detractors) a compelling portrait of her heroine: a woman as learned as her assailants and as sturdy as the midwife, cast out of Boston because she could not be broken.

GENERAL

LYNDON: AN ORAL BIOGRAPHY, by Merle Miller (Putnam; $17.95). Perhaps we really should be harder on oral history, remembering Ruskin's rule that "hundreds of people can talk for one who can think." Mr. Miller has collected and studied the tape-recorded talk of hundreds

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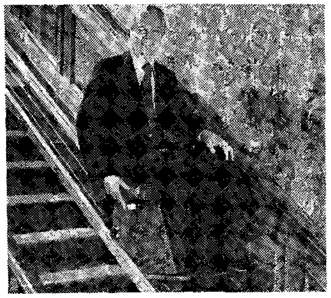

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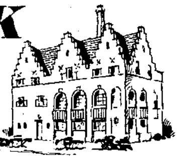

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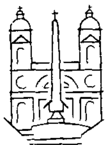

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of people on the subject of Lyndon Johnson, and he fills this big book with such revelations as that of Betty Furness, who confided, "It took my breath away to walk through the door of the office to meet this man." Gossip, of course, is fun, but most of the bathroom episodes and randy remarks anthologized here are familiar to even casual scholars of Presidential scatology, and rarely in this vast collage does one find the sort of insight that could help explain the still vexing mystery of L.B.J.: Why did one of the most skillful and realistic politicians in our history allow himself to be deflected from what promised to be an effective and healing Presidency by an unpromising war that destroyed him? Ruskin added that for thousands who can think there is only one who can see. Doris Kearns' "Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream" is the best effort so far, but we are still waiting for the biographer who can see Lyndon Johnson as he was.

NIETZSCHE, by Ronald Hayman (Oxford; $19.95). An excellent study of a man whose life (1844-1900) and work combine pathology and philosophy, and whose exact intent has been endlessly debated because, long after his death, he was adopted by Fascism. Mr. Hayman shows us a sickly, precocious youngster achieving one academic distinction after another, including appointment to the Chair of Classical Philology at Basel University in 1869, when he was only twenty-four. He regarded philology as a first step toward criticism, which, in turn, he hoped to make a creative discipline—philosophy, in short. After these brilliant beginnings, Nietzsche detoured into the Wagner camp; the composer valued him primarily as a Wagnerian propagandist, and it was only after the end of their friendship that Nietzsche wrote the works that made him famous, including "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "Beyond Good and Evil." Mr. Hayman is very good at presenting philosophical positions without jargon, and medical ones, too. He tells us comprehensibly why he doubts that Nietzsche's madness was due to paresis and why he regards Nietzsche as "one of the great liberators."

WAR AND HOPE: THE CASE FOR CAMBODIA, by Prince Norodom Sihanouk, translated from the French by Mary Feeney (Pantheon; $10.95). "The Kampuchean peo-

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ple," the author writes, "are on the brink of extinction, dying a slow death, murdered in the name of two conflicting types of Communism." In this book, he tells how ten years of war and "auto-genocide" have reduced Cambodia's population from seven million to less than five. Prince Sihanouk writes somewhat emotionally—in bursts, with wry asides—but his words carry conviction. In reviewing the last decade (since his overthrow by Lon Nol and the United States), he explores the internecine struggle of the Khmer Vietminh and the Khmer Rouge; portrays Pol Pot and the vainglorious clique around him; and exposes the full horror of what has been done to the Cambodian people. The Prince ends rather forlornly, with a call for an international conference to resolve the Cambodian impasse by persuading the Soviet-backed Vietnamese "colonizers" (now in possession of ninety per cent of the country) to withdraw, and by setting up machinery for free elections.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH DROP, by B. M. Gill (Scribners; $8.95). A twelve-year-old English public-school boy on a field trip to a floating maritime museum falls down an open hatch to his death. Was it an accident? Was it—the boy had shown signs of being troubled—a suicide? Those are the questions asked by the worried school authorities, and also by the boy's widowed father. The school is determined to avoid a scandal. The father is equally determined to find somebody to blame. The reader, being more experienced in such things, knows the truth: it was murder. Miss Gill is a writer of unusual skill. The half-crazed father, the indecisive headmaster and his domineering wife, the several involved masters, the school nurse, a couple of students—all are fully drawn and, despite their abundant flaws and weaknesses, pictured with a sympathetic understanding, and the dénouement is uncommonly chilling. This is a first novel, and a most impressive one.

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(Chief Justice Burger must have felt he was writing for the ages, for his eloquent opinion quotes or cites, among others, Thomas Jefferson, Albert Einstein, Shakespeare and Kind Canute.)—*Market Logic, newsletter of the Institute for Econometric Research.*

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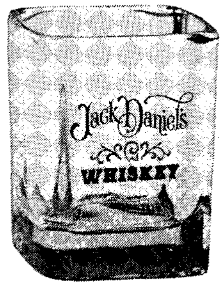
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